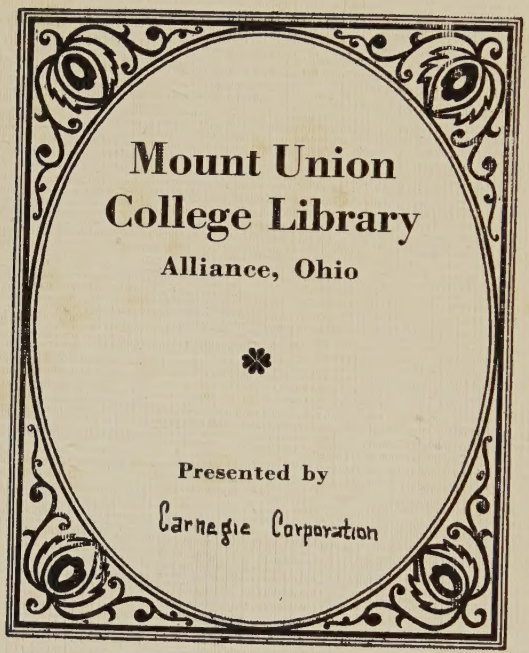
JUNGLE PORTRAITS

DELIA J. AKELEY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JUNGLE PORTRAITS

By DELIA J. AKELEY

"J. T., JR.," THE BIOGRAPHY OF AN AFRICAN MONKEY

JUNGLE PORTRAITS

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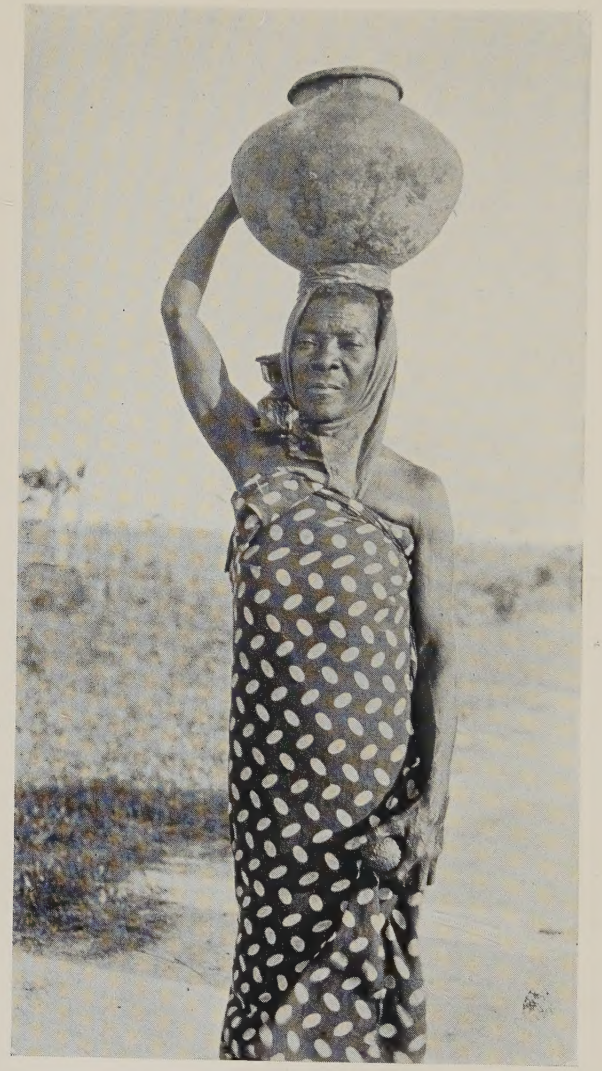

A JUNGLE PORTRAIT.

JUNGLE PORTRAITS

BY

DELIA J. AKELEY

WITH ORIGINAL PHOTOGRAPHS

NEW YORK
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
1930

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TO
MY MOTHER

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JUNGLE PORTRAITS

JUNGLE PORTRAITS

CHAPTER I

OUR PRIMITIVE NEIGHBORS

If civilization is indeed a "disease," as has often been claimed, then a craving for the barbaric must be its most acute fever symptom.

That is one of the first things to strike a returned traveler from Africa. What a wave of interest there is in the primitive! Our night clubs resound with so-called jungle rhythms; our jazz symphonies carry the shock of savage emotions. The bound heads of tortured Mangbetu babies are represented in our style of hats. The metal neck rings and massed wire bracelets of Congo belles appear on the streets. Paints and pigments of vivid hues decorate the cheeks and lips of women. We crowd into suffocatingly hot concert halls to hear the fashionable and "plaintive" negro spirituals. Yet it is doubtful whether all our imitation carries real relief to us. We try too hard.

In these days of high speed, skyscrapers, subways, and sublimations, we have lost the art of seeing simply. We look at men and women as individuals, as romances, or sociological cases. We no longer look at them as manifestations of Nature, like trees twisted by the wind, or leop-

ards with hides mottled in conformity with jungle shade. We cannot accept the primitive without adding to it overtones from our own desires.

On the soil of Africa itself, one sees a great deal of another civilized attitude. There are those who wish to "improve" rather than imitate the natives. They honestly pity the "poor savage creatures" who live free, unrestricted lives out in the forests and on the sun-kissed plains, as neighbors to the birds and wild animals. They wish to "raise their status" by education, hygiene, and cotton suits, and by training them to be subservient to the white man's wishes and desires. Shocked by the sight of their nudity, the earnest "improver" urges them to cover their beautiful brown bodies with ugly civilized garments, which obviously instill in their primitive minds a false modesty that does more harm than good. It makes them self-conscious and creates a desire for unobtainable things, which can only result in making them dishonest or undesirable citizens. In this connection I vividly remember a young native girl, whom I once saw from the deck of a cotton barge when I was traveling down the Ruby River in the Belgian Congo.

She was parading to and fro, under the blistering tropical sun, the wares of the leading white trader as a lure to entice her bark-cloth clad sisters into his shop. Perspiration oozed from her forehead and streaked the white powder which coated her comely black face. A beflowered "store" hat of ancient design crowned her oiled and glistening frizz of hair. She wore a flimsy, beruffled pink frock so tight that her tortured flesh strained at the buttons and protruded

in little brown lumps where they gave way, and stiffly carried in one white-gloved hand a child's pink parasol. Her feet, obviously designed for jungle paths, were cramped into high-heeled yellow shoes, in which she hobbled and teetered her painful way. Roused from their boredom by the appearance of this caricature, the white men on the boat rushed to the rail and whistled, coughed, and laughed; some of them even made vulgar remarks at the poor thing in her own language.

To me, the dark lady of the river bank was a symbol. She was the living representation of what happens when we try to improve savage life. A rouged American flapper dancing the Charleston is another symbol; she is the result of imitating that life. Either effort is unnatural, pathetic, and impossible for civilized man.

Both these attitudes toward the "natives" I tried to clear from my mind when I made my journey of a year through the heart of equatorial Africa, alone with a small "safari" of negro porters. I honestly tried to view the natives with whom I came in contact as naturally as I viewed the specimens I was collecting for the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences. This, I feel, is the only way to understand them. Yet the harder I tried the more appalled I was at the difficulty of such a task. For all of us who belong to civilized worlds, the very simplicity of savage life must always remain its greatest mystery.

The wistful and plaintive note that appeals to us so much in the "spiritual" is lacking in Africa. These people of the desert and jungle are not longing for any sweet chariot to swing low. Neither are they indulging in jazz or the

blues. They are filled with a simple, free joy that is the hardest emotion for us to understand or feel.

All along the trail, as my boys and I made our ten or fifteen long miles a day, we were met on the outskirts of villages by welcoming committees, headed by the Sultan. In regalia of palm oil and colored pigments, discarded European clothing, or their own becoming native bark cloth, they would greet me with whoops and handclasps, and run with my *tepoi* into the village. My boys would respond by dancing under their loads and yelling with such ear-splitting effect, one would fancy they had blown off the tops of their powerful lungs. All I could wish for, in those too frequent hours, was one touch of the merely "plaintive."

These ceremonies concluded, if the rising temperature warned us that midday was approaching and with it time to make camp, I was escorted to the leaf-thatched rest-house where I was to spend the night. Here, above the din made by the excited populace and the boys who were putting my house in order, the megaphone voice of my cook could be heard imploring the Sultan to send wood and water quickly, that he might prepare food for his fatigued and famished "Madamo."

In less time than it takes to do the daily marketing at home, I would be comfortably installed in my jungle home. My hot bath would be ready and clean clothes laid out on my cot. Books and toilet articles would be placed on a table beside a shining lantern, and an appetizing luncheon waiting for me on the veranda in the shade of the thatched roof. Such harmonious coöperation is, how-

MORE JUNGLE CALLERS. THE SULTAN, HEADING AN IMPOSING PROCESSION ACROSS THE PALAVER GROUND, MAKES HIS OFFICIAL VISIT TO THE NEW GUESTS OF THE RESTHOUSE.

ever, only enjoyed where there is no friction. The irritable, bad-tempered person who is constantly interfering, directing, and nagging, has no happiness on safari because there is much in the jungle to try his patience.

The natives are uncannily quick to "size up" their white masters and like the small boy who delights in teasing the cat, even though he knows he will be punished for the offense, they conspire to find new ways to annoy a master or mistress whom they dislike. It is then that the *kiboko* (whip made of hippo hide) or the *chicotte*, the white man's badge of authority, is used with a vengeance. In the hands of a brutal white man these whips become a fiendish means of torture.

With a surprising sense of delicacy the natives would retire from the vicinity of the resthouse as soon as camp was established so that I might rest and enjoy my luncheon in peace and quiet. This thoughtful consideration, I soon learned, was jungle etiquette. To stare at any one of importance while they are eating their food is considered rude and insulting. When the natives disregard this charming custom, and stop to laugh and stare at the white traveler, the chances are that he brought it upon himself, through ignorance or because he left his own manners at home, as so many do, when he entered the bush.

Pomp and ceremony are very dear to the heart of an African, and after luncheon my host, the Sultan, would make his official visit. Dressed in a stiff, voluminous, diaper-shaped garment of brown bark cloth, that rose above a broad belt of okapi skin like the petals of a flower, he headed an imposing procession across the palaver ground. Behind

him came a guard of honor and then the royal chair bearer, who was followed by women and children carrying gifts of palm wine, pineapples, green corn, bananas, and tiny native chickens and eggs, some of which my cook returned, for obvious reasons, with scorn and hot words of condemnation.

Since I was a woman, my host was accompanied by a few of his wives and their children. The favorite wife occupied the place of honor, at his feet, on the floor of the veranda, while the others knelt or sprawled with the rest of the villagers on the ground in front of us. It was in the evening, however, when the strangeness of my presence had worn away, that they would turn out to destroy the night with song. Music, rising in strength with the hours and the flow of palm wine, would be regulated by the interminable thump of drums and the twang of snake-skin-and-ivory harps.

Men, women, and children would gather on the palaver ground. A leader would cry out a few staccato words; a chorus would carry up the refrain amid the clapping of hands and the shuffling of bare feet on the dry earth. Sitting on little ebony stools beside the doors of their huts, the old people would be teaching the youngsters the songs of their forefathers, and every now and then their shrill pipings would pierce through the mellow richness of the adult voices. As the swift, soft night descended, the huts and the wall of forest which surrounded them would be merged with the velvety blackness, and all I could see would be the laughing faces of the dancers as they swiftly passed to and fro in the firelight. Sometimes, if the resthouse were far enough re-

moved from the din, and the tropical moonlight were at its full flood, the whole effect would call to mind the songs of descending angels in the "Dream of Gerontius."

Sometimes these impromptu festivals would develop into orgies. The jungle women, dressed up in flowered garlands and ribbons of yellow palm fronds, their bodies freshly oiled and decorated in fantastic designs with colored pigments, would shout and yell and utter screams of laughter as they jumped, jumped, jumped for ceaseless hours. Both the men and women could dance, with only short intermissions, for days, in some tribal celebration that would surpass any of our Charleston contests.

The whole community, Sultan, warriors, women, wizards, and babies, would unite. They would all howl, leap, wriggle, whirl, clap their hands, and drink; then sleep it off, and go at it again, until finally the whole village would be exhausted and even the mangy yellow dogs would wear a dejected look.

As I watched such spectacles, week after week, for many months, all kinds of artificial word barriers faded away from my recollection. I forgot that any distinction could be made between a singer and an audience, "art" and "appreciation," a child and an adult, the oppressor and the oppressed. I forgot even the phrase "woman the toiler," as I watched her making up in riotous vigor for all she lacked in "economic emancipation." Soon I was saying to myself, "We may try to Christianize them. We may clothe them, rob them of their freedom and force civilization upon them, and even try to assimilate them, but we will never wholly understand them. For, after all is said and done, they are

they and we are we, and no human effort, however earnest, can change that biological fact."

As a woman, of course, I was first of all interested in the life of these other women of the plains and forest. Being a woman, and a solitary traveler, I was able to win their confidence and by the greatest tact, patience, and persistence make them my friends. Where they went, there I went also. Whether it was to watch them toil in the hot sun, prepare the evening meal, tattoo their bodies, or gather about the watch fire to listen to the village orator or a primitive Kipling recount mythical stories of jungle birds and beasts—there I lingered, always watching and listening. Sometimes I listened to them with a feeling of awe and admiration, always with interest, and often with profound respect.

So much a part of their primitive life did I become that my presence was taken for granted. The shy young bride was pleased to have me watch the village "modiste" anoint her body with palm oil and help to don her vegetable wedding finery. Nor did they object to my contribution toward the hilarious celebration which lasted for days. The professional undertakers and mourners did not hesitate to perform their gruesome tasks in my presence. Often, joking and laughing, they would begin, as is the custom, to arrange the limbs of the departing one and wrap them in strips of cloth, like the mummies of Egypt, before the breath of life had actually left their stiffening bodies. Women whose business it is to follow death from place to place are hired, like a soloist at our own funerals, and with genuine tears falling from their eyes they will weep and wail for days.

The greatest privilege which they accorded me, however,

was that of being "among those present" when their babies were born.

At first, inevitably, my reaction was to help the women. By night I used to hear the screams of some unlucky wife, beaten because she was late coming in from the field to prepare dinner for her husband, who had been drinking palm wine all day in the shade of a thatched roof. I would stand it as long as I could, with covered ears, and then in desperation interfere. Once I went so far as to have one offending husband ducked in the river by my boys. But the very next day his wife came to my tent and insolently demanded cotton cloth for a new dress by way of compensation to her. The last time I tried to help was in a Pygmy village when the quick-tempered little Sultan chastised a careless wife for burning a choice piece of fat. Only a laugh averted a tragedy that day and then I swore off helping.

The minds of both men and women, in most of these tribes, are far too simple to admit of any concept of wrong or even ill treatment. They react almost instantly, like animals, from fury to terror, and then dissolve in peals of happy laughter. One second they will bristle with rage, gesticulate, and jabber wildly; the next, be rolling on the earth, yelling with uncontrollable mirth. And at least, among such folk, there is little of the hateful nagging and disagreeableness which are our more "civilized" methods of domestic warfare.

In the evenings, when the one meal of the Congo day was being prepared and served, first to the male members of the household, in wooden bowls and on banana-leaf platters, I would walk among the women. They would gather be-

hind the huts to gossip and wait for the leavings, unless they were successful in holding out on the men some titbit from the family supper for themselves.

It is at this interesting hour, also, that all the babies in the village receive their daily baptism of water. Lying on shiny green banana leaves, the helpless infants are doused with cold water and left, gasping and screaming at the top of their lusty little lungs, to drain off like a dish. Then they are nursed and their shivering bodies anointed with thick, heavy palm oil.

These primitive women of the bush and jungle were delighted to have me take an interest in their lives. And they seemed to find endless pleasure in coming to the resthouse to watch me dress and put up and take down my hair. They would ask me always whether I had a husband and children; but never once manifested the slightest curiosity in the idea of a woman traveling alone and hunting wild animals like a man. Perhaps never having heard the word independence they were less eager for the reality.

Of course, sophistication varies widely from tribe to tribe. Among the Pygmies, judging by my limited experience of three months with them, standards are hardly higher than those of wild animals. Other tribes, however, have strong ethical codes and fixed ideas about racial intermarrying. In some tribes girls are brought up as cautiously as *jeunes filles*, and purchased on the installment plan. Among some, trial marriage is practiced on a scale to win the hearty approval of our most advanced feminists. And the eternal triangle and the green-eyed monster often have their hearing in their courts of justice.

As a rule, I found a community sentiment which takes the place of our individual rights. If a wife feels that she has had too much bad usage, she is privileged to run away, and her husband can argue in vain for the return of her dowry, which her father retains. On the other hand, a man may divorce his wife at will. They seldom do, however, because a woman represents money, ease for a man, and influence in the community.

In most Congo tribes a man who can afford it has more than one wife, each having a separate hut for herself and her children, and all having equal rights. A man does not value a woman unless he buys her, jungle fashion, from her parent or her guardian. This transaction is equivalent to our benefit of clergy, and to my mind it is as sacred and binding as our own marriage ceremony with all its pomp, vanity, and hypocritical promises. There are those who are shocked at the "indecent" custom of these jungle folk and urge that laws be passed to limit a man to one wife. But these same good people make no effort to stop the traffic in husbands, in which wealthy fathers and socially ambitious mothers of civilized countries indulge. And they can read in our newspapers, almost daily, that the Church or State has granted some matrimonial acrobat, with means, the right to have more than his quota of wives.

Africa is perhaps the only country in the world where there are no match-making mothers. Those delicate and diplomatic affairs are managed almost exclusively by the men. While male children are desirable as warriors and add to the strength of the tribe, it is the females that represent the wealth of the individual family. They till the soil, carry

the burdens, help build the huts, prepare and cook the food, make the pottery, and bring a substantial price in the marriage market.

Fathers often make marriage contracts for their children when they are mere infants, as parents sometimes do in civilized countries. To bind the bargain the father of the boy pays something on account. Then from time to time, when the boy is taken to visit his fiancée, small installments are made, until finally, when the girl is about ten years old, the last installment is paid and the boy claims his bride. Sometimes a girl's future may be determined by two old cronies over a pot of palm wine, the prospective bridegroom taking a gambler's chance on the sex of the child before she is born. There is no such thing as a spinster in the human, bird, or beast world of Africa. Nature made the laws for her jungle folk and when left alone they follow them.

If a woman has force of character, which many of the African women have, she may dominate the village, become a leader in the tribe, and even inherit her father's or her husband's office as Sultana. And in most of the villages I found some form of property right. A wife owns her own knives, garden tools, and jewelry, and these I was unable to purchase from her husband, who invariably referred me to her.

In case of divorce, where there are children, the law in some tribes gives the female children to the mother, and the male remain in the custody of the father. This arrangement is often the cause of litigation and results in as much bitter feeling as do similar decisions in our own courts of justice. Children are sometimes kidnaped by their parents. I had

one boy in my safari whose plucky mother, rather than give him up, fled with him into a terrible swamp. She lost her way and wandered about for days. Finally when she was nearly dead from fright and exposure, she was rescued by the blacksmith of a hostile tribe. When I visited their village, which of course was several years later, she was bringing up her family of children, and the blacksmith, who seemed very prosperous, gave every indication that he was happy with the romance which had come to him in the swamp. The greeting between mother and son was casual indeed; although they had not met for a long time, their hands merely touched in greeting. One would never have believed, unless acquainted with the ways of primitive people, that she had risked so much to keep him with her when he was a child.

As jungle marriages are seldom affairs of the heart, there is little jealousy among the various wives of a household. Consequently the women get on amazingly well together. This naturally encourages a man to add to his wealth of wives whenever he has the price. As "everybody works but father" he does not have to worry as some of our bigamists do about supporting their mates.

Each wife is her own provider. She cultivates her own garden, makes her own vegetable costume, mixes her own cosmetics, buys her own jewelry, and pays for her beauty treatments—plucking her eyebrows, dressing her hair, tattooing and painting designs on her body—with the produce of her own garden.

There is one advantage in this primitive arrangement which, I am sure, the husbands of movie-mad, bridge-play-

ing, club-going wives will appreciate, and that is that when the primitive man returns to his home, after a hard day of loafing, he always finds at least one of his wives and a few of his children there ready to spread his mat, bring forth the palm wine, and give him a cheery greeting.

CHAPTER II

APES AND MONKEYS

After monkeys have lived with human beings for a time they are looked upon as outcasts by their wild relatives. And should one of them escape and return to the forest, as they sometimes do, and try to rejoin their tribe, they are attacked by the others and driven away or put to death.

On several occasions I have seen wild monkeys chasing pets and once I witnessed an execution. It was a terrible thing, for monkeys are savage fighters and utterly relentless when excited and angry. Hatred, jealousy, and suspicion are as highly developed in the monkey family as in the human race. I have known monkeys to watch in concealment and wait, day after day, for an opportunity to kill a captive relative.

With all the patience of the proverbial Job they would lie motionless hour after hour, their bodies flattened against the limb of a tree, gazing down at a relative at play with its human friends. Then, when the opportunity presented itself, the little executioners would descend the tree stealthily and make a swift rush toward the outlaw.

With disappointing inconsistency—disappointing from a human standpoint—captive monkeys will, almost invariably, desert their human friends for the companionship of their own kind or in their defense. Although the affection of

monkeys for friends who belong to the human race is often very great, they will always join forces with a relative in an attack on a human being.

The only reason I can advance, and it is merely a suggestion, for what we humans would call treachery, is that monkeys, like some people, are very temperamental and excitable. From the beginning of time their ancestors have had to fight and fight fiercely, and join forces to protect their lives and those of their families from their enemies. The habit of quick action is so natural with them that when they see a relative in trouble it causes a brain storm, and in their blind fury they leap to his rescue, not knowing or caring whether they are attacking a friend or an enemy. In almost every instance, however, where I have seen or heard of monkeys turning on their human friends without just cause, their repentance after the brain storm had subsided was very evident.

To learn what is in the mind of a monkey, or any other wild animal for that matter, is not by any means so easy as we are sometimes led to believe. It takes more than a breathless race over the veldt with a pack of dogs and a lot of black boys, and a commercial interest in disposing of wild animals, to obtain an insight, ever so small, into their psychology. The results of such methods are hardly worth our consideration, for they are about as convincing as would be a report on the psychology of a nation made by one who only observed the reactions of prisoners of war.

Of all the African monkeys the guerezas (colobus) are the handsomest. Their beauty is, however, their misfortune, for they are most cruelly and wickedly hunted for their long,

silky black and white fur which is used by white people for commercial purposes, as well as by the natives, who not only eat their flesh but use their fur as ornaments for their war trappings. This fur is also used in making the sporrans of the officers of a certain British regiment.

It would make the friends of these beautiful dumb creatures very sad indeed if they but knew how they are hunted and killed, and, what is worse, wounded and left in the crotches of high trees, where they cannot be dislodged, to suffer and die a slow death—left by those whose only interest in them is the monetary value of their fur. There are laws to protect these monkeys, but I regret to say they are not often enforced.

This beautiful monkey derives its name, colobus, from the Greek word signifying mutilated, because it has no thumbs. Sometimes, however, the thumb is indicated in individual adult animals by a thumb-nail. Sometimes the very young animals have a tiny thumb, but as they grow and develop the thumb disappears, leaving only the nail. So human are these monkeys that some of my black boys claimed them as relatives and were constantly calling my attention to some man-like gesture of the animals.

The colobus monkeys are very shy, retiring creatures, and when in repose their black faces, with fringe of white beard, deep-set eyes, and heavy muzzle, give them a serious, melancholy look. I found these monkeys only mildly curious compared to the inquisitiveness of their smaller relatives, especially the vervets. But like the vervets they are endowed with a fine sense of smelling and hearing, and their eyesight is extraordinarily keen.

The care and affection which the colobus mothers bestow upon their babies are equal to if not greater than that of human mothers. No treetop mother would permit her baby to go to bed before its eyes, nostrils, and ears were inspected and its fur groomed. When a baby monkey takes its first uncertain steps along the branch of a tree, like a human baby it is encouraged and protected by an anxious mother's outstretched arms.

If the baby stops to put a leaf or a berry into its mouth, the mother scolds and quickly grasps it by the back of its head, and holds it firmly while she inserts her finger into its mouth and removes the tabooed morsel. Exactly like a human child, the baby rebels by squealing and squirming and waving its hands. Often it will continue to cry and squeal until a stern old male barks out a warning to be quiet.

It is almost impossible to photograph these monkeys in their wild state owing to the denseness of the forests and their habit of living high up in the gigantic forest trees, where the branches are covered with arboreal growths which offer splendid cover protection for them. When they lie flat on the limbs amidst the orchids, ferns, and graybeard moss, their black and white fur blends so well with their surroundings that only the practiced eye of a native hunter can detect them. The sportsman usually fires his gun into the trees to rout them out, and when the terrified and confused animals are trying to escape he shoots them down.

When at home in the forest their food consists chiefly of leaves, the berries of the juniper tree, insects, tree gums, and acid fruits. They also make frequent excursions to the ground where they catch insects and dig in the dirt with their

long slender fingers for roots and bulbs, of which they are inordinately fond. They are, however, essentially a tree animal and do not come to the ground to play and wander about as the other apes and monkeys do. This may be owing to the denseness of the underbrush in the forests in which they live and to the activity of their enemy the leopard.

Although the colobus monkeys are thumbless the lack does not impair their grasping powers. When playing or frightened they will make a fifty-foot leap from one treetop down to another with the ease and grace of a bird. They land with hands and feet outspread, and grasping the branches, which bend perilously under their weight, to help them keep their equilibrium, they go from tree to tree with remarkable balance and rapidity.

It is one of the most pleasing sights of the Kenya Forest to see a troop of these monkeys chasing one another and playing hide and seek among the leaves, ferns, and lovely orchids. As they make their hazardous and breath-taking flights through the air their big, bushy tails stick out to guide them like the rudder of a ship, and the long, silky white fringe on their back spreads out and floats about them like a cloud.

The colobus monkeys are quite large and heavy; an old male will weigh from thirty-five to forty pounds. When they are in flight, jumping from tree to tree, branches crashing against branches under their weight, it sounds like a herd of elephants charging through the forest. On more than one occasion when stalking elephants, a troop of colobus monkeys in sudden flight has brought our rifles to our shoulders and our fingers to the trigger guard.

Amusing incidents frequently happen when a hunting party is startled by the sudden crashing flight of a troop of monkeys. Sometimes a white man or a gun bearer whose courage seemed unquestionable will start to climb a tree or turn as if to bolt. I have seen two and three people try to climb the same tiny tree in their excitement, before they realized what they were doing; and I have even been pushed back by those who reached the tree first.

Sometimes the hunter will begin to stalk an imaginary herd of elephants and then, much to his chagrin, discovers that it is after all only a runaway troop of colobus. Once when we were hunting elephants in the bamboo forests on the Aberdare Range, we had for guide a fine old man of the Wakikuyu tribe. I nicknamed him "Joey" after a well-known British statesman whom he resembled in features as well as in his aristocratic manner. Joey was very sensitive and extremely proud of the fact that he knew every inch of the forests and the habits of the wild animals which inhabited them.

In the early evening when the icy wind swept across the mountain top and eerie sounds came up from the dark canyons, the bare-legged old man would come and squat beside our rousing camp fire to enjoy the warmth and smoke our tobacco, which he dearly loved. Usually after a few puffs he would throw his head back and stare for a few moments into the feathery bamboo leaves which were dancing over our heads in the heat of the fire. Then pulling the hyrax skin cape about his lean shoulders he would hitch himself a little closer to the flame and tell us fascinating stories of elephants and other wild animals.

THE COLOBUS MONKEY AT THE MERU SAWMILL.

With an enviable gift for mimicry and a native's love for story-telling he would describe the thrilling and narrow escapes he had had while hunting them. He would argue with our gun bearers over the strange and various sounds that filled the night. And he insisted that he knew every sound made by bird or beast so well that he could not be deceived by any of them. When, in unison, the gun bearers ridiculed this statement he would glance at us to learn our attitude and then with a sly smile point with convincing pride to the gray hairs that sprinkled his kinky locks, and grandly toss his cape back from his shoulders to show us his unscarred body as evidence that his wisdom had saved him from injury.

But like many people who love to boast he finally met his Waterloo, in what to him was a most embarrassing way. One day we were following him silently through the forest, on a path that was made soft as a velvet carpet by gray-green moss and damp bamboo leaves, when suddenly just ahead of us there came the crashing of branches and the loud rattling report of hollow bamboo trees striking against one another.

Instantly our hearts flew to our throats and our hands to our rifles. Only Joey was calm. With all the assurance of one who is used to such breath-taking situations he whispered the one magic word *tembo* (elephant) and raised his slender hand to enjoin silence. Then, as we followed close at his heels, he stalked carefully and cautiously forward. As we were entering a dense clump of trees, about thirty yards from where we started there was a sudden crashing of branches over our heads, and a shower of icy water

and débris descended upon us as a troop of colobus monkeys went leaping in every direction. It was too humiliating for the old man, and when we laughed over his mistake he burst into tears. That evening when the gun bearers goodnaturedly burlesqued the little comedy and made Joey the butt of their jokes he began to cry again, and grasping a firebrand in one hand and his spear in the other he started for home. It required some tact to coax him back to the fire and then it was only by the most blatant flattery—by presenting him with tobacco and by mimicking our own terror when the monkeys frightened us—that we finally induced him to remain and continue the hunt.

The colobus monkeys are the "Big Bens" of the Kenya forests. They are the first to rise in the morning and tell the animal world that it is time to wake up and earn their breakfast by foraging for it. And at the first sound of their morning call the night-prowling animals retreat to their lairs or seek a place to hide. No matter how chill the morning air, nor how drenched their silky coats from the tropic downpour, nor how heavy and dense the mist and fog that hangs over their forest home, these timekeepers of the animal world salute the dawn with weird, chanting calls. So faithful are they that we could set our man-made watches by their accuracy.

There is an extraordinary fascination in watching wild monkeys in their native haunts, because of the many surprises which their lives and habits have in store for the patient observer. One of the most delightful surprises I received during my many months of observing monkeys in the Kenya forests was learning that the colobus monkeys

indulge in what might be called community singing. Very early in the morning, right after the "Big Bens" have given their warning, and at intervals during the day, they have song fests in which the whole troop joins. They seem to be an inspiration for one another, for the moment one troop begins to sing other troops in different parts of the forest follow suit until the green rafters ring with the remarkable sounds they make. It always reminded me of the community singing which was so popular in canteens during the World War, only in the forest there were no jarring notes. By patient watching with my field glasses I discovered they had leaders who begin by giving a few rather low, hoarse notes.

Instantly the others are all attention and they sit on the branches with pursed lips waiting for their cue, which comes when the leader raises his voice. Then with one accord they join in, their voices rising with a sort of humming, rolling sound which is wild, weird, and indescribably fascinating. Some of them sing just a little slower than the others and in a slightly different key, which gives variety. When they reach their highest notes, they go down the scale again with a rolling sound, and just when you think they are going to stop they raise their voices and begin all over again.

The monkeys perform only in the daytime and they have long intermissions between numbers. Their song is, however, so very unusual with its wild, weird notes echoing through the vast forest, that it leaves a pleasing and unforgettable impression upon the listener.

Perhaps I am a bit sentimental over the song of the colobus, as no doubt it means more to me than it usually

does to other travelers. Once when I made a very trying night journey through the Kenya forests to rescue my companion, who had been mauled by an elephant, it was the colobus chorus that brought to me and my black companions the welcome news of the approaching dawn.

The colobus monkeys do not live long when taken away from their forest homes. They pine for the freedom of the treetops and the companionship of their own kind. Many of those who are taken captive refuse food and actually starve themselves to death. Once when I was in the Kenya forests for several weeks, our porters captured a female colobus. I put her in a large cage made of young saplings just outside my tent, where she remained for several days. She refused to eat any kind of food, and when I approached her cage she hung her head in a shamed, dejected manner and would not look at me. Finally I felt so sorry for her that I let her go. Then to my great surprise I discovered that the poor thing had given birth to a baby. Whether it was born dead or whether she killed it at birth I do not know, but the remarkable thing about it was that she had actually buried the body of the baby beneath a mound of leaves and grass which she had gathered together on the floor of her cage.

Recently, when I was at Meru, in the Kenya Colony, I visited a sawmill in the Meru Forest just north of Mt. Kenya. My visit was for the purpose of photographing a colobus monkey, a pet, belonging to the engineer in charge of the mill. This monkey was a beautiful creature, apparently very happy and free to go into the trees after food and roam about the place unhampered by chain or collar.

This handsome animal might easily be called the jungle queen of the movies because she has been photographed so many times. And she has also appeared in the films, both in England and in America, under the *nom de plume* of a wild monkey. She was a strong, healthy, vigorous animal, with a very handsome coat. She slept in the house with the engineer and always shared his breakfasts, coming to the table and sitting in a chair in a quiet, well-behaved way. During the daytime she played about the grounds between the sawmill and the house, wrestling with the black boys or romping with the pack of mongrel dogs who played as roughly with her as if she were one of their own kind.

She went into the trees after leaves and berries, but rarely did she leave the vicinity of the mill, because on the few occasions when she did, she was pursued by her wild relatives, who followed her at the risk of their own lives right back to the mill. They lurked in the near-by trees for days afterwards, waiting for an opportunity to attack her. The engineer told me that once she had a very narrow escape when she strayed too far and was rescued only just in time to save her life. As she fled through the trees before her pursuers her frightened screams and their hoarse, diabolical shrieks resounded through the forest and brought the men and dogs to her rescue. This monkey was apparently perfectly happy in her semi-captivity, but her life was so nearly normal in regard to her freedom and her diet that she could hardly be otherwise.

She made friends with me very quickly, but displayed only a mild interest in me and my big box camera. She reserved

her more cordial welcome for one of my boys whose hair and body she seemed to think needed her special attention. I longed (but did not ask) for an invitation to pitch my tent among the mighty trees where I could watch that monkey daily, for it was an ideal way to study the elusive and sensitive colobus.

The baboons are also amusingly human, as I discovered during a two weeks' stay at Lucania Hills. These hills were alive with baboons, hundreds and hundreds of them in troops and families. One family used to come every night to sleep in a tree just back of our camp.

The mothers with the young baboons on their backs came up from the plains, where they had been hunting for food all day, and climbed the wall of rocks. Even though the wall seemed absolutely perpendicular, these baboons would find a foothold and reach the top. The big, old male baboons, weighing at least seventy-five pounds, would come down perhaps fifty yards nearer our tents than the mothers, who stayed with the babies on the rocks above. Here they would sit on scout duty, their chins propped on their hands, where they could see over the whole country. Meanwhile, the mothers prepared their children for bed by taking them on their laps and picking off the burrs and ticks.

If one of the babies, with its head hanging over the mother's lap, would try to play, reaching out its hand to another baby on the ground, the mother would take it up and slap it and shake it just as human mothers do, and screaming loudly she would stoop over and make a motion

with her hand as if she were looking for a stick or something to throw at the baby on the ground. Whereupon the little monkey would scamper off.

The one punishment was never sufficient, however, to teach the baby to lie quiet on the mother's lap, and it would have to be spanked two or three times before it was ready for bed. Then they would race for the tree and we could hear the babies squealing and fighting for the best places, probably to get next to their own mothers.

It gets dark very quickly in equatorial Africa, and the monkeys have to hurry into the treetops to escape their ground-prowling enemies. One night we were awakened by a great commotion among the baboons and we realized that a tragedy was taking place. In the morning we found that a leopard had been there and after that the baboon family did not come to its tree.

Sometimes old male baboons get very ugly, and in certain parts of the country where they are unmolested, they become very bold and the natives fear them. Once when we were hunting in Uganda, the natives came to our camp and begged us to go with them and shoot a baboon that had killed a child. He was a huge beast with enormously heavy shoulders and long, yellow fangs. When standing upright he looked as tall as a man.

I was told by the natives living on the edge of the Budongo Forest that chimpanzees have similar habits and often kill children when they come out of the forest to raid the native gardens. But I found no proof of this and native information is very unreliable. I believe, however, that such

a tragedy might easily occur if a child startled them by coming upon them suddenly, or if the animals were interfered with while feeding.

The real truth concerning the habits and characteristics of apes and monkeys can be learned only through exhaustive study. Years must be spent by the student in the lonely forests where the animals live. No caged animal or stuffed museum specimen with distorted bodies and horrid glass eyes can tell us the fascinating life history of the wild, free creatures. It is greatly to be regretted that much of our information about these interesting animals has been gained by deduction, by travelers' tales, and by studying captured animals that are living unnatural lives in cages on a man-selected diet.

By comparison, the apes and monkeys vary in their dispositions as much as do human beings. One animal may be lazy, another energetic, one aggressive and ready to attack without provocation, while another will be a pacifist and run away to avoid trouble. From our own experiences in Africa with the big apes like the chimpanzees and baboons, I believe they are quite capable of attacking human beings when frightened or roused to anger. Once when we were crossing the unexplored part of the Bodongo Forest to Lake Albert, we surprised a family of chimpanzees in the top of a giant tree and tried to take photographs of them. The half-grown youngsters managed to get away to the other trees on the interlacing branches, but the three adults in the group could not follow on account of their great weight. When they realized that escape was impossible they became infuriated, and with blood-chilling screams they jumped up and down

on the limbs and beat the trunk of the tree with their hands. Their shrill, piercing cries of rage were terrifying and went echoing through the forest. Twice the big black powerful creatures came part way down the tree and threatened us. They opened their mouths and drew their lips nervously back and forth over their big yellow teeth. They foamed with rage and screamed and roared.

When we did not budge they returned to the heights above and in their blind rage tore at the leaves and moss. Finally in sheer desperation they tore huge branches off the tree and deliberately dragged them from one side of the tree to the other and thrust them at us. For years these animals had been protected by the game laws and had not been hunted or harmed. And yet they gave us a very good demonstration of what might have happened had we met them in a tight place on the ground face to face. It is my opinion that the baboons are the most intelligent members of the ape family and the big gorillas are the morons.

On my recent journey up the Tana River, I was more than repaid for the hardships which the long journey in uncomfortable dugout canoes entailed, by the opportunity it afforded for observing monkeys. Many people, I believe, imagine that the wild monkeys are unclean and have habits like their caged relatives. No greater mistake could be made, for wild monkeys are the cleanest animals in existence. Unlike cats or dogs they will not eat or even touch anything decayed or evil-smelling. Their food is always fresh, their bodies healthy, and their breath as sweet and clean as a healthy human baby's.

I remember how surprised and delighted I was the first

time I took a wild monkey in my hands and found that its body was as clean as if it had just been bathed and its fur as sweet-smelling, soft, and silky as a fastidious woman's hair. Perhaps no other wild animal holds the universal interest that monkeys do, but in many people this interest is often destroyed by a dislike and an aversion which caged animals seem to inspire. It will surprise those who are not acquainted with the habits of wild monkeys to learn that in the jungle monkeys live in large families and that each member of the family has certain duties to perform. They are well organized. There is a head of the family who, by right of might, is so much the master that his bark is law and must be obeyed by all. To watch one of these autocrats dictating to his family is as amusing as any comedy that can be imagined. Children are disciplined in the good old-fashioned way by spanking and cuffing their ears. They quarrel among themselves, and like children of the human family, some have violent tempers while others have amiable, gentle dispositions. They have their heroes and heroines and also their bullies and cowards. As mothers the monkeys have no equal, their devotion being constant until their baby is able to look after itself.

It was a matter of ever-recurring surprise and amusement that the monkeys have traits and habits common to human beings, one of the most conspicuous being the greediness and selfishness of the males. They take the choice bits of food if they happen to be near when a choice bit is found. I annoyed my porters exceedingly by calling their attention to this fact on several occasions, when they took food from women. It is the native custom for the women of the house-

hold to serve the men and boys the choice of whatever the family dinner may supply, and when they have finished their repast the women may have whatever is left. It annoyed my boys to be compared to monkeys, but whenever I heard them haggling with the women over food or robbing their cooking pots I had only to mention the one word *kima* (monkey) to send them off about their business.

This selfish habit on the part of monkeys may explain why they eat so rapidly and are constantly turning their heads as if expecting some one to snatch their food. Once I saw an old male grasp a youngster by the scruff of the neck and take something which he wanted for himself out of his mouth, and when he cried and shrieked over his loss, he was chased up a tree where he sat and sobbed as he gazed sadly down at the others, who continued their breakfast utterly unconcerned with his grief.

The monkeys on the lower Tana range up and down the river and also travel some distance out on the desert in search of food. They are rarely molested by the natives, who do not eat their flesh or use their fur for clothing as do the natives in other parts of the country. To keep them out of their gardens, however, the natives resort to the old-fashioned way of throwing stones at them in a frantic effort to frighten them away, and occasionally one is killed by a poisoned arrow. But on the whole the monkeys and baboons on the lower Tana River live an ideal monkey existence.

They have their natural enemies, of course, which Nature in her wisdom meant them to have, like, for instance, leopards, snakes, crocodiles, eagles, and other carnivorous creatures. Happily these monkeys have had but little ex-

perience with the white man and his murderous weapons, for this part of the Tana Valley is still a closed district. I doubt if it will ever be a popular hunting ground for the *maladadi* (dandy) sportsman.

The climate is very unhealthful and the sun terrifically hot. The reflection on the water blisters the face and hands, and if the traveler wears glasses, as did I, the glare dulls the vision and affects the eyes like a burning glass. Insect pests are there in great variety and eager to establish friendly relations with newcomers at once.

The river is the main highway, and it has a swift and dangerous current to negotiate. The small dugout canoes used by the natives look as if they were ready to turn turtle if the occupants but moved, and these hollowed-out tree trunks also have yawning holes in their sides which are patched and repatched with mud many times during a journey. They are not nearly as comfortable and inviting as the high-powered motorcars that are waiting at Nairobi to whisk the modern big-game hunters off to the depleted game fields. But the old leaky canoes have a romantic lure and an indefinable charm which the modern big-game hunter who dashes over the veldt in motorcars will never know.

I carried on this journey up the river some powerful flashlights for the purpose of watching the monkeys at night and was delighted to learn that the small monkeys, as well as the baboons, have sentinels who keep guard while the family sleeps. I also learned that these guards are changed once during the night, and that the hour for this ceremony is as well timed as if the animals had been trained in His Majesty's service.

THE YOUNG PET BABOON AT SAN KURI. THE "THUMBLESS" COLOBUS MONKEY AT THE MERU SAWMILL PLAYING POSSUM TO COAX THE DOGS TO COME AND PLAY.

At one lovely camp where a family of baboons slept in a tree close to my tent, I sat up for four nights in succession watching them. At 11:30 on the dot, by my watch, the guard was changed, the one who had been relieved ascending the tree and spending the rest of the night with the family.

It was also interesting to note that the females with babies and the younger generation occupied the topmost branches, well out of reach of their enemy, the leopard, and that the older animals occupied the branches directly beneath them. The observation post, where the sentry sat, was of course in the same tree but several feet lower down. He sat in a crotch in the middle of the tree so nothing could pass without his knowledge. The first night I used the flashlight on this family they were very nervous and I doubt if any of them slept very soundly. But after they got used to me and the light, they seemed to have a feeling of security. For when I flashed them, they merely raised their heads sleepily and dropped them again without changing their positions. Sometimes to vary the monotony of the night, I conversed with the sentry in monkey language as I had heard them doing with one another. I am not prepared to say what we talked about, but whatever it was, the lonely sentry seemed to understand and enjoy our conversation. I would grunt at him and immediately there would come an answering grunt; I used different intonations and varied the grunts. The sentinels were always garrulous old boys, rather lonesome, I think, and always ready for a chat. As soon as I stopped grunting, they never interrupted me, they would answer right back and they varied their grunts and intonations just

as I did. They would often punctuate their remarks by scratching their heads or their bodies, not at all unlike some human beings; then again they would bend over and thrust their heads forward. Sometimes they would open their mouths, and show their big teeth after a grunt, and shake the branch of the tree like a politician trying to impress his audience with some vital remark in his address.

It is not unusual for monkeys to converse with each other even when they are some distance apart. I have often listened to them in the jungle, and the monkeys I kept in captivity frequently conversed with each other when they were in separate rooms. That monkeys have a language of their own there can be no doubt, for one has only to watch the functioning of their social organizations to arrive at this conclusion.

My interesting conversations with the baboon sentries were often rudely interrupted by owls. There are many varieties living in the dense forests which border the Tana River and they are never molested by the natives, who have a superstitious fear about killing them. Our camp fire seemed to attract them and every evening they would perch in the trees directly over our heads and "whoo whoo" at one another. I thoroughly enjoyed listening to their weird cries when my black boys were awake and chatting around the fire. But on nights when the tired men slept and I watched alone, I acknowledge frankly that I have often found myself bathed in cold perspiration and actually afraid to leave the fireside and retire to my tent. It was creepy to sit under the dimly lit canopy of foliage with the sleeping men swathed from head to feet in their cotton garments, as they prepare

for burial, and to suddenly hear a swift rush of wings and the uncanny "whoo whoo" coming out of the dark. There was one owl that used to shake its head and whine like a dog when I turned the flashlight upon him, and there was another one whose cry used to give me the shivers. The first time I heard it I thought some animal was in distress and fighting for its life. But my boys assured me that it was only an owl. I learned later that the natives fear this owl and firmly believe that it has the power to bewitch young children and cause their death.

To conciliate the owl and win its favor, the women who are about to become mothers make offerings of rats, birds, and young chickens. They impale these bodies on long, sharp sticks and place them at the entrance to their village. It never occurs to them that the hawks or vultures may get the offerings. To know that they have been taken suffices. The supreme faith of the superstitious natives of Africa is one of the most wonderful things in this world.

One of the many amusing sights of the jungle is to watch a troop of baboons retiring for the night. Just before sundown they gather in the trees near the one the old scout has selected for their sleeping quarters. But no member of the family may go to the selected tree until the old scout and his aids make a tour of inspection to see if the coast is clear. This takes time because they work around from tree to tree very cautiously. In the interval no human mother with a large family of tired, healthy children could be busier than these tree-dwelling mothers. Their problems are much the same as a human mother's. The children are cross, tired, and sleepy after their busy day but each one must be made

ready for bed. Ears, nostrils, and eyes are inspected and furry coats groomed before they can cuddle up for the night.

When the old scout gives the signal bark for retiring, there is a general rush for the tree. All but the night guard retire to the topmost branches, where the youngsters squabble and squeal until the guard barks out a warning which always sounded to me like, "Shut up, can't you!" If the one warning did not suffice he would shake the tree and make a move as if to ascend it. This usually settled the matter, and silence reigned with the dark.

One night while watching a family of baboons preparing for bed I witnessed an incident which was so human and ludicrous that even the black boys who were with me were convulsed with laughter. We were watching a big mother baboon that was holding her tired, sleepy baby between her knees and grooming its head. She had got as far as its ears and had just turned one of them back to inspect it when she suddenly gave a sharp grunt and slapped the baby's head. The next instant she was holding it from her with one hand while she stretched out her leg and began brushing her fur with the other. Her actions couldn't have been more natural had she been a human mother chastising her baby for responding to Nature's demand.

The adolescent, love-making baboons are another very human and amusing sight. The females are like flappers the world over and delight in making their boy friend jealous by flirting with his rivals in the early stages of their courtship. One couple that I watched every day for a week offered no end of amusement. Early in the morning when

the troop went foraging for their breakfasts the affectionate pair would leave the others and hunt by themselves. On several occasions I saw the gallant male dig up a luscious bulb and actually give the female the first bite before taking it for himself. I have also seen the coy one gallop away and hide behind a bush and then peek out to see if she was being followed.

After their breakfast the pair usually came and sat on a boulder between my tent and the river. Utterly oblivious of the fact that they were being watched by me and my boys, they would proceed to groom their fur, stopping frequently during the operation to embrace and fondle each other. Sometimes they would yawn and take a nap. Clasped in each other's arms, they would sit, her head on his shoulder, and doze. Every few moments he would rouse himself and make a quick survey of the surrounding bush in the interest of their safety.

One day after they had enjoyed a prolonged nap I saw this jungle sheik put his hand under his adored one's chin, and bending her head back he leaned over and actually rubbed his face against hers. And then they sat there grunting and gurgling with delight. The peals of laughter which greeted this little comedy and which I was powerless to suppress, for I laughed as heartily as did the boys, drove the loving pair off the rock. There was something so familiar about the monkeys' actions that I began to wonder if I had not read a description of it in some book. I tried to think of all the stories I had read and then suddenly I recalled that from the windows of my New York apartment, which overlooked Central Park, I had often been amused by similar love scenes

between couples who used to come and sit on the benches under the trees. Incidents like the one just described can be recorded and the reader given an insight, slight though it may be, into the fascinating lives and habits of wild animals. But there is much that the observer cannot share with others—little mannerisms, facial expressions, amusing incidents, all very significant in themselves, but which would lose their meaning and their charm in the telling.

I regretted exceedingly my inability to remain in this camp and continue my observations of the devoted pair, primarily because I was very keen to learn if the young couple would leave the paternal rooftree and begin housekeeping by themselves after they were married. I like to believe that they did, for I have great faith in the wisdom of the baboons. Unfortunately my food supply was limited, and as I was on my way across an uninhabited desert country, a journey requiring many weeks' travel with no means of replenishing my supply, it was unwise to remain. Never have I disliked leaving a camp more than I did this one. I realized that I was missing an opportunity which perhaps would never come my way again. Reluctantly I gave orders to prepare for an early start the following morning. We packed bags and boxes, patched the leaky canoes with mud so there would be no delay in getting off; then, accompanied by Ali who carried gifts of printed cotton cloth and red bandanna handkerchiefs, I went to the near-by village to say farewell to the chief, who had accompanied me on several hunting excursions into the desert during my stay at this camp. He was so pleased with my gifts, including the blade

of a safety razor which I fitted into the end of a stick for him, that he gave me in return a handsome carved snuffbox.

After I had taken several photographs of him in various positions which he fancied, the whole village escorted me along the jungle trail back to my own camp. They hung about the kitchen and became so exceedingly interested in the preparations for my dinner that I thought I should never be able to get rid of them. Finally just before sundown they disappeared one by one and then I had my bath and an early dinner. Owing to a visit the night before from a band of lions who roared and came annoyingly close to our little camp, the men built two huge camp fires for our protection. The light from these fires illuminated the forest and I could see quite plainly the baboon family in their tree. They were huddled close together; some had their arms around each other and it was very apparent that they did not like the glare of our fire because every one of them, even the sentry, sat with bowed head and back to the light. Their vision was, no doubt, affected by the light just as ours is by strong automobile headlights. The family looked so peaceful there in the treetop that I hadn't the heart to disturb them. I knew that it would be their last happy night, for we had seen the telltale tracks of a leopard that had been prowling around the camp for several nights, and when we left I was sure that he would pay a visit to the baboon family.

Ali, my tent boy, called me before daylight the next morning and served breakfast on a table placed beside the camp fire. A ghostly white mist hid the river and enveloped the forest along the banks. It was so cold and damp that in spite of my lined trench coat which had served me faithfully

in heatless France during the war, I shivered. An appetite is an elusive sort of thing in the early morning in the tropics, but experience had taught me that it is always best to have a substantial breakfast before starting on a journey, no matter how short the distance. One never knows how the jungle and its denizens may change one's plans. My breakfast consisted of papaya, nicely chilled by hanging overnight in a wet cloth under the fly of my tent. There was native honey which was very dark in color, and in taste not unlike our own buckwheat honey. Then there was toast, made of white bread which I had prepared myself with flour brought from England and native banana beer in lieu of yeast. The bread was raised by the heat of the sun and baked in a covered pan on a little fire which was made between three stones. I baked cakes and pies in the same primitive oven. It takes time to have these luxuries in the jungle, but it is well worth the effort because one often suffers from the strange concoctions prepared by badly trained native cooks.

The coffee, the last but perhaps the most important item on my breakfast menu, was grown in the Kenya Colony. I tasted it first at a hotel in Mombasa when I was preparing for my river safari. The flavor was so delicious that I immediately purchased a supply for the journey. It took no small amount of time and patience to teach my cook how to prepare it, but the result was well worth the trouble.

While I ate my breakfast the men took down my tent and loaded the boats. They worked silently as natives always do in the early morning, and as they passed back and forth in the lurid light of fire and fog, they looked spooky indeed. The day was just dawning when I went down to the

CANOES ON THE TANA RIVER.

river and took my place in the first boat. As we pushed away from the bank and were lost from our companions in the drifting fog, a flock of Egyptian geese flew over our heads and honked eerily. The superstitious men were delighted. They said it was a good omen, and remembering my school-day superstition I was quite willing and eager to accept their predictions.

The men were experienced canoemen as all the natives living along the Tana are bound to be, for the river is the main highway. They maneuvered the boats skillfully and steered them carefully from one side of the river to the other to avoid sand bars, boulders, half-submerged trees, and treacherous rapids. From a canvas-covered deck chair which was wedged tightly between the sides of the largest of the hollowed logs, dignified by the name of canoe, I peered into the fog and watched for obstacles ahead. Sometimes when we found ourselves unexpectedly in a tight place, where we were obliged to fight the treacherous current, I would take a paddle and work as frantically as the men, and often we would wait beside the bank for the canoes—I had engaged five for the journey—that were following us, and cupping our hands like a megaphone we would shout instructions for their guidance.

The animals living in the desert through which the Tana flows come to the river to drink, and some of them travel forty and fifty miles to quench their thirst. They usually drink either in the early morning or late evening, and when we paddled silently along close to the bank we could hear a snort or a whistle and a great crashing in the bushes as some frightened animal bounded away in the jungle. Owing to

the fog it was impossible to see what they were. The river teemed with bird life; perhaps no greater variety could be found anywhere in Africa than on the lower Tana, including, as they did, both water birds and the forest variety.

Sometimes when we rounded a sand bar very quietly great flocks of pelicans, black and white ibises, terns, cranes, geese, and ducks would rise on the air and in their confusion fly so close to us that the men could touch them with their paddles, and once the boy in the bow of my boat caught one in his hand and we made a pet of it. It was intensely fascinating to glide up to a roosting-tree which overhung the water and hear the whirr of guinea fowl and the frightened squawks of other birds as they rose in alarm from the branches.

The birds and animals, however, did not monopolize all the fright. There were times when a great splashing in the water followed by the booming bellow of a hippo sent us paddling in frantic haste toward the bank. Once when we swung our boat around hurriedly to avoid an inquisitive old hippo that came toward us blowing and diving, a big fish caused no end of amusement by jumping out of the water and landing in our boat, thus providing a very nice breakfast for the men.

The sun rises quickly in the tropics and we hadn't been on the water more than an hour before the red ball of fire was sending opalescent rays dancing through the mist. As the light grew brighter and the fog lifted I could see snow-white egrets and other birds on the branches of their roosting-trees overhanging the stream. Some were busy preening their beautiful feathers, others were walking slowly about, their heads cocked on one side as if listening, and sometimes

they stopped and lazily stretched a leg against a widespread wing.

There were thousands upon thousands of weaver birds fluttering and chattering around nests which dangled from the branches of trees like decorations on a Christmas tree. These nests are very curious in shape and usually found in large colonies; the nests are round as a ball, made of grass beautifully woven and softly lined. The entrance to the nest is at the bottom through a tunnel of woven grass which is about ten or fifteen inches long and about two inches in diameter. Although these birds build their nests close together in these great colonies, they are very noisy and also very quarrelsome.

The brighter and hotter grew the sun, the livelier and busier became the life along the river. Strange sounds reached us from all sides, the buzzing of millions of insects filled the air. Baboons barked; small monkeys screamed; doves, woodpeckers, finches, hornbills, and hosts of other birds added their quota to the fascinating sounds.

The sunshine cheered the men who, relieved of the nervous strain of steering the boats through the fog, began to sing. They had songs suitable for every occasion and many of them were of a religious nature. Their boat songs consist of a solo and chorus. The leader, who was in my boat, began yelling the solo at the top of his voice and the men in the following boats joined as one man in the chorus. Although some of the men had very agreeable tenor voices their songs are amazingly monotonous. Listening to their reiterations hour after hour was often a severe strain on my nerves. To deny them the privilege of singing, however,

would lead to discontent and trouble, for it is almost impossible to find a group of natives who can perform any kind of task without the accompaniment of song. If denied the privilege they soon become cross and grouchy and want to go home. They long for the social life of the villages where every one sings for the very joy of living. Needless to say the songs which accompany their labors do not inspire quick action, for no African would be guilty of doing anything in a hurry. The only time they put any pep into their social efforts is when they are dancing. In self-defense I tried to learn the words and the tunes to their boat songs. But the only reward for my efforts was to keep the men amused and good-natured; for whenever I tried to join them, they went into peals of laughter.

There were plenty of interruptions and excitement on the river journey, however, to break the monotony of listening to the minstrels; too much excitement sometimes to be pleasant perhaps, for often when we were obliged to pass under the limbs of big trees which extended out over the water, the chorus of voices would be interrupted by a shout from the man in the bow of my boat, yelling wildly, "*mamba, mamba*" (snake, snake). Every one would paddle frantically to avoid the lizards and snakes that dropped off the limbs into the water on all sides of us. These repulsive reptiles climb up the trunks of the trees and, crawling out on the gnarled, lichen-covered branches which overhang the water, wait for the birds and monkeys. The sun shining through the leaves casts mottled patterns over their bodies and helps to disguise them from their prey. They varied in species and also in size and color markings. There was one

snake as thin as a whip and as beautiful as a piece of jade. There were red ones, brown ones, and deadly black ones. One of the lizards which I shot from the boat measured over forty-nine inches in length, and some of those that dropped into our boats were, I believe, longer.

One water python which I killed measured sixteen and a half feet. When I exclaimed over its great size the men assured me that it was but a child. Whereupon I sent up a prayer that I might not meet any of the adult members of the family. They were, however, much smaller than the snakes I came across a few months later while traveling across the Congo. The shady retreats on the limbs of trees overhanging the water are the favorite hunting-blinds of the water pythons. They lie coiled on the limb until some unfortunate animal comes to the river to quench its thirst; then like a flash they drop down, their weight staggering the animal, and before it can regain its equilibrium on the slippery bank the snake whips its coils around its body like lightning and crushes every bone in the poor thing's body so he can swallow it. Whether the snakes carry their victims out on the bank or swallow them while in the water I do not know. But one day as we were coming along quietly we heard a great commotion in the bush near the bank. The trees were full of baboons and monkeys which were screaming and scolding at something that was thrashing about in the bush below them.

My first thought was that a leopard had taken a baboon and the others were excited over it. Accompanied by two of the men I left the boat and stalked carefully forward, guided by the noise in the bushes. To our amazement we

discovered that our leopard was a huge snake which was being attacked by a swarm of hornets while he was swallowing a baboon. They covered his head and the wounds on his body which the baboon had evidently inflicted. In his rage the snake was lashing about in all directions with his tail. The jungle on all sides bore traces of the terrible onslaught and the tremendous power of this dangerous creature when aroused to anger. We retreated silently and hastily, fearful of drawing the attention of the hornets upon ourselves, for some of my men were still ill and suffering from our last exciting encounter with a swarm of bees. My boatmen feared the lizards quite as much as they did the snakes, for some of them were of immense size. They can move with lightning-like rapidity and their powerful jaws inflict a very dangerous wound. Once when we were under a tree and they began dropping like some strange fruit around us, a huge one landed on the back of the man just in front of me, knocking the pole from his hand and causing him to fall with considerable force to the bottom of the canoe. With due regard for my own safety I drew my feet up on my chair and, as the creature ran under me, I tried to spear it. But I only succeeded in hastening its exit by the way of some baggage over the side of the boat. We were not always so fortunate, however, for once in a mad scramble to get away from one which had taken possession of a boat the men went overboard, upsetting the canoe and losing some of my most valued possessions in a deep hole where we could not retrieve them. My loss included the skin of a precious kudu for which I had worked desperately hard, hunting in the thorn scrub of the hot desert, to obtain for the

museum collection, and also an ant bear and a beautiful leopard skin. Usually the men were very quick to see these reptiles and maneuver the boats to avoid them. But when the snakes lay coiled under the foliage or hidden in one of the tangled masses of vines and foliage which hang down from the trees and spread over the water like a great curtain, it was impossible to detect them without beating them out with long poles. Sometimes the ugly things would raise their heads above the flowering vines, and thrusting out their tongues like lightning, uncoil and drop with a sickening splash into the water beside us. These are unpleasant experiences which travelers in a tropical country sometimes encounter, but they are soon forgotten in the joy of happier incidents which will glisten like a diamond in one's memory long after the snakes are forgotten.

My journey up the Tana River held something of the great ovations which civilized people accord their popular heroes and heroines. Whenever we came to a settlement, natives lined the banks and gave us a royal welcome. The news that we were coming was usually carried to the natives by the voices of my canoemen. When approaching a village they told in song all they knew about me and some things they did not know, for the African natives are past masters in the art of exaggeration; they are anything but the simple children so many travelers seem to think.

My men knew quite well that the more importance they attached to me and my expedition, the greater became the reflected glory to themselves. They had great imaginations, and sometimes, while listening to them talking to the villagers, I would learn with amazement of, and gasp over,

the great number of lions and elephants that had fallen to my unerring aim. They told stories of my great wealth and my generosity until I began to think they must have heard of King Solomon and thought I was one of his heirs. When we came in sight of a village, crowds of curious people lined the banks, their black bodies silhouetted against the blue sky often forming a very picturesque sky line.

The Wafocomo natives living on the Tana River are a very happy tribe; civilization has, happily, touched them but lightly. The Tana Valley where they live is very hot and unhealthful and is only visited by one lone missionary and a few government officials. When we came to a village that looked interesting, we usually stopped to visit and gossip with the inhabitants. While I made friends with the junior members of the tribe through the medium of pennies and civilized toys, such as mouth organs, rubber dolls, and toy balloons, my canoemen feasted and chaffed the village belles with the habit of men the world over. Sometimes both men and women would hold an impromptu dance, not for my especial benefit, but for their own pleasure and amusement, paying no more attention to me than if I did not exist.

The women who came in from the fields to greet us parked their babies, baskets, and garden implements beside the huts or under a tree, and rushed off to the palm trees for their personal adornments. They gathered the young unspread fronds and, stripping off the tough outer covering, made bands for their heads, legs, and arms of the soft shining yellow centers, and with their sure instinct for artistic effect when using what nature has so generously provided, they left long streamers of the soft yellow strips to float

gracefully on the air when they danced. They robbed the flowering vines of their flaming red and yellow blossoms and fastened them to their woolly hair, and some placed the petals coquettishly on their velvety brown cheeks. The only inharmonious note to mar this lovely barbaric scene was the ugly safety pins, of all sizes, which traders have introduced and which the women wore pinned to their hair.

Musicians appeared with reed flutes and drums as quickly as if some genie had waved a magic wand, and there on the palaver ground between the huts and far from the haunts of white men, I watched those happy natives dance, as can only those whose bodies have never known the influence of tight clothing.

Forming themselves into two rows, as in an old-fashioned minuet, they advanced and receded with swaying, sinuous movements of their bodies, singing and keeping time by clapping their hands and stamping their feet. The deep voices of the men blending with the high-pitched tones of the women echoed from bank to bank as their naked feet shuffled and pounded the hard ground.

Occasionally a woman, possessed of a spirit of mischief and that delicious sense of humor with which all African natives are blessed, would come over and invite me to join them and offer to teach me the movements of the dance. Standing before me she would bend and sway and swing her supple body to the fascinating rhythm of the drums, the others urging her on and applauding my efforts to follow her with laughter, shouts, and clapping of hands that could be heard for miles.

When I gave the order to continue our journey, the

women and girls would often run along the bank singing and joking with my men as long as we were in sight. Generally we made an effort to find a place to camp before midday, for after that it was too sickeningly hot on the river to be safe.

About eleven o'clock on the day we left the baboon camp we were looking for a nice place to pitch my tent, when suddenly, while rounding a bend in the river, our attention was attracted by a troop of baboons who were in some trees and greatly excited over something which they saw in the water. They were barking and screaming like hysterical children. Instantly I gave the signal for the men to stop the boats so I could watch them. I picked up my gun thinking a crocodile might have caught one of them and if he came out on the bank to eat it, I would be ready to take a shot at him. Presently the baboons began to quiet down, but their attention was still focused on the water. Then suddenly out in midstream there appeared two black knobs and the pointed snouts of two ugly crocodiles slowly drifting down stream.

As they passed us they sank below the surface. Then some of the baboons began to come down from the tree and descend the bank toward the water, but two or three of the older ones remained in the tree on guard. The others approached the water cautiously, took a sip, and with a scream of terror jumped back. There they stood on the sand bar with manes bristling, gazing at the water and uttering hysterical shrieks. The big fellows in the tree gave forth several energetic, deep piggie grunts, as if assuring them that the crocodiles were gone. They did this several times before

A WAFOCOMO WOMAN, LOWER TANA RIVER, KENYA COLONY.

the troop found sufficient courage to approach the water again.

Finally after they finished drinking, the guards came down, one after the other, and also drank. It was interesting to note that while they gave encouragement to the others by their bold grunting noise, when it came their turn to drink, they approached the water with as much fear and caution in their movements as was evidenced by any of the others, proving beyond a doubt that mere man has no monopoly on the old game of bluff. After drinking, the troop went up stream traveling along the river bank. We followed, keeping close to the opposite bank where I was able to observe their movements.

On this occasion their vicious, bullying disposition was very much in evidence and often amusing. As they went along, climbing over rocks and logs and running into the low trees after insects and fruits, they quarreled, chased one another, and fought as noisily as a lot of hoodlums. It seemed to me that they did everything they could think of to be mean. They tried to push one another into the river where the crocodiles were; they bit and slapped and squealed and pulled one another's fur. Two of them got into such a row over a bulb which they had dug up that one of the old males had to interfere. With a formidable roar he rushed at the two who were screaming and mauling each other like wildcats, and gave them both a good thrashing.

This wise bit of childish discipline was so very human that we were convulsed with laughter. The animals moved so quickly that I could not tell whether he bit them or not; by the way they screamed it sounded as if he were killing

them. But the amusing part of the comedy was that after thrashing them, he took the bulb—the bone of contention—and sitting down, with one arm resting on his knee, proceeded to devour it himself.

The chastised pair, still gasping hysterically over their punishment, watched him from a near-by tree. Yet these animals who fight so viciously among themselves often perform amazing deeds of heroism. They will actually die to save one of their kind from an enemy, as I learned the following day, when I witnessed a terrible tragedy.

The baboons finally led us to a delightful camping place, a little shamba—cultivated patch—which paralleled the river on their side of the stream. When we were crossing over, and while we disembarked, they sat in the trees and watched like inquisitive neighbors in a country town, craning their necks and moving their positions whenever it was necessary to follow our movements. The owner of the shamba, a fine, handsome fellow, with two wives, his old mother, and six bonny children, occupied two little huts on the edge of the forest facing the clearing.

Innumerable, cunning little gray-green monkeys ran about in the trees and peered down at us with great curiosity. It was quite evident that the natives did not molest them, for when there was no one near the huts they came down from the trees and played on the thatched roofs.

The owner greeted us pleasantly, and while the men pitched my tent in a lovely spot close to the river under the wide-spreading branches of a mango tree which was loaded with the luscious yellow fruit, he brought firewood and helped the cook who was busy preparing my luncheon. The

women and children, who were working at the extreme end of the shamba when we arrived, dropped their hoes and rushed across the field surging with curiosity over their strange guest. As they ran they adjusted the pretty patterned cloths which covered their bodies and hung from their breasts to their knees.

The absence of armed soldiers made it very obvious to them that they had an unusual guest, for the only white person who ever visited them was the government official who came to collect the tax. When told that I was a woman traveling alone they showed their astonishment by raising their eyebrows and clapping their hands over their mouths.

The women had hardly reached us before a troop of silver-gray baboons rushed out of the forest and entered the bean patch. They distributed themselves between the neatly hoed hills of beans like laborers working on a truck farm. Sitting down they began to tear off the tender green pods and stuff their cheek pouches. The owner of the shamba begged me to go out and shoot them, saying that the baboons and monkeys ate or destroyed more than half of the food which they planted each season. I knew what he said was quite true, for I had seen the results of their depredations in other shambas. I also knew that there was no need for the baboons to come into the shambas, for the land teemed with their natural foods, such as roots, the onion-like bulbs of flowering plants, wild figs, cherries, and tart plums, and with uncanny intelligence these remarkable animals can readily distinguish the difference between the edible and the poisonous kinds. In this their knowledge is

greater than that of human beings. Their diet is not confined to fruits and vegetables either, for they also eat various kinds of insects like locusts, spiders, centipedes, and scorpions, as well as crabs, beetles, and various others. An insect like the scorpion, which has a dreadful sting at the end of his long tail, is robbed of his power to harm by a quick movement of the baboon's thumb and forefinger before being consumed.

These rowdies have glorious times robbing bees' nests, and once I came across a troop out on the desert, having a banquet on ostrich eggs. They were squatting around the nest and looked for all the world like a lot of natives at a feast. Each one leaned over and lapped up the fluid as it flowed from the broken eggs, and as they ate they were very garrulous and kept up a constant grunting noise, first one and then another joining in the conversation. Now and then they uttered a peculiar sound which even the black boys with me said was laughter. I frankly say that I am not positive that it was laughter, but it was a merry sound and quite unlike their conversational tones. While I sympathized with the natives who toiled so hard in the hot sun hoeing, digging, and planting their gardens, I could not kill the baboons as they asked. Knowing how amazingly human these animals are and feeling about them as I do, it would have been cold-blooded murder and I would have been haunted by the crime for the rest of my life. Even though I had no other knowledge of them than the lovers on the rock pile, the memory of those two would have stayed my hand.

While the men pitched my tent I proceeded to photograph

the baboons. They watched me closely as I approached, but never left off feeding until I stopped to set up my tripod. Instantly the old male hustled the females and youngsters to the edge of the forest, then he returned and continued his repast. I went forward again and setting up the tripod began to focus my camera upon him. With great deliberation he got up on his long legs and walked slowly away. Every few steps he stopped, passed his hands over a hill of beans, yawned, and picked a few pods slowly as if trying to show his utter contempt for me. Once or twice his beautiful mane rose on his shoulders as he jumped around quickly and barked sharply, no doubt trying to intimidate me. Finally without haste he walked over and sat on a log with several other big fellows who were craning their necks to see what I was doing.

Nothing happened, so the whole family came trooping out and, perched on logs and boulders, watched me. Never have I seen such huge animals. Their legs were unusually long and rangy and their bodies, which were covered with a beautiful silver-gray fur, seemed very heavy. When the old male stood up he was as tall as a man and his silvery mane hung about his shoulders like a graceful gray cape. I made several exposures which I knew would be failures, for it was midday and heat waves were dancing. Then I decided to have a porter guard the bean patch so they would be very hungry and return in the morning when the light would be more favorable. When I returned to my tent without using my gun, the owner of the shamba was keenly disappointed, and with characteristic native eloquence he launched forth on a tirade against baboons. If I would

only lend him the gun he would settle the baboon question and save his starving family.

To illustrate his point the orator held out his hands before his stomach to indicate how fat the baboons got on his food, and depressing his diaphragm he hobbled about to show how his family were growing thinner and weaker daily. He was a good actor but it didn't change my mind one bit, for I really saw no signs of starvation among them.

I was up with the birds in the morning, and as soon as it was light enough for my purpose I started for the other end of the garden on my photographic mission. I was accompanied by one boy who carried the tripod and my gun. I had no intention of using the gun unless it was necessary, but I have had too much experience with wild monkeys in Africa to have any illusions about their angelic dispositions or their docile qualities. A sudden brain storm or a violent fit of temper is one of the chief characteristics of the whole monkey family, and all the theorizing in the world cannot change that fact. Pushing our way through the high dew-wet grass on the forest side of the shamba, so the baboons would not see us, we finally came to a point where we could see them across the cultivated patch, sitting on a log above the river. The youngsters were playing while four mothers, all with babies at their breasts, were talking over the gossip of the day, or perhaps wishing that the sun would hurry and dry the grass so they could descend upon the bean patch and have their breakfast. The old male and the remainder of the troop were still in the forest close by.

I began to set up my tripod with the intention of creeping

closer when the camera was in position, when suddenly my boy touched my arm and pointed to an object which was moving swiftly across the cultivated patch leading up to the log. It was a beautiful half-grown leopard and he was stalking the baboons on the log. He was running low to the ground and in the early morning light the red earth seemed to blend with his fur and be a protection. Almost at the same instant that we saw the leopard the male in the forest gave a mighty roar of warning for the benefit of the animals on the log. As the formidable sound rang out on the early morning air all became confusion. The little ones screamed and the older ones barked; the bushes crashed as if a herd of buffalo were charging. Quicker than thought the largest of the mother baboons snatched her baby from her breast and, handing it to her neighbor, jumped forward to meet the attack of the leopard while the rest of the animals, including the one that had taken her baby, made off into the forest. For a flash the heroic mother stood with fangs bared facing her enemy; then the leopard leaped upon her, raking the fur and flesh from shoulder to hand with his claws and laying it bare to the bone. The plucky mother dug in with her fangs and at the same moment a gray mass of fur accompanied by a gurgling roar catapulted from the forest; the big male followed by others joined the battle. After that I could see nothing but a revolving mass of fur in which I could distinguish the black and white spots of the leopard and out of which there rose on the air the most horrible screaming, snarling, and roaring I have ever heard. When the fight was over—it did not last a minute—the leopard was dead and there was not enough left of him to

show what he looked like, so devastating had been the work of the saw-edged fangs and the powerful hands and arms of the baboons. Then two badly wounded baboons groaning like human beings crept off to the shelter of the forest, the male holding his hand over a great hole in his side and his beautiful gray coat dyed crimson.

After the battle with the leopard the entire baboon family left the scene of the shocking tragedy and vanished into the forest. It seemed to me that as they went through the bush all I could hear were the moans and groans of the heroic mother and the brave animal who had so gallantly rushed to her defense. The struggle was a terrible thing to witness and the vindictive fury of the old male who, convulsed with rage and pain from his wounds, literally tore his enemy limb from limb after the struggle was over, filled me with horror. But ever since that time the baboon mother has had a leading place in my gallery of heroines. She could easily have made her escape with her baby, for she was much larger and stronger than her companions, but she voluntarily gave up her baby and faced the dreaded enemy while the others ran.

No human being could do more than offer his own life that others might live and carry on. I regret to say there are people who take a keen delight in targeting their guns on these marvelous creatures. There is no law to protect them and there is no limit to the number of animals unfeeling and heartless people may kill.

In the afternoon when the baboon family did not return to the bean patch, I rigged up a ridiculous scarecrow and set it up at the end of the garden, hoping it might help to

UNLOADING BOATS AT A CAMPING PLACE, TANA RIVER. PREPARING LUNCHEON IN MRS. AKELEY'S JUNGLE KITCHEN.

keep the baboons out of the shamba for a time at least. If the sight of the awful looking object with its painted rag face and waving grass arms had the same effect on the baboons that it had on the native babies, who ran screaming with terror into the huts, it must have been a huge success. I never learned, however, for the following morning at daybreak we proceeded on our journey, and three weeks later we arrived at San Kuri where my unforgettable canoe journey of ten weeks came to an end.

Owing to dangerous rapids and whirlpools the traveler who wishes to continue the journey from this point to the upper Tana must import porters from other parts of the colony and travel on foot over a very trying and difficult country, for there are no natives on the lower Tana who will go on safari and carry loads on their heads. As I had made three previous expeditions to the upper Tana before it became the mecca for tourist sportsmen who hunt in automobiles, I planned a more interesting journey across the arid desert country which lies between the lower Tana and Abyssinia.

This part of the Kenya Colony is a closed territory and still under military rule. The traveler who wishes to enter must first obtain special permission, if he can, from the government. Being a woman and traveling alone, without white companions, I deeply appreciated the compliment paid me by Mr. Fazan, the District Commissioner at Mombasa, and Mr. Fuller-Maitland, the Commissioner of Lamu, in granting my desire to make this journey and permitting me to proceed in my own way without escort. The compliment

can better be appreciated when I say that very few white men have crossed this treacherous strip of thorn-scrub desert, owing to the hostile attitude of the nomadic Somali who inhabit it.

San Kuri is a British military post on the edge of this desert, where a small detachment of native soldiers, commanded by a white officer, is stationed to hold in check the Somalis, a hostile and very troublesome tribe of cattle-owning nomads who roam the desert in search of food for their camels and flocks. They are an arrogant, lawless lot and often raid the shambas of the Wafocomo living along the river, sometimes killing the natives who show resistance or dragging them off to be their slaves. They plunder government caravans and occasionally kill a white official, as they did while I was there.

I was a guest at the San Kuri post for ten days, and were it not for the scourge of fleas which infested the place and tortured both men and beasts, I would have liked to remain for a longer period to study the monkeys living in the forests close by. How much we suffered from the fleas can be imagined when I say that a daily sponge bath of petrol was necessary and even that vile-smelling liquid could not guarantee immunity or allay the frightful irritation caused by their poisonous bites. The motley collection of dogs attached to the station burrowed in the ground and kept themselves covered with earth to discourage the pests. "Digging in" seemed to be the only way the poor animals could find relief, and the entire compound looked like a miniature reproduction of a battlefield covered with shell holes.

When we arrived at San Kuri with our fleet of dugout

canoes we were met at the landing by an odd assortment of people and animals, for the news that I was coming was as usual announced long before our arrival by the song of my canoemen. Therefore the whole population turned out to greet us. There were Somali, Wagalla, Koro Koro, Swahili, Arabs, and East Indians; there were many dogs of doubtful breeds and varying colors; there were cats, monkeys, goats; even the two little donkeys followed the crowd and, cocking their ears forward, brayed a welcome.

I was greeted pleasantly by a low-voiced East Indian clerk, who spoke excellent English. He said that Captain Cook, the white officer in charge of the post, was away in the desert on official business, and that he would be gone for several weeks, but with the usual characteristic hospitality one always finds in British territory he said that Captain Cook's bungalow and in fact everybody and everything at the post were at my service. I was escorted by the excited community to the top of a hill where the bungalow stood. The native women were perhaps the most interested in me. They hung over each other's shoulders, peeped around woolly heads, and laughed and giggled at their own remarks at my expense. Cunning little black babies toddled along with the crowd and, squealing and laughing, stumbled and fell and cried; but, picking themselves up again, they followed along after the mob. I knew instinctively I was going to love this place and enjoy my stay here, although when we arrived at the bungalow I had every reason to change my mind.

As I stepped forward to take possession of the house my right to enter was fiercely disputed by Captain Cook's pet

baboon. He had rushed ahead of us and intrenched himself there. As I drew back, frightened out of my wits, his mane bristled and he lifted the block of wood which was attached to his collar, and, leaping over the sill, he rushed at me with bared fangs and a nasty growl. Fortunately the soldiers fell upon him just in time to save me, and squealing and protesting with all his voice and strength, he was carried away and tied to a big tree in the middle of the compound.

I was not at all happy over the ape's reception, for apes have good memories and often take revenge for a fancied wrong. The more I thought of it the more uncomfortable I became. I began to have visions of him coming into the bungalow at night through the air space under the thatch. If the reader remembers Kipling's story of the jealous ape, he can appreciate my feelings the morning following my arrival when I was roused from a sound sleep by something which jarred my cot. Of course my first waking thought was that the baboon had escaped and had come into the house to attack me. I opened my eyes expecting to see him standing over me ready to tear me to bits; but imagine my surprise at seeing instead two cunning little monkeys no bigger than squirrels, running across the top of my mosquito net.

My early morning visitors were charming, inquisitive little rascals, so I lay perfectly still and watched them. They ran to the foot of the net and peeped this way and that, trying to see what was on the cot beneath them. Evidently unsuccessful or not quite satisfied, they crept very cautiously along the net until they were directly over my head;

then they flattened their bodies against the net and, putting their tiny black faces close to the mesh, peered down at me.

After scrutinizing me carefully for a moment, they leaped away and disappeared by way of the air space between the thatched roof and side wall; presently I heard them scampering over the dry grass on the roof. Then they appeared on a crossbeam.

Here they wrestled and tried to push each other off the beam. They were so reckless in their play that I held my breath for fear one of them would drop; suddenly they stopped playing and spreading out their arms and legs like flying squirrels, they took a header right into my net. They gauged the distance and the center of the net with an accuracy which could only be rivaled by a trained circus performer, and exactly like a circus performer, they bounced up and down on the net once or twice before running to the side and leaping away to repeat the amusement.

At breakfast another member of my absent host's strange family made his appearance, a huge tomcat with a beautiful yellowish brown coat all striped and spotted with velvety black markings. There could be no doubt about his breed and, as these half-wild, half-tame creatures are very touchy, I was careful not to offend him. He meowed when he entered the door as if he were saying good morning. I greeted him pleasantly and he walked slowly around the room stopping to sniff and inspect my belongings carefully. Evidently he decided that I was eligible for his friendship, for he finally jumped to a chair beside me and put one huge paw on the table. There he sat giving an occasional meow

and digging his claws into the cloth while I prepared a saucer of porridge for him.

This was not what the gentleman wanted, however, and without more ado he jumped onto the table and began prowling and pawing an uncut papaya which was on a plate with some mangoes. I gave him half the fruit which he ate ravenously, and after finishing his meal he made a second tour of inspection and, finally climbing on top of my leather suitcase, curled up and promptly went to sleep. There he passed his days in slumber, only leaving the place at meal time or when I wanted something out of the case.

About dusk every night he would get up and yawn as if he were frightfully bored and saunter outside. Presently I would see him heading for the bush, where we could hear his wild relatives calling him to join their night revels.

Each morning after the cat left the breakfast table the little monkeys would appear. Unafraid they climbed from the back of my chair on to my shoulders and tried to intercept every mouthful of food I ate. Two monkeys are a pretty lively proposition especially when they are hanging on to one's ears and snatching at one's food with their free hands. I wanted my breakfast, but I also wanted the company of the little rascals, so I arranged a magnifying mirror on the table and while they scolded and fought their own reflections, I enjoyed both my breakfast and their antics.

One morning when they did not appear at breakfast I started out to see where they were; just as I reached the door there came from the direction of the forest the sound of many monkeys barking and screaming and leaping through the trees. I ran forward just in time to see my two

WABONI WOMAN—BUSH MOTHER AND CHILD, TANA RIVER, KENYA COLONY.

little friends coming over the fence with several wild monkeys in pursuit. The black boys had heard them too and came with sticks to chase the wild ones away. I noticed that one of the little monkeys did not use his hand and upon examination found that he had been bitten by his wild brother, and that the fang had passed right through the palm. Without flinching or drawing away he let me cleanse the wound with permanganate and he also sat and watched me while I filled a syringe with ashes and injected it into the wound. I know from experience how the ashes hurt when they touch the raw flesh, but the only demonstration my brave little patient gave that it hurt was to open his pink mouth and raise his eyebrows at me, showing plainly that he understood that I was only trying to help him.

One of the greatest joys on my African journeys has been my ability to win the confidence of both birds and animals, and an experience which I had with an old baboon while at San Kuri will serve to illustrate what I mean; it is only one of the many rich experiences which I enjoyed on my recent journey from coast to coast across Central Africa.

To protect the inhabitants of the post from surprise attack by hostile natives, a broad, high wall topped by a network of thorn bushes, more deadly than barbed wire, surrounded the main buildings. The soldiers' quarters, Indian bazaars, and parade ground were below the hill and away from the official residence. This arrangement left the bungalow, kitchen, and servants' quarters isolated on the hill. And there was a pathetic garden, where a few European flowers and vegetables drooped and shriveled and struggled

for existence under the blistering African sun. The garden seemed to be the playground for all kinds of nocturnal beasts, and a dozen times each night the pack of dogs would leave their excavations and go over the top to meet the enemy. They would rush past the bungalow in wild pursuit, yelping and barking crazily. Sometimes I would hear the rush of padded feet accompanied by a muffled roar, and in the morning I would find that our visitor was a lion or a leopard. To the amusement of the black boys I would go around barricading doors and placing sticks across the open windows of the bungalow, for I was more timid at night in that house than I was on the open veldt in my canvas tent. From the window at the rear of the bungalow I could look over the wide wall on to a lane and beyond that into the forest which bordered the river. On the edge of the lane and close to the fence there was a wide-spreading fig tree, its gray branches loaded with clusters of ripening fruit.

This fruit attracted both birds and monkeys and from daylight until sundown it was a lively, interesting place. Each morning about eight o'clock we could hear a large troop of baboons coming through the forest barking, squealing, and fighting as baboons always do. The mothers and children would sit under the trees down by the river while the old scouts came up and looked around. Finding the coast clear, which they always did, they would communicate the fact to the others by a bark, and the hungry hordes would come tumbling over one another to be the first to reach the tree. They rushed greedily from one cluster of fruit to another, choosing the choicest fruits for themselves; when their hunger was appeased they would congregate on the rocks

and boulders scattered about the lane and bask in the sunshine.

No sooner did they leave the tree than a troop of vervet monkeys appeared; they would take what fruits the baboons had left. There seemed to be a perfect understanding between the monkeys and the baboons about who was to have breakfast first, for the vervets never came to the fig tree, although they often waited close by, until the baboons had finished. Captain Cook was very fond of animals and had given strict orders to the soldiers at the post that no monkeys were to be molested. Consequently the animals were fearless as long as one kept a respectful distance, and they did not mind in the least when I went close to the fence to watch them.

One day when I was standing very still watching the baboons sitting on the rocks, grooming one another, a beautiful sunbird lit on my shoulder. It flew away and I held out my arms like a sign post; presently three of them were wiping their bills on the sleeves of my blouse. Others came and sat on my hat and teetered on my hands. I noticed that the females had stopped grooming the old male baboon and he was sitting up watching me. So when the birds flew away, I began to coquet with him, as I had seen them doing with one another; I moved my head from side to side; I scratched myself under the arm and yawned boldly; when I grunted and imitated their bark, he not only answered right back but he jumped off the rock and walked toward me.

Then he sat down and I continued my friendly advances, enticing him a little nearer. I stuck out my lips and grunted as loud as I could, whereupon he jumped to his feet and

began leaping up and down in a ridiculous way, grunting wildly with each leap. An inquisitive female with a baby in her arms jumped off the rock and hurried after him, thinking no doubt that the head of the clan had taken leave of his senses. But, like the master that he was, he would brook no interference; with a fierce roar that sounded very much like a lion's, he turned, and shaking his mane angrily, made a movement with his hand as if he were picking something off the ground to throw at her. She retreated and he advanced. I kept my place and grunted and scratched some more.

Suddenly, like an enthusiastic audience at a ball game, the baboons rose up on every rock and boulder in that great arena and, scratching their stomachs and their heads, began barking at their leader. Whether they were warning him to be cautious or offering him encouragement, I am not prepared to say. The situation was most amusing, however, and it was difficult to repress my laughter, but I had learned by experience that monkeys are very quick to sense laughter at their expense, and for fear of discouraging him, I refrained.

Finally one excitable old chap jumped off the rock, and rushing past the principal actor in this little comedy tried to attract my attention to himself. As he opened his big mouth and grimaced wildly at me, the leader leaped upon his back and for a moment there was a fierce struggle in which the well-matched beasts used hands and fangs with wicked effect. As they fought they growled and roared exactly like lions.

No battle between prize fighters for world supremacy and

a big purse could excite the spectators more than did that animal combat. The apes on the boulders and the troop of vervets in the fig tree screamed and barked and danced about as wildly as excited human fans; there were even two or three squabbles among the animals on the rocks, and their piercing screams could be heard above the general din.

My boys who were watching from the curtained window of the bungalow were convulsed with laughter, and I put my finger on my lips to warn them to keep still. The exciting battle was not prolonged for the benefit of the fans, however. There was only one round; then the impulsive one made a hasty and undignified retreat toward the bush, but he was pursued only for a short distance by the leader, who suddenly stopped as if he had just thought of something, and, turning quickly, rushed back across the lane, where he sat down and, grunting gently, lifted first one foot and then the other and scratched his toes. Then as if his victory had given him courage and made him bold, he leaped to his feet and came with a rush across the open space and jumped to the edge of the fence not ten feet away from me. This maneuver on the part of the baboon was something I had not anticipated and I became speechless with the horror of having the formidable-looking creature so near me.

I believe he sensed my sudden fear of him for like a flash his expression changed. He bared his long, yellow, wicked-looking fangs and drew his lips nervously back and forth over them. At the same instant he jumped to his feet and as he stood for a second facing me, the long hair on his hulking shoulders rose expressing his anger and accentuating his formidable appearance. I fully expected the next moment

to be my last, but fortunately Ali, my tent boy, who had been watching us from the window, rushed out of the house carrying my gun and shouting at the top of his voice, *"Piga, piga, mem-sahib"* (shoot, shoot, mem-sahib). Like a flash and without uttering a sound the baboon leaped off the fence and, galloping across the lane, disappeared in the bush without even a backward glance. And just as if they understood that some unexpected danger threatened, the whole troop slipped hurriedly and quietly off the rocks and followed their leader into the bush.

The following morning he returned, with the rest of the troop, to the fig tree after his breakfast. He lolled on the rocks while the devoted members of his harem groomed his fur and he grunted and yawned in friendly fashion in answer to my bold advances, but he was much too wise to be fooled a second time. And it was thus I left them, when the camels arrived, and ended one of my most amusing and interesting episodes.

CHAPTER III

ELEPHANTS IN THE FOG

THE question as to which of the five big-game animals—elephant, lion, buffalo, leopard, or rhino—is the most dangerous to hunt is one that is constantly being debated by big-game hunters.

In a group of men who hunted in Africa before the days of automobiles and professional white hunters, and who followed their quarry alone and on foot, as sportsmen did, the question usually brings forth lively discussions, decided opinions, and stories of thrilling personal experiences.

Many individuals have settled the matter to their own satisfaction, but there are so many aspects to the question that, in spite of their decisions, it remains controversial and no doubt will continue to stimulate the debating propensities of the next generation of big-game hunters. After all an opinion can only be based on the extent of personal experiences, and this in turn is tempered by the bravery or fears of the individual hunter.

Although it is a matter of record that more men have been killed or mauled by lions than by any other animal, it does not mean that the lion is the most dangerous animal to hunt. But it does signify that the lion is hunted more than any other animal.

Elephant and buffalo have long been royal game and

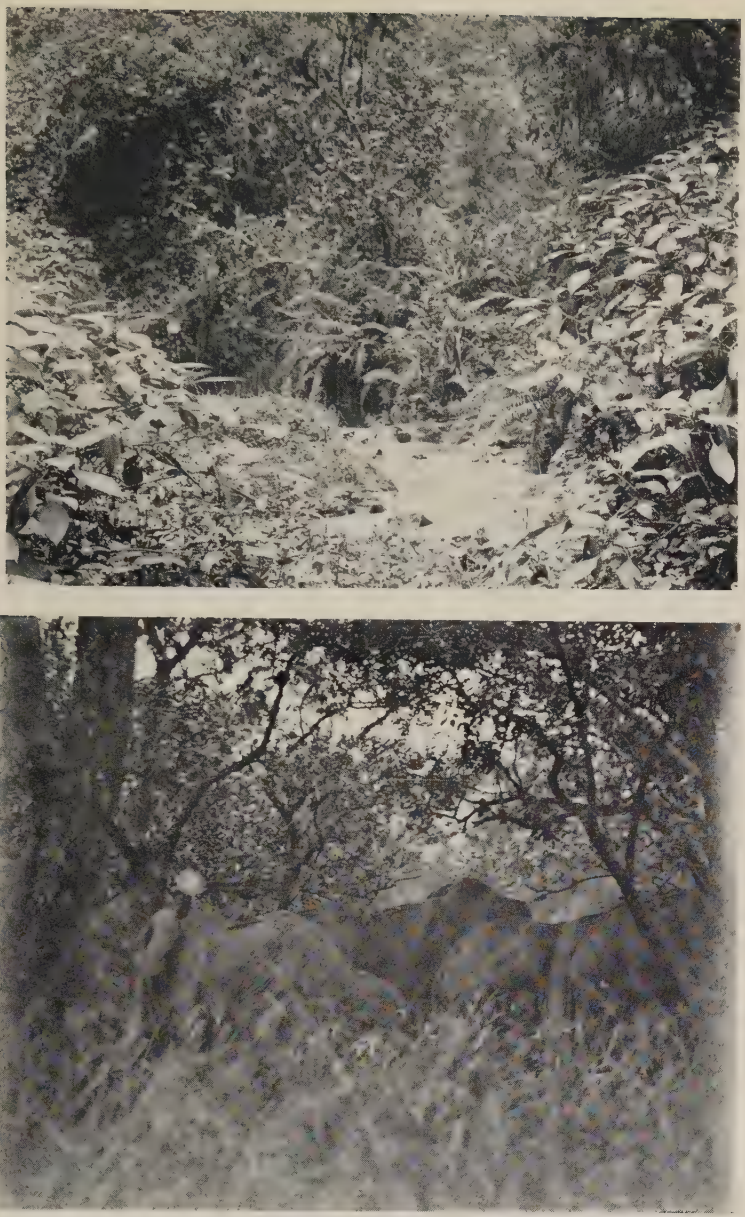
therefore the hunter's experience with them is, of necessity, very limited by comparison.

It is a mistake, and one that is frequently being made by all of us, to generalize about wild animals. No one, however great his experience, can forecast what a dangerous animal will do when wounded or suddenly alarmed. His actions, whether to charge his enemy boldly or attempt to escape, depend entirely on the disposition and impulse of the individual beast.

If a woman may venture an opinion—formed after five strenuous years of big-game hunting, two and a half years of which were spent following elephants for a scientific purpose—I would say that the hazards of tracking these mammoth creatures through the vast primeval forests of Central Africa are infinitely greater than the perils attending the hunting of any other kind of so-called big game.

When dangerous animals, like the ones in question, are met with in what is generally termed open country, they are fairly easy targets, providing, of course, the hunter is familiar with his weapon and the anatomy of the beast he is hunting, and if he doesn't get excited and lose his head before he can place his shot. Much—oh, so much—depends on the latter. A well-directed effort not only gives the hunter confidence in his weapon but in his own ability as well. It also wins the respect and coöperation of his native followers, which is of far greater importance than some African travelers seem to realize, or would have us believe.

In the forest, where but few white men go to hunt, the odds are all in favor of the elephant. His range is a dim, vast wilderness of distorted vegetation and mighty trees



THE DENSE PRIMEVAL FOREST ON MT. KENYA, WHERE HUNTING ELEPHANTS CALLS FOR ALL THE COURAGE ONE HAS. ELEPHANTS RESTING AT MIDDAY.

whose interlacing leafy tops exclude the sunlight and give the elephant protection. In the semi-darkened forest the eerie silence and mighty grandeur of the vine-draped trees are so appalling as almost to terrify the human senses and rob the invader of his courage.

Man is out of his element here, while the elephant is at home. By the sheer force of his great strength and huge bulk he plows his way through the dense mass of tangled vegetation and goes in any direction his fancy leads him, while the hunter can only follow on the rough trails which the elephant leaves behind him.

When there are a number of elephants in a herd the hunting is extremely dangerous. They often spread over a wide area when loafing along, and their trails cross and recross so often that the hunter may blunder into their midst before he realizes it. It is when they are feeding, however, that they are easily located. In a bamboo forest, for instance, the snapping of the hollow tubes rings out like the report of quickly repeated pistol shots and can be heard for a great distance. Sometimes the hunter can approach to within a few feet of them, providing the wind is in the right direction, before his presence is detected.

Single elephants move about with much more caution. Their location, however, is often discovered by the loud rumbling noise made by their stomach when digesting their food. When alarmed their digestive organs seem to stop functioning, and it is then that the hunter freezes in his tracks, and, with a pounding heart, anxiously waits for the signal that comes from Nature's messenger to tell him that the elephant has resumed his feeding.

In the twilight shades of the dense forest the round, straight legs and wrinkled hide of an elephant merge so effectively with his surroundings that he is often invisible until he moves. There are times, all too frequent for the steadiness of one's nerves, when what looks like a mass of foliage or the trunk of a tree is galvanized into action. And it is then that only perfect coördination of mind, hand, and eye can save the hunter from the vengeance of the mighty creature whose sanctuary he has violated.

The elephant depends almost wholly on his sense of smell and hearing to locate an enemy. His great ears are like the mechanism of some delicate instrument tuned to catch each jungle sound; a rustling in the bushes or the snapping of a twig engages his attention at once. With a noiseless rush those big detectors swing forward and a powerful trunk rises to test the air. As the flexible upturned member waves gently to and fro the finger-like arrangement at the tip of his nostrils opens and closes like a valve to receive the tell-tale message that is carried to him on the ever-shifting currents of air.

As the hunter approaches along the narrow trail, as silently as his clumsy civilized clothing permits, he will have need for every ounce of strength, caution, and courage that is in him, for he never knows what moment the matted wall of vegetation which curtails his vision may part and a powerful black trunk fell him to the ground.

It may happen, as it often has, that before he can move or even cry out a great pedestal-like foot may descend upon his person and stamp him into an unrecognizable mass of mud and humanity. The maddened monster may even sit on him

or tear him limb from limb. Or, in his vindictive fury, the elephant may pick him up with his trunk and, after his body has been pounded to a pulp on the tip of a yellow tusk, toss him aside as he does the broken, bark-stripped branch of a tree.

In forest hunting these are hazards no one can avoid, for there is no way of knowing what the protective screen of abnormal vegetation hides, or at what moment the hunter or one of his followers may be the victim of a tragedy.

Some of the African natives are fearless hunters and trackers. Most of them wear fetishes which they firmly believe will protect them from harm. Stripped of all primitive adornment save their magic charms, they glide through the forest with enviable sang-froid, without so much as snapping a twig under their feet. Naturally these confident, unhampered primitives have many advantages over the white man who employs them as trackers, for he is handicapped not only by his clumsy clothing, but by an intelligent fear of the formidable beast he is after.

It is a curious fact, and one that can easily be verified, that the elephants living on the slopes of Mt. Kenya rarely molest the native women who enter the forest after firewood, while they do not hesitate to attack the men who enter the same region for the same purpose. I have often accompanied Kikuyu women on their wood-gathering missions and heard the elephants smashing down trees and gurgling contentedly as they tore off the branches and fed, utterly unmindful of the close proximity of the women, who laughed and chatted in high-pitched voices as they hacked at the wood with their crude tools.

On one memorable occasion, when I was with a merry group of women who were making wine at the edge of the forest, one of our porters had what seemed to him a terrifying experience with an elephant. The boy had entered the bush to gather wood for our camp fire and finding a tree that was half dead from its long years of contact with the rough hides of elephants, he began to hack away with his *panga.* The first blows were still echoing through the forest when an elephant trumpeted. The next instant the terrified boy came dashing down the trail, yelling like a madman. Without stopping to tell us what had happened, or heeding the bantering jeers of the women, he sped across the cultivated fields to camp. When I stole cautiously down the trail a few moments later to learn what had become of the elephant I saw the big beast contentedly massaging his mud-covered body against an old worn tree, which I learned later was the one the porter had started to cut down.

Retreating silently to the edge of the bush, without interrupting the animal's beauty treatment, I was just in time to behold Mr. Akeley and his gun boys, armed with elephant guns, running across the field toward us.

Like many people who, perhaps without intention, magnify what happened when frightened by wild animals, the porter gave such an exaggerated description of his narrow escape, the size of the elephant, and the great length of his tusks that Mr. Akeley hurried over, eager to add this magnificent specimen to our collection.

As there was no one with the boy, we were obliged to take his word for it that the elephant had charged him. I have always had a suspicion, however, that he was merely

terrified by the sudden trumpeting and took to his heels without even taking a backward glance to see if the animal was really coming.

The elephant was certainly not in a bad humor when I saw him, for, as he rubbed his bulging side forward and back against the tree, he waved his snaky trunk about and grunted and sighed approvingly, just as ladies—of proportions—do when roughly massaged by a Turkish bath attendant.

Some authorities on animal psychology would, no doubt, interpret the elephant's actions to sentiment regarding his ancestral "rubbing post" and the trumpet which frightened the boy as merely a warning for him to "lay off."

Although the elephant looks clumsy, he can travel at remarkable speed when angry or alarmed. Even a whole herd can make their escape through the dense forest so silently that the hunter cannot tell which way they have gone until he examines their trails.

When charging, the great beast approaches with appalling swiftness and, according to my own experience, spreads out his massive ears and with a shrill, trumpet-like scream swings his trunk from right to left, slashing off the tops of the bushes as if it were a scythe.

On two occasions, however, when elephants charged us, they approached at a tremendous rate, with hanging trunks and without making a sound. When met with a volley from our guns they suddenly stopped and throwing up their heads began to scream. It was only for an instant, however, for, as if with a fixed determination to annihilate us, they drew their widely flapping ears back and up tight against

their heads and with trunks pointing straight in our direction renewed the charge.

I know of no experience quite so terrifying as to meet the charge of an angry elephant. To run is almost sure to be fatal, for the elephant, used as he is to stationary objects like trees, quickly sees anything in motion. If the hunter cannot stop his charge with a shot he may, if good fortune does not desert him, jump aside at the last moment, letting the momentum carry the colossal animal past him. It has been done with success, but more often it has happened that the elephant turns swiftly, charges again, and catches the hunter before he has time to escape.

As in any other kind of big-game hunting, luck plays a very conspicuous part when following elephants. It is in the nature of man to become careless after having had a fair amount of success hunting dangerous animals. He seems to take for granted that he is immune from accidents. But the day will come, especially if he persists in following the forest elephant, when he will find that the tables have turned and the very animal he is hunting is hunting him with a strategy equal to if not greater than his own.

Seldom is man fair to the wild animals that attack or outwit him. The beasts' actions are usually interpreted as vicious and therefore all his kind are given a bad reputation. The old proverb, "All is fair in war," obviously was not coined to excuse the wild beasts that are forced to defend themselves and their young against the attacks and the fiendish inventions of mankind.

In recent years the British Government have done more to protect the elephant from extermination than any other

foreign government in Africa. But, in defiance of their restrictions, preserves, and vigilance, traders and poachers were very active when my husband and I arrived in British East Africa in 1905.

In the outlying districts, where we went to hunt for specimens for the institution we represented, we often came across caravans loaded with loot, making their way toward the border of the Belgian Congo and German East Africa, where the game laws were not so strict and the penalty for taking ivory across the border to the coast was merely the price of a few pairs of tusks.

It was on this expedition that we became interested in elephants. In an effort to secure one or two specimens for the Field Museum of Chicago we went to the Aberdare Mountains, where for five weeks we hunted with only fair success in the lovely bamboo forests. Then one day we received special permission from the Governor, Sir James Saddler, to enter the closed Tana Valley district and continue our hunt in the primeval forests on the slopes of Mt. Kenya. Here, on the south side of this ice-capped mountain, in the most glorious forests in all Africa, we began a task that proved so fascinating that it finally changed the whole plan of our lives.

Our youth and our enthusiasm were our greatest assets on this dangerous mission. We soon discovered that the elephants living on Mt. Kenya were great travelers and to keep up with them our strenuous day began when the "Big Bens" of the forest, the colobus monkeys, voiced their greetings to the dawn and ended when these citizens of the treetops sounded their curfew for all their kind to go to bed.

When the monkeys warned us that darkness was approaching in that wilderness of trees, we bivouacked beside the trail wherever we happened to be. When our followers were too tired to clear a place in the bush for our tents we slept, as they did, on the hard ground beside the blazing camp fire.

It needed the agility and stamina of youth to climb the steep, slippery sides of mighty ridges over the muddy, zigzagging trails left by the monster four-footed roadmakers. And enthusiasm to sit down on the wet ground, as they did, and toboggan down the other side, landing, as they also did, against the big buffer of rocks, uprooted trees, and débris which their great weight had pushed down before them.

Sometimes the trail led us into deep, dark, mist-filled canyons where the thunder of falling water awed and terrified our senses. And again, like tourists' guides, the restless, roving animals led us out of the forest on to grassy meadows that were gay with sunshine, birds, and blossoming flowers.

It required something more than enthusiasm, however, to plunge at dawn into the icy water of rushing mountain torrents and walk all day in dripping garments. And something more than mere love of adventure to follow the trail across swamps reeking with the unpleasant odors of ancient vegetation, and to risk sinking up to our necks in the deep holes left in the mud by the post-like legs of the elephants.

On one occasion when we followed a trail to the top of a high, isolated ridge, approachable only from one side, we found, to our great delight, a place beneath a big tree where a mother elephant had come to give birth to her baby. It was very evident from the condition of the vegetation in the

AN OLD ELEPHANT TRAIL. PREPARING THE HIDE OF AN ELEPHANT FOR TRANSPORTATION BACK TO AMERICA.

vicinity that the mother had remained in this secluded place for several weeks before descending to initiate her offspring into the roving life of an elephant. This, however, was the only place of the kind we found, although we spent days climbing ridges that looked promising in the hope of locating others. Our only reward would be a sublime view over the treetops which usually made us long for the wings of an eagle to carry us from one high ridge to another, for feet and body muscles of human beings get very weary when on the trail of elephants.

In the three months that we remained in that jungle world no day passed that some incident or evidence of the elephant's reasoning powers did not present itself. Each night as we lay down to sleep questions would arise to tantalize our minds and rob us of our much needed rest.

How, we asked each other, did the clever animals know how to avoid the vines, stretched across the trails, that controlled the weighted, poisoned spears, hanging like black icicles from the limbs of trees to kill them? What sense prompted them to turn aside at the right moment from the cleverly masked pits dug in their paths by the Andorobo hunters? Where were their babies born and how did the toddling youngsters manage to negotiate the rushing mountain torrents and fallen trees that obstructed their paths at every turn? Did they ever leave the security of the jungle world or visit the eternal snows that crowned their mountain home so near the equator?

Some of our questions were answered by personal encounters and illuminating glimpses of the animals through the foliage, but what we saw only made us eager to see and

learn more. So intrigued did we become that we discussed elephants and their ways with every elephant hunter we met. When we arrived in London, on our way home to America, we searched the shops for books on the subject.

At last it gradually dawned upon us that, in spite of the fact that ever since prehistoric days, when the hairy cave man fashioned his weapons from stone down to the day of modern firearms, the African elephant has been hunted by the various races of mankind, yet our knowledge of his normal habits when at home in the jungle is very sketchy indeed.

Experience as well as the literature on the wild life of Africa made us realize that it requires more time than is usually spent on a hunting expedition to secure definite information concerning the habits of elephants, or, for that matter, of any other wild animal. But few have the time or the inclination to make observations in other than a superficial way. It is astounding how much some African travelers have to tell us about the habits of animals after a very limited experience with them and how little trained observers have to offer on the same subject after years of earnest endeavor. The former allows his imagination to substitute for his lack of knowledge while the latter is satisfied only with facts.

In 1909 our mutual desire to learn more about the habits of elephants prompted Mr. Akeley to resign his position at the Field Museum of Chicago and to accept a commission from the Natural History Museum of New York to return to Africa and secure a family group of elephants for them.

We sailed on our dangerous mission early in August of the same year, little dreaming that the penalty for trying to unravel some of the mystery which surrounds the giants of the animal kingdom would be so severe.

The herculean task, combined with the devastating effect of various tropical diseases, accidents, and worry wrecked Mr. Akeley's health and delayed our activities to such an extent that it exhausted the very limited funds subscribed by the museum for the work and plunged us into personal debt.

It took us two years of the most strenuous and dangerous kind of hunting known to man to secure the elephants for that group, learn something of their life in the forest, and prepare their colossal hides for safe transportation out of the forests over mountains, plains, and sea back to America.

That we finally completed our task and made it possible for the American Museum of Natural History of New York to have the distinction of being the only institution in the world to possess a family group of African elephants was entirely due to Mr. Akeley's indomitable perseverance and pluck.

Although repeated attacks of fever had poisoned his blood and dysentery wasted his strength to such an alarming extent that I often feared for his life, he refused to give up. Even when the impoverished condition of his blood caused ugly ulcers to appear on his hands and feet he would not heed my pleadings to return to civilization where he could obtain skilled medical treatment.

There were many occasions when elephants were reported in the vicinity of our camp that I went out with the native

guides to inspect them, always hoping I might be able to secure the desired specimen so Mr. Akeley could leave the country before it claimed him for its own. Sometimes when I was obliged to remain in camp to care for the specimens we had so laboriously collected, Mr. Akeley would, although utterly unfit, insist upon going after the animals alone. The strenuous effort, however, usually brought on a relapse and his boys would bring him back in a hammock made of his blankets, and I would begin the stubborn fight for his life all over again.

There were no white companions in our expedition to share my anxiety or to sit beside his cot while the fever raged. To trust his life to the care of black boys was unthinkable, so there were days and nights without cessation when meningitis, spirillum, and black-water fever, in turn, threatened his life, that I did not close my eyes.

Finally, to escape the trying rainy season of Uganda and give Mr. Akeley a change of climate, we decided to return to East Africa for a vacation. That our work might not suffer, we planned to go to the top of Mt. Kenya, eighteen thousand feet, and thereby learn the range in altitude of elephants. Mr. Akeley quickly recovered his strength in the bracing air of the Uasin Gishu Plateau, where we stopped for a month to make motion pictures of the Nandi warriors spearing lions. Then on we went to Lake Baringo and crossed the Northern Massi Reserve to Mt. Kenya. Ill luck seemed to follow us, for after a glorious journey to the glaciers and back without mishap Mr. Akeley went into the forest to make photographs, accompanied by a few of his boys, and was caught and so badly mauled by an elephant

that he was confined to his cot in our mountain camp for nearly three months.

It was, however, while he was convalescing that we had one of our most exciting experiences with elephants.

It had been my custom during his illness to go hunting once or twice a week in an effort to vary our diet of native sheep. My favorite hunting ground was a huge depression on the edge of the forest, about an hour's walk from camp. In the rainy season this vast concavity was a lake with an island of scrub trees rising from the center of it. When the water receded a rank growth of vegetation, coarse swamp grass and willow bushes bound together with tough vines, was exposed; it attracted to the place game birds such as guinea fowl, quail, and francolin, and various kinds of small antelope.

One day when I was preparing to start out for a hunt Mr. Akeley suddenly caused great rejoicing in camp by deciding to accompany me. With a boy carrying a chair, so that he might rest frequently, and a tea basket filled with lunch for two we set out following the old Kikuyu guide and our gun bearers along the narrow, well-known trail.

As we neared the swamp the guide, who had preceded the others, came running back with the startling news that he had found the fresh spoor of an elephant on the path. The animal had come out of the forest during the night and was somewhere in the low bush ahead of us.

It often happens, when a man meets with an accident while hunting, that he loses his *morale*. Sometimes he does not know what has happened to him until he is again facing danger, when his courage suddenly deserts him, and perhaps

he or one of his companions is killed. Imperative as it was to put Mr. Akeley's courage to the test before going back to hunt in the high-grass jungles in Uganda, I was terrified at the possibilities which confronted us and quite ready to turn back.

The sight of the big footprint on the path made me shiver, although it was the only sign we saw of the elephant until we reached the swamp. And then it was the keen eyes of the old guide that located him first, standing on the edge of the island of trees, slowly swinging his ears and feeding off the vegetation in front of him with his trunk.

While we stood and watched him through our glasses, the guide located his trail. Marking his position by a near-by bush we descended the bank and followed across the swamp.

It took us nearly an hour to reach our goal, for the elephant had meandered back and forth in apparent holiday mood, and Mr. Akeley was frequently obliged to sit down on the chair and rest.

We approached our landmark with great caution, for a mighty stillness was all about us and the faintest sound in such places is often carried to an unbelievable distance. Suddenly we were startled by a loud rumbling noise. It was too close for the cautious old guide who, after indicating with his spear the direction of the elephant, vanished like a shadow.

As I moved quickly forward to locate the elephant's position there was a trumpet-like cry and a crash of bushes. The next instant a black shape swept past me and the branches descended upon me with such force that my hat

was knocked off, and I was so stunned that I dropped my gun. Before I had time to recover it the elephant had disappeared in the grove of trees, and I was truly thankful that my only injury was a very sore head and a slight wound on my hand.

Picking up my hat and gun I looked back and saw Mr. Akeley sitting on the ground with his back to the bushes. The excitement of the last few moments and the exertion of the journey had exhausted his strength and it was with the greatest difficulty that we finally got him back to camp and put him to bed.

At dinner time, however, the fatigue was gone and he insisted upon sitting up. Under the stimulating influence of a whisky and soda he ate a hearty dinner and afterward sat for an hour beside the camp fire smoking his pipe.

The following morning, to my great surprise, he was up and roused the camp when the roosters began to crow. With that invincible spirit which was always my inspiration, and which carried us through the early years of hard work and sacrifice while developing his talents, he insisted upon going back to the swamp to settle the question of his *morale.*

It was bitterly cold when we started, and the usual penetrating Kenya fog shrouded the land. The bushes that bordered the trail dripped with heavy dew and we were soaked to the skin before we had gone ten yards.

The picnic mood of the day before was lacking in our followers, for there is nothing quite so effective in silencing the tongue of an African native as the chill of an early morning journey.

The guide had given his thin, wrinkled old body a fresh

coating of castor oil and red clay. But even this precaution against the cold did not loosen his tongue. Going at a slow dogtrot, the old man kept just ahead of us, hunching his shoulders and holding the dirty hyrax skin cape that had served him for years as bed, blanket, and cape tightly over his chest.

Early as it was, we could hear the monkeys in the treetops calling to one another as they foraged for their breakfast. We could also hear the dismal wails of hyenas, returning, no doubt, to their lairs in the forest after a night of hunting for human flesh in the shambas. Cavarando cranes and beautiful ibises that roosted nightly in the high trees on the mountain were calling raucously as they winged their way through the fog back to their feeding grounds on the plains many miles below.

It was very evident that the native path which skirted the forest was a boulevard for the night-prowling denizens of the jungle. We saw the dainty tracks of duikers, squirrels, mongooses, hyrax, and serval cats on the damp earth. Twice we came face to face with jackals and once, when rounding a bend in the path, a leopard snarled and we were just in time to see it bound across the path and disappear in the bushes like a ghost.

When we came to the place where we had seen the elephant spoor the day before the old guide suddenly stopped and, snapping his fingers to attract our attention, whispered, "*tembo engeni*" (another elephant).

Sure enough, there on the earth, almost touching the big circular footmark of the first elephant, was the telltale spoor of a second animal. It was very evident that he had

just passed and was in the bush not far away; for the moisture of the dew-saturated atmosphere had not had time to dampen the dust which was exposed when the rough sole of his big foot carried the upper layer of damp earth away.

Like a bloodhound following a scent the old man picked up the trail and we plunged into the dripping bushes after him. Finding that the elephant was going in our direction, we returned to the path and silently hurried on, hoping the fog would lift so we could at least get a glimpse of the mammoth before he joined his relative in the swamp.

The possibility of having an elephant suddenly loom before us in the heavy mist prompted Mr. Akeley to take his gun from the boy, and together we walked, one before the other, with loaded rifles ready for emergencies.

We reached the path skirting the swamp, however, without receiving any indication other than the footprint that an elephant was in the vicinity.

Undecided what to do next, we were standing on the trail peering into the mist and listening for the familiar sound of breaking branches when suddenly an icy breeze swept down off the glaciers, bringing with it a fog so dense that it blanketed the land and left us marooned, even from one another, on the trail. We might have been blind for all that was visible and no sound of bird or beast broke the stillness of our strange, damp prison.

It was not an enviable place for a rendezvous with an elephant and I prayed that an energetic breeze would storm the wall of fog and carry it away before one blundered our way. We were kept in suspense, however, for at least a half hour. Then it grew lighter and men and trees took

shape. As it came, swiftly and mysteriously, so the gray blanket lifted, disclosing the swamp which suddenly became arrestingly beautiful.

Sun-touched clouds of mist began to rise over a glittering sea of dew-wet vegetation, swift currents of air lifted them upward and dragged veils of vapor skyward and swept them in trailing, tattered remnants off toward the ice-crowned mountain behind us.

While we were lost in admiration of the beautiful scene, the guide, whose sense of beauty had nothing to do with cold, wet grass and shifting mists, went, without leave, to locate the elephant.

His effort brought us suddenly back to the business of hunting when a loud trumpet and a crashing of bushes sounded on our left. Swinging around, we saw the elephant coming out of the bush not forty yards away. His head was up, his ears were cocked, and his tail stuck stiffly out at an angry angle. It was obvious that he was thoroughly alarmed and heading for the forest. With an angry, rumbling sound, not unlike that of a high-powered motor, he plowed his way through the bush in our direction.

He had a fine pair of tusks, for a Kenya elephant, so we raised our guns to shoot. But before we could aim he became aware of our presence and, with amazing agility, whipped around and, trumpeting shrilly, made for the swamp without giving us a chance for a fatal shot.

In a frantic effort to keep him up on the bank, where we could care for his hide with less trouble, we aimed ahead of him and fired off our guns. Our shots seemed only to

CARL AKELEY AND THE FIRST ELEPHANT HE SHOT AFTER SETTLING THE QUESTION OF HIS MORALE. MR. AKELEY AND J. T. JR.

accelerate his movements, for he plunged down the bank, leaving a big hole in the earth and a cloud of dust behind him. In spite of the barrage which we poured into the bush ahead of him he never swerved from his course, but kept gallantly on at top speed and entered the grove amid loud trumpetings.

We followed him, but owing to the dense, thorny underbrush could not enter the grove. Finally we decided to try and drive him out.

Taking our stand on top of an ant hill we began making a great *kelele*—firing off our guns and shouting. We kept this up for hours, stopping only for lunch and an occasional smoke.

Along in the afternoon when we were discouraged and almost ready to return to camp, the natives on the other bank signaled that elephants had come into the open on their side.

To reach them before sundown or before they made for the big forest was imperative. But a mile or more of pathless jungle growth—willow bushes and coarse grass six feet high bound together by tough vines and creepers—lay between us and the other bank.

After a consultation we decided to make our own trail. Taking hold of sticks and guns with both hands, we forced the bushes down before us, making a bridge of the tough, springy mass that wobbled under our feet with every step.

It was like trying to walk over a bed of steel springs. A more strenuous and exhausting form of exercise could not have been devised for an invalid. Under our feet the

crushed vegetation became as slippery as ice and we strained every muscle to keep our balance.

Fortunately our men were a happy, willing lot and did their best to make it easy for Mr. Akeley. In spite of their efforts, and two stout sticks which he used for balance, it took him an hour and a half to reach the high ground on the other side.

Happily, the journey was not without incident of an amusing character. A laugh always means relaxation to a native and makes a difficult task easier. In a trying situation in that country it is often of far greater value than the coin of the realm. When halfway across we were suddenly thrown into a panic by the unearthly shriek of a hyena and a great commotion in the bush ahead of us. At the same time the boy in the lead gave a terrified yell and, falling backward, disappeared from sight. We pulled him out of the bushes none the worse for his acrobatic performance and then held our sides with laughter at his version of what had happened.

He had actually pressed the wall of vegetation down upon the body of a sleeping hyena and when the startled beast jumped to its feet and shrieked as only a startled hyena can, the terrified boy lost his head as well as his balance and fell backward into the bush.

Finally we landed on the other side, not far from the elephants. The physical strain was over, but a mental strain far more exhausting than the exercise of body muscles faced us. Mr. Akeley was very white and tired but still game.

We could see the elephants standing together, one facing the swamp and the other the mountain, as if they were at odds which way to go. Danger threatened from both direc-

tions, for a noisy group of natives had gathered on a hill between them and the forest to watch us.

There was no time to lose; for the setting sun was even then sinking behind the horizon of hills and the fog which isolates the foothills of Kenya nightly was sweeping down from the mountain top toward us.

Leaving all but Mr. Akeley's gun boy, who was carrying his second rifle, behind us, we stole silently forward along a native path which led to a tiny beehive-shaped hut.

From this point of vantage we had a clear view of the elephants, as they stood swinging their ears, about seventy-five yards away. The light was bad for shooting, but the crotch of a tree afforded a splendid rest for Mr. Akeley's gun and as there was no sign of life about the hut—even the customary water jar and grinding stone, so much a part of every African dooryard, was missing—we decided to begin operations from here.

Both animals had good tusks and I agreed to take one elephant and Mr. Akeley the other, firing together when he gave the signal.

Standing before the entrance to the hut I raised my rifle and waited for the signal. Fatigue and a desire to be sure of his shot made Mr. Akeley slow in getting his gun in position and before he was ready the thin veil of mist reached the elephants, blurring my vision. To make matters worse the elephant I was after became alarmed for some reason and, wheeling in our direction, spread his great ears and trumpeted threateningly.

Like some human beings, who think only of their own safety when danger threatens, the other elephant swung in

the opposite direction and was heading for the swamp just as the resounding explosion of our guns made him change his course and caused my elephant to charge.

As the wounded leviathan bore down on us with terrific speed, screaming like a siren, something touched my leg. Glancing quickly down I beheld, crouching in the doorway, a little girl with a tiny baby in her arms and over her shoulder peered the terrified face of another child.

For a second I was petrified with horror, and then, with but one thought in my mind, I gripped my gun and pulled the trigger. As our rifles barked in unison the infuriated beast collapsed and with a gurgling sigh rolled over on his side, not ten feet from the hut where the helpless children crouched.

The little girl had, as often happens, been left at home to care for the smaller children while the mother went to market. Being unused to seeing white people in this out-of-the-way place, she was terrified when she saw us stalking up the path. So she did the first thing that occurred to her childish mind, which was to dash into the hut and hide under the sleeping mats. When the poor child heard the roar of our guns and the awful scream of the elephant her one thought was to escape, but she was prevented by my legs which blocked the doorway. Had our last shots failed I shudder, even now, to think what might have happened to them.

No sooner was the elephant down than a yelling, laughing mob of natives came leaping and running from their hiding places in the bushes.

They gathered in the foggy dusk like birds of prey about

the huge body of the elephant. Brandishing knives they shouted and laughed and all talked at once in joyous anticipation of the great feast which had walked right into their dooryard.

Owing to the fog and the excitement the other elephant made his escape. It had been a trying day for all of us, especially for Mr. Akeley who had so gallantly faced again a maddened elephant. So with an escort of natives carrying firebrands and singing lustily to frighten prowling animals, we made our way over the hills along the native paths back to camp.

Weary as Mr. Akeley was, the knowledge that his *morale* had not suffered by his almost fatal encounter with the elephant was like a tonic, and he made the homeward journey in very buoyant mood.

Although years have passed since that morning when I stood with my invalid husband on the edge of the vast bush-covered swamp looking for an elephant in the fog, I can see it all as clearly as if it happened yesterday. There was something so wild, so strange and impressive about the utter loneliness and loveliness of the place that it has lived and returns frequently to charm and rejuvenate my memory. Instead of the dangers and hardships which were obviously ours on that long, eventful expedition, it is this vision which comes to my mind when I think of the monumental group of elephants which Mr. Akeley and I risked so much to obtain for the New York Natural History Museum.

CHAPTER IV

CONGO RESTHOUSES

THE green canvas tent, so necessarily a part of every white man's equipment when traveling in Eastern Africa, is rarely used in the Congo. Government resthouses, which serve for the convenience of European travelers as well as for government officials, have been erected at comfortable marching distances throughout the country.

These houses are mere empty rooms, it being the custom for all travelers to bring their own food, bed, bedding, bathtub, and servants with them. The luxury and security of a big-game hunter's camp, where askaris (native soldiers) are always on guard to keep the camp fires burning and protect the sleeping Nimrod from sudden attacks of wild beasts, is almost unknown in this vast section of the African continent.

The style of architecture, building material, and sanitary conditions surrounding these resthouses vary according to the importance of the district and the intelligence and efficiency of the white official in charge. So varied indeed are the conditions surrounding these primitive houses and the type of people who occupy them that a traveler never knows what danger, in the form of tropical disease, may await him, nor what housing problem may confront him at the end of a hard day's march. He does not know what branch, caste, gender, or plurality of the weird human family may be his neighbor or neighbors for the night.

It may be that an official, on his round collecting poll tax from the natives, has forestalled him and made the resthouse his temporary headquarters. Or it may be that a trader, a labor-recruiting agent, a sportsman, a missionary, or a prospector, traveling through the wilderness in search of elusive gold, shares the shelter with the traveler; unless, as it sometimes happens, he is accompanied by his jungle family, in which case he usually takes possession of the whole house.

Any one who has traveled far in the Congo and lived in these shelters will, I am sure, agree that the term resthouse is a misnomer. It is not conducive to rest or even peace of mind to know that you can have no privacy; for the bamboo poles that form the walls are no barrier to the eyes of jungle Peeping Toms that gather outside to watch your preparations for the night.

Nor does it invite repose to receive a visit from a loquacious Sultan just after you are installed in a resthouse and have him describe, with gruesome detail, how the last occupant died, a victim of some jungle disease, possibly contagious; or to call your attention to the new roof, which he assures you he was obliged to put on the house to replace the old one which a few nights before a band of marauding elephants had carried away.

The sanitary conditions surrounding these houses are always an anxiety. Hygiene means nothing to the native caretakers, and often the traveler has no choice but to risk his health and perhaps his life by spending the night in one of these old encampments.

In all fairness it must be said that this unpleasant feature

of the Congo resthouse is not always the fault of the official nor of the local natives in charge of the camping ground, but rather of the traveler himself who, when in the jungle, quickly reverts to his natural tendencies and becomes criminally negligent. Such travelers selfishly disregard the fact that others will follow them and go their way leaving the shelter they have occupied through the kindness and courtesy of the government looking like a pigsty.

It is almost impossible to teach a group of Congo natives how to set up a tent. The few times that I was obliged to use mine I felt after the task was finished as if I had accomplished a real achievement. With willing enough hands they get the ropes hopelessly tangled. The canvas is sure to be wrong-side out and the ridgepole groans and creaks and threatens to crack as they pull and push the supports in every direction but the right one.

In some of the out-of-the-way districts, where the official is lax, the resthouse is merely a glorified edition of a native hut, built after the local design. In the steaming heat peculiar to the Congo and the indifference of the natives these huts quickly fall into decay. The roofs leak, the supports rot and become insecure and wobbly and ready to topple over at the slightest encouragement.

The traveler who is obliged to spend a night in one of these shelters will have sufficient cause and wakeful moments to bemoan the absence of a tent. Millions of mosquitoes, tiny black flies, and fleas breed in the rotting grass on the roof and in the dirt and débris left on the floor by the last occupant. In spite of the traveler's precautions the ravenous insects leap and light upon him. They crawl down his

AN AVENUE OF PALMS LEADING UP TO A PICTURESQUE RESTHOUSE.
A WELCOME SIGHT AT THE END OF A LONG, HARD MARCH.

collar, up his sleeves and through his stockings. They will take complete possession of his person and banquet greedily and sumptuously upon his blood while he slaps, scratches, squirms, and swears. Fortunate indeed is he who escapes from one of these shelters without becoming infected with some malignant fever germ.

On the main-traveled routes the resthouses are more pretentious. At many of the camping places houses are built for the exclusive use of the officials, visiting royalty, or members of investigating committees. These are kept locked and guarded by the native police, while the neighboring shelter built to accommodate the unimportant traveler is often neglected and unfit for occupancy by either man or beast.

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The typical Congo resthouse consists of two rooms, separated in the middle by a broad corridor open at both ends. This corridor serves the official as an office when collecting poll tax from the natives, and the traveler for both sitting room and dining room. Where there are industrial missions the house and often the floors are made of native sun-dried brick. These are, however, the exception.

Light, substantial building material can be had for the gathering in the jungle. Therefore bamboo poles, bound together with lianas, are mostly employed in constructing the side walls. In certain districts the native builders prefer to cover the walls of the house with a sticky clay which when dry turns white and gives the impression that the house has been whitewashed.

These mud walls are often the art galleries of the jungle. Under the low overhanging roof, which is usually thatched

with coarse swamp grass or phrynium leaves, one finds remarkable drawings of birds, beasts, and reptiles. Sometimes the talent and versatility of the artist are shown in a humorous sketch of a domestic scene, or an animated elephant hunt. Although travelers laugh and call these people savages, never once in all my wanderings did I find one of these precious wall drawings defaced by a malicious person, such as would have been the case in almost any civilized community.

On account of the excessive rainfall the houses are built on raised mud platforms which are sometimes reënforced by a compact row of posts sunk in the earth. The platforms extend well beyond the walls of the house, under the protecting roof to form a *barasa* (porch). The floors are of mud, stamped flat by the barefooted workmen while the clay is moist; and sometimes crude serving tables of bamboo poles are built on the veranda close to the wall.

In districts where the white official is intelligent and takes pride in his work, the resthouses are large and often surrounded by an acre or more of ground, fenced in. These fences are sometimes a riot of brilliant colors when flowering vines take possession of them and almost hide the palings. From the gate to the house the path is often bordered by a row of white stones and flaming red cannas or some other flowering tropical plant. Owing to the danger from snakes the ground is kept free from grass. But fruit trees indigenous to the country, such as orange, mango, and lime, flourish in the yard and offer shade and refreshment to the tired and hungry—when the fruit is in season.

The kitchen and servants' quarters are built in the rear, some distance from the house. Here, close to the fence,

delicious cape gooseberries, tiny yellow tomatoes, and luscious pineapples grow, sometimes so abundantly as to hide the fence completely.

To protect the occupant of the resthouse from the fierce rays of the sun, the too curious natives, and the night-prowling wild animals, awnings of long bamboo poles, cleverly tied together with lianas, fall from the roof to the floor of the veranda. These screens can be raised or lowered to suit the wishes of the individual.

The intelligent official demands that the Sultan and petty Sultans of his district be responsible for the necessary repairs on these buildings and the sanitary conditions surrounding them. The Sultans are also responsible for the reception accorded to travelers. It is their duty to provide chickens, eggs, and vegetables for the white man's table, as well as food for his carriers. This is often a severe strain on the native women, who do most of the agricultural work, especially those living in the vicinity of the government stations or in a mining district, where they are obliged, under severe penalty, to contribute and deliver the major share of their crops to supply food for the laborers and inhabitants, both black and white.

Unfortunately all dwellings, especially the poorly constructed ones, deteriorate quickly in the Congo. Therefore even the best of the resthouses are not all that a timid or fastidious traveler might desire. Although they may look very picturesque and inviting to the weary traveler at the end of a hard day's journey, especially when the house is built on the bank of a river or in a grove of lovely palm trees, the experienced traveler knows that he must personally

inspect his new quarters with a lighted lantern before moving in. He must be certain that a poisonous snake has not forestalled him or that his servants do not brush the rubbish left by the last occupant, which may have been a group of natives or a white man whose habits were no better than those of his primitive followers, into a corner and forget to remove it.

It is almost unbelievable how many people travel in Africa—many of them hailing from America—amply supplied with native servants to do their bidding, who lack the common decency of leaving a camping place as clean as they found it. They seem to feel, as many of them have the temerity to state, that they are the only ones who have passed or will pass that way—forgetting that all those who travel do not advertise the fact by writing a book about it.

Rarely do these resthouses have openings for windows. Those that do are provided with wooden shutters. If the natives or some thoughtless traveler has not used them for fuel or appropriated them for their own use they or a substitute must be put up at night to guard against leopards. Often one finds that the door of the hut is also missing. In which case I often used a substitute of palm leaves, behind which I made a barricade of my heavy boxes. The risks, however, were greater than having no door at all, for had the grass on the roof become ignited during the night by a spark from the kitchen fire or a bolt of lightning my chance of escape would have been slim indeed, for the dry grass burns as quickly and fiercely as if it were soaked in oil. I was told of instances where the roof collapsed before the occupants had time to reach the door and the next day their

charred bodies were found in the ruins, together with the unburnable portions of their belongings.

In the dry, hot season the combination of shutters and overhanging roof excludes the air from these so-called resthouses and gives the occupant the feeling that he is in a hermetically sealed room. Lying under a close-mesh mosquito net, as one must do, inhaling the noxious odors of moldy earth and former occupants adds to the torture. Many times on my journey across the Congo I have waked in the night to find myself lying in a pool of perspiration and fairly gasping for air.

Nor is the traveler the only occupant of these houses. Almost as soon as the thatch is put on it becomes infested with rats, spiders, thousand-legged worms, toads, centipedes, and often poisonous snakes. Insect pests such as fleas and the tiny fever-giving spirillum tick, which is carried from one camping ground to another by the natives or in one's luggage, hide in the cracks on the floor and are a constant menace.

The lonely traveler's evenings are sure to be enlivened by the bats, which in the daytime cling head downward to the roof and at dusk leave their moorings to feed. While pursuing their meal of insects they wheel and volplane about the room, darting here and zigzagging there with disconcerting swiftness. It became part of my evening's program to rid my room of bats before retiring, and I have often captured, with my butterfly net, as many as fifty in an hour.

Reading or writing letters in the evening is almost impossible for the traveler in the Congo, because every resthouse is a nursery for mosquitoes and the only possible way

to escape the onslaught of their legions is to retire under a net directly after dinner. Even then the chances are that one will have but little rest, for about the time one is in a half-unconscious state from the influence of sleep and the stifling atmosphere of the place the senses are jolted back to consciousness by a thud on the floor or a rustling sound overhead. If the traveler is a woman, timid and alone as I was, she will know real terror. While she listens breathlessly, some creature, rat or serpent, will drag its body slowly over the floor cloth toward her cot, or across the dry grass in the roof overhead. In the silence of the jungle night all sounds seem strange, exaggerated, and portentous to a stranger in that strange land.

It is the experienced traveler who carefully examines his mosquito net before retiring to make sure that the ropes at the four corners are tied firmly and the net at the top does not sag overmuch.

It sometimes happens, as it did to me, that a snake will, by accident or evil intent, drop like an acrobat from the roof and lie hissing and wriggling frantically in the middle of the elastic net, a few inches above the terrified traveler's face.

Dangerous and frightening as was the meteoric descent of the snake upon my net, it did not hold half the terror for me that the nocturnal visit of playful rodents did. They came with their families after the camp was quiet and kept me awake many a night, beating the sides of my cot to scare them away.

Crawling down the walls from their nests in the roof, they would brace and guide their bodies with their long tapering

tails. They would stop frequently on their downward journey to raise their heads, wriggle their noses, and sniff the air. Round about my bags and boxes they would go on a tour of investigation. When satisfied they would chase one another about the room and up the walls, squealing as they raced across the roof and descended again to romp over the floor and rob me of a much needed rest. Sometimes the ugly, loathsome creatures would come close to my bed and standing upright sniff the air. The boldest would crawl up the legs of my cot, and once one of them leaped from the chair at the head of my bed and clung to my mosquito net until I struck it with my revolver and knocked it to the ground.

Of all the many agencies that combine to try the courage of a lone woman traveling in Africa there is nothing, to my mind, more trying than to be in one of these old resthouses in the rainy season when it is cold and disagreeable, with one's *morale* low, and when one is wondering what sort of a complex prompted straying so far from the comfort and luxuries of civilization. Indeed, it takes real courage to go to sleep in one of those firetraps when the lightning is lashing the sky and the thunder booms and crashes and rocks the insecure mud walls.

Sometimes the force and volume of the tropical downpour sends a flood of water through the decayed and rotten grass on the roof. The wind forces the spray through every crack and crevice at the side, and in spite of all the maneuvering one can do it soaks one's bedding and belongings. It forms in pools on the floor which break and send little rivulets in all directions. In the faint light of a lan-

tern they look like black, writhing serpents creeping nearer and nearer to the unhappy, shivering occupant of a rain-soaked bed.

There is still another reason why I feel that the name resthouse is a misnomer, and it is the millions of unseen tenants which, although not dangerous to life, help to destroy one's peace of mind as well as one's property. These are the termites, or white ants as they are more popularly called. These devastating pests feed on the poles which support the thatch. When disturbed they show their annoyance by striking the mud tunnels, which they always build to conceal their activities, with their bodies. The violent action of their combined myriads makes a noise like a rattle and causes a fine white dust to descend and cover everything like a pall of snow.

Nor do they confine themselves to overhead activities. If through ignorance or carelessness a shoe, a wooden box, or a gun case is left on the mud floor overnight, the chances are that the ants will come up through the ground and find it. In the morning there will be nothing left to tell what the object was but a perfect mold of hardening clay.

The termites are what a traveler addicted to slang might call "fast workers." Their numbers are legion and their thoroughness and singleness of purpose are truly admirable.

At one resthouse which I occupied in a clearing in the Ituri Forest the termites were unusually active, and the little creatures were responsible for as bad a fright and as anxious a few moments as I ever experienced in all my African wanderings.

When I arrived in the clearing early in the afternoon I found that the natives were, as is their custom, celebrating a death. It was very evident from the looks of the people and the odor which emanated from the hut of the departed one that the festivities had been in progress for several days. The desolate wails of the professional mourners, reclining under the veranda, mingled with the livelier sounds of beating drums and shuffling bare feet. It was also quite evident that the palm trees in the vicinity had been drained of their intoxicating life blood for the occasion.

Despite the inebriated condition of the Sultan and his *capita* (adjutant), and the fact that I and my porters had arrived in their midst unheralded, I was almost too cordially received and gallantly escorted to the resthouse by the most hilarious looking lot of mourners it has been my luck to see.

Traveling as I did without white companions I was thankful that the resthouse was in a little clearing by itself, and some distance from the celebrating natives. The kitchen and huts where my boys slept were also some distance from the house—a little farther for my peace of mind than I cared to have them. But the resthouse was new, clean, and unusually large. So large was the floor space that my 8 x 10 specially-treated, insect-proof floor cloth looked like a mat when we spread it down on the mud floor.

When arranging the room my servant had carefully placed all my belongings on this canvas to protect them from ants. As was my custom, upon retiring I made a careful survey of the room to see that everything was in place and to impress upon my mind, in case of emergency, if the roof caught fire or a drink-crazed native or some wild animal suddenly

attempted to enter the house, the exact position of my guns and the easiest way of retreat.

Rain had cooled the stifling atmosphere earlier in the evening and a refreshing breeze circulated through the bamboo walls and lulled me to sleep. I was very tired after a day of strenuous up-and-down hill-marching and slept soundly until about four o'clock in the morning, when I was suddenly roused by a movement of my cot.

Used to the necessity of having to depend on myself, having complete control of my faculties, and being ready to act the moment of awakening in the jungle, I quickly snatched my revolver from under my pillow and sat up in bed. With every hair of my head straining at the roots and my back all cold and shivery with goose flesh I peered through the mosquito net into the room, which was dimly lit by the lowered wick of a lantern, and waited for another sign from the intruder. There was none. I might have been the only living creature left in that jungle world, it was so still. One terrifying possibility after another flashed into my mind and magnified the danger with each new thought.

Could it be that a native had dared to enter the house? It might be a snake that had dropped from the roof and struck my cot in falling. Or perhaps it was a meandering elephant that had brushed against the eaves in passing. Could it be that a leopard had entered through the opening between the wall and the roof and, leopard-like, was stalking me? Perhaps he would approach from the dark, behind my cot, and spring upon me before I could escape his claws or shoot.

In an agony of doubt I waited for the death which seemed

THE SERVANTS' QUARTERS BEHIND THE RESTHOUSE. MOGOMBO ON THE RIGHT, SIMUONI THE COOK IN THE CENTER, AND HIS HELPER ON THE LEFT.

to my terrified senses to be inevitable. Presently off in the village a dog barked. Then a rooster crowed. For some unexplainable reason the sounds gave me the courage to say in my most aggressive tone of voice, *"Wataka nini?"* (What do you want?) The sound of my own voice breaking the awful stillness in the room was startling.

As nothing happened I could stand the suspense no longer and decided to act. Still gripping my revolver, I lifted my mosquito net, and, unhampered by the mesh, peered into the dark corners. In the dull light of my smoky lantern I saw a dark object standing at the foot of my cot, which seemed from my position to be the outline of a man. With more haste than dignity I left my bed and caught up the lantern. Hastily turning up the wick I raised it over my head so as to throw the light on the silent and motionless figure. It did not move. Cautiously, with lantern still raised over my head and revolver leveled at the unmoving object, I approached. Imagine my surprise and relief to find that instead of some savage creature, ready to take my life, the intruder was nothing more terrible than an ant hill, which the amazing little builders had erected during the nine hours that I had been asleep. In my sudden release from fear to relief I laughed aloud and going to the door thrust it aside and shouted for my servants to arise from their beds and prepare for our journey. I was quite ready to go my way and leave the house as well as the ant hill to the tireless little workers and their progeny.

Before I left the scene of my adventure, I measured the remarkable structure and found that it was three feet two inches high and ninety-six inches in circumference, broad-

ening here and diminishing there according to the little workers' plan or purpose.

The mound of earth was moist and sticky from the glue-like consistency of their saliva, which they used in cementing the grains of dirt together and which when thoroughly dry has the resistance of stone.

The army of workers had actually undermined the ground for some distance beneath my floor cloth, and it was the leg of my cot breaking through the thin crust of earth that awoke me and led to the ridiculous though somewhat stirring adventure.

I am quite sure the reader will agree with me that the name resthouse is a misnomer. But, like its parent, the dak-bungalow of India, the resthouse of the Congo has become an institution and in spite of its faults will continue to be a haven of doubtful rest for the roving white man.

CHAPTER V

CROCODILES

Of the many hideous reptiles common to Africa the crocodiles take precedence. They are found in almost all the lakes and rivers of suitable depth and temperature, ready to seize man or beast and drag them down to a horrible death.

In remote places where crocodiles have been practically undisturbed by the guns of white men they crawl out of the water during the heat of the day to sun themselves. Incongruously they lie on the sand bars, with gaping jaws and armored bodies, side by side with a family of sleeping hippos.

Often, when the bar is too narrow to accommodate their numbers, these ferocious creatures crawl on top of one another and lie like logs of wood cast up by the flood. Those at the bottom of the pile are sometimes completely buried beneath the others. At the slightest suspicion of danger the mass of monsters is quickly galvanized into action, and as they snap and struggle and plunge to safety the water is churned into foam with the violent lashing of their long tails.

It is only a few moments, however, after their frantic efforts to escape before eye-knobs begin to appear, here and there, on the surface of the water. Satisfied that the danger

is past or only a false alarm, they swim back to the bar and cautiously raise their grotesque and horrible heads above the water. Crawling out on land, they run with unbelievable speed on short, thick, scaly legs to reach their favorite place in the sunshine. It is then that the big crocodiles look like the armored dragons of a long-forgotten past, and remind one of the prehistoric animals in the priceless canvases which the famous artist Charles R. Knight has executed for the Natural History Museums of New York, Chicago, and Los Angeles.

The primary requisite for abundant crocodile life is, naturally, the existence of a plentiful food supply, and this they find in the fish, eels, turtles, otter, and other forms of water life.

Man has no way of determining the age of a crocodile. We do know, however, that they mature slowly and grow to enormous size. Judging by the length and breadth of some of the old patriarchs which I have seen in the African rivers, their span of life extends over a long period of years.

Like turtles and lizards and some chameleons and snakes the crocodile lays eggs. With crocodile wisdom the female chooses a nice sunny spot on a sand bar, where she buries her large contribution to the propagation of the race in a hole in the sand. She is well aware that no moisture must reach the white oval balls, lest the tough shell of the eggs decay; therefore she deposits them only in the dry season.

Without further concern for their safety or the next generation of saurians, she goes about her crocodile business and leaves her eggs in this marvelous incubator to be hatched by the ardent rays of the tropical sun. Affection such as is

shown in mammals that give birth to their young is unknown in the crocodile family. If a baby crocodile were to meet its own mother on a sand bar it would not recognize her.

The number of eggs in a nest varies. Once I found a nest on the sun-scorched shore of Lake Baringo with seventy-four eggs in it. Two of these eggs were very large and contained tiny crocodile twins. This was an unusual number, I believe, for the majority of the nests I examined ranged from forty-five to fifty eggs.

Fortunately, many of the nests are destroyed before the embryos develop and the little crocks are ready to leave the shell. The Varanus (Monitor) lizards, pythons, and mongooses have a passion for crocodile eggs and rob many nests.

The mischievous monkeys and baboons also destroy many nests; removing the sand cautiously, they throw the eggs about in play, sometimes cracking the shells with their teeth without touching the fluid. I have often seen young monkeys flipping the eggs about on the sand, playing with them exactly as kittens play with a ball of yarn. This is Nature's way of keeping a balance, and were it not so the crocodile family would long ago have outnumbered the fish, their main food supply.

As soon as the tiny crocks that have escaped the monkeys and lizards, or the heavy hoof of some thirsty animal coming to the water to drink, are ready to uncurl and leave the shell they push their way up through the hot sand. From the moment they see the light of day they are extremely active and independent, for they must fend for themselves. With the wisdom of an adult, the instant the infant crock

reaches the surface it makes a bee line for the water, running swift and sure in the right direction.

I have often tried to divert the little black creatures from their course by blocking their path. With admirable persistence they darted, swift as lightning, from left to right in an effort to find a way around the obstruction. Try as I did, I never found one that could be forced or induced to run in the opposite direction from the water. The reason for this instinctive caution is perhaps the fact that herons and other big birds feast upon them, as they do upon winged ants. I have seen cormorants and ibises standing guard over a crocodile nest for hours. They cocked their heads to listen just as the robins do when looking for worms on a lawn. At the psychological moment they thrust their long bills into the sand, and bringing forth their wriggling prize gulped it down with as much relish as they do a fish.

Crocodiles are marvelously adapted for the life and conditions under which they live. Their enemies are few, and their food seems to walk into their very jaws. It is only necessary for them to lie like a log under the dark brown water, close to the bank of the river, and when an animal stoops to drink grasp it by the nose and drag it into the water, keeping it below the surface, where it is helpless; the animals drown and then can be devoured at the crocodiles' leisure.

When they attack large animals, however, like the buffalo or the rhino, a mighty struggle sometimes ensues. On my hunting excursions along the African rivers I often came across places where a tug of war between the four-footed gladiators of land and water had taken place. The trampled

A WELL-WORN GAME TRAIL LEADING DOWN TO THE CROCODILE-INFESTED TANA RIVER. A TANA CROCODILE ASLEEP ON A SANDBAR.

earth and the bloodstains on the bushes often bore testimony to the fierceness of the struggle. Sometimes all that was left to tell of a pitiful jungle tragedy were the deep furrows in the earth leading straight into the water, where foot by foot and inch by inch the powerful armored monster had dragged his frantic, struggling victim to a horrible death beneath the surface of the water.

My first experience with a crocodile came in 1905, shortly after my arrival in Africa. We were camping on the Athi Plains, which in those days teemed with wild life. Accompanied by my Somali gun bearer and a few porters I had gone out after water buck, and was stalking a fine specimen when the animal became alarmed and bolted. In making its escape the frightened beast attempted to cross one of the rain pools which dotted the veldt in the neighborhood.

As the buck plunged into the water we suddenly saw him stumble and fall to his knees. At the same time his head lunged forward and the lower half disappeared beneath a shower of spray. "Crocodile," shouted my excited gun bearer, and we raced at top speed toward the pool.

As we approached, the frantic, struggling animal regained its foothold and rose to its feet. At the same time the unmistakable tail of a crocodile flashed in the sunlight and quickly lashed the water into foam. Held by the interlocking teeth of the monster gripping his nostrils, the very tenderest part of his anatomy, the poor buck pranced madly from side to side before his adversary. Finally, with a supreme effort, he braced his feet and pulled back with all his might. As the knife-edged teeth of the crocodile tore through the tender flesh there came a piteous bellow, and

jets of blood spurted from the buck's wounds and dyed the water red.

Quick as a flash the released animal leaped away, and as he did so the ugly head of the baffled reptile shot out of the water, and the gaping jaws gnashed twice before my bullet crashed through his skull into his brain.

With the help of the porters who had followed us we dragged the crocodile out of the water. When we laid him out on the grass I took his measurements. He seemed colossal at the time—twelve feet, ten inches from the end of his ugly snout to the tip of his tail, but it was my first meeting with crocodiles.

The curious and most interesting thing about the incident was the fact that the crocodile was a traveler, for the pool was over a mile away from his native home in the Tana River. The only logical solution Mr. Akeley or I could advance for the phenomenon was that during the heavy rains when the Athi overflowed its banks and flooded the low country the crocodile must have come out on the plains. When the water receded he remained in the pool to feed on the antelope that came to quench their thirst. That many animals fell victims to his rapacious appetite was evidenced when we raked the pool with sticks and found the skulls and horns of several large animals. In his stomach we found some of their hoofs and an interesting collection of stones, which had been worn smooth, no doubt by the powerful digestive fluids (which can dissolve the bones of animals) and by constant grinding.

It is said that birds also form part of the crocodile's diet. True as this may be, we failed to find any evidence in the

large number of crocodiles which we dissected on our various expeditions.

It is a common sight, however, to see exquisite tropic birds hobnobbing with crocodiles. As the great reptiles lie motionless on the sand bars, with jaws open and teeth exposed, looking for all the world like some fantastic gargoyle carved in stone, the dainty feathered creatures perch on their backs and walk around their bodies searching for the big, fat gray ticks (the size of a five-cent piece) which bury their heads in the crocodile's flesh and dangle loosely from his body, like big imitation pearls from a fashionable woman's ears.

The birds always approach the gaping jaws of the sleeping monsters with great caution, as if they were fearful that their presence would disturb their slumber. Cocking their heads first on one side and then on the other they peer down his throat like a doctor examining a patient. Sometimes, as if with a sense of grim humor, the crocodile closes his jaws with a snap, and the startled bird leaps into the air with a comical, frightened squawk. If it happens to be a sound from the bank which has disturbed him, the crocodile rushes for the protection of the water.

Curiosity usually brings him up again in a few moments. But the wary beast will lie quietly just beneath the surface of the water. Presently his eye-knobs and snout appear. These are slowly followed by his back line, which resembles a piece of floating wood. He submerges again if he is at all suspicious, and when he next appears it may be a hundred yards away—up or down stream.

The target at such a distance is small indeed, for one must

hit a crocodile in the brain to kill it instantly. The dermal armor on his back is so hard and tough that it will often deflect a bullet. Even though the bullet may penetrate the soft skin between the plates and enter the body, the crocodile, with his amazing vitality, is still master of the situation. He submerges instantly, and a few days later the hunter may find the bloated carcass floating, belly up, a mile or two away from the scene of the wounding. Although crocodiles are universally feared and disliked, it is a poor sportsman indeed who will wantonly wound even a man-eater and leave it to die a slow, tortured death.

Crossing a crocodile-infested river is always an exciting event. In the old days when Mr. Akeley and I roamed over East Central Africa in search of natural-history specimens, we had many amusing and sometimes thrilling adventures with these pests.

Usually it was necessary before permitting our porters to cross a river to blaze a passage by firing volley after volley into the water, raking the shore line with our fire in order to drive the creatures from their hiding caves under the bank. Then an advance guard, carrying sticks, and yelling as only the African can, would enter the water. Forming a double line they would beat the water and shout while the burden bearers, singing lustily, passed safely between them.

Some of our most anxious moments were when our porters were carrying the skins or the meat of freshly killed animals. The odor seemed to penetrate the water and attract all the crocodiles in the vicinity. Sometimes they came up under cover of the dark brown water in numbers, but remained at a respectful distance watching us. Although they

HIPPOS INFEST THE TANA RIVER AND SHARE THE SAME SANDBARS WITH MAN-EATING CROCODILES.

kept their bodies submerged, the telltale eye-knobs rising above the surface warned us of their presence.

As I am very fearful of crocodiles, the terror of some of those crossings still lives in my memory—one in particular, when in my haste to reach the other side I slipped on a rock in midstream and was swept off my feet by the strong current. Had it not been for the presence of mind and the agility of my gun bearer, who leaped forward and grabbed my clothing, I would have been swept away, perhaps to the very death which I so greatly feared.

In my long and interesting association with authorities on the wild life of Africa, as well as some big-game hunters, I have listened to many interesting and amusing discussions in regard to the manner in which crocodiles attack their human prey. Some individuals were quite confident, although they could give no convincing proof, that the crocodile first strikes a powerful blow with the tail in order to knock his victim off his balance and sweep him into the water where he is at the crocodile's mercy. Others were equally certain that they only attack with their teeth, depending entirely on their agility and strength to confuse and drag down their prey.

Having witnessed one battle between a crocodile and his prospective meal, and being somewhat familiar with the anatomy of the beast, I was skeptical about the tail method of attack.

After listening to many interesting little controversies, I made it a habit, whenever we camped near a river, to spend as much time as I could spare from my work watching them. And I came to the conclusion that they attack with their teeth

and depend on the strength of their tail, which has tremendous force and which is switched from side to side like lightning while bracing themselves in the water to drag down their prey. Few African travelers care to spend their precious time while in that fascinating country studying so unromantic a creature as the crocodile. The halo acquired by following the poor, persecuted lion, the buffalo, the rhinoceros, or the elephant is far more intriguing to the great majority. But I know of nothing more enlightening and fascinating than lying on the bank of an African river and watching the birds and beasts.

For years I had longed to try an experiment with crocodiles, but one thing and another interfered with my plan until finally on my last expedition to Africa, when I was alone, I put into execution what I thought was a brilliant idea.

One day I shot an eland which I found grazing close to the river. Severing the hind quarters from the body I had my porters bind the legs firmly with ropes of lianas and then, carrying their burden to the river, we fastened it securely to the roots of a big tree, letting the dripping hunk of meat hang down so it would swing free just above the ground and close to the edge of the water.

Then, accompanied by my gun bearer, I hastily concealed myself in some bushes where I had a clear view of the river and waited to see what would happen. Not wishing to lose a single movement of the crocodile, if by good fortune one appeared, I focused my field glasses on the spot where the meat hung.

It did not seem to me that we had been in hiding more

than five or six minutes when my boy touched my sleeve and whispered "*mamba hapa*" (crocodile here). The dripping meat had carried its message down even into the black, muddy depths, and the eye-knobs of hungry crocodiles began to appear on the surface of the sunlit water, like stars popping out in a dark sky. They appeared and disappeared again and again, now here, now there, as with great caution and stealth they came closer to the meat.

While we waited in smothering suspense a flock of Egyptian geese came winging their way down the river. Flying in the usual formation they skimmed the water with swift, graceful movements as they followed their leader. Suddenly they swerved, and with a great rustling of wings settled on the beach not far from the bait. There they stood for a moment with lifted wings, and bills half open panting for breath in the hot sunlight. Then in a listening attitude they started across the hot sand toward the meat. Slowly they came, in single file, picking their way cautiously, stopping every other step to look and listen.

Some small animal in the bushes must have startled them, for they suddenly gave a frightened honk, and, running en masse to the edge of the water, rose in the air, and with a honking that echoed loudly over the water continued their journey down the river.

When the sound died away the peace and quiet of the jungle day again descended over the river. In the stifling heat of our blind I waited and wondered what jungle actor would next appear on our jungle stage.

Suddenly I had my answer, for just below the bait a horrible and grotesque head shot out of the water, and just for

an instant, through a shower of spray, I caught a glimpse of a double row of formidable-looking teeth as the cavernous mouth of a giant crocodile opened and closed on the bait. As he gripped the unyielding piece of meat he shook his ugly flat head like a vicious dog shaking a cat, and whipped the water violently with his tail as he pulled at the bait.

Then there rose out of the water a few yards behind him another monster who came with the speed of a motor boat to do battle for the prize. With wide-open jaws the newcomer rushed upon his rival. As his long, sharp teeth grazed the former's side he received a smashing blow from his adversary's powerful tail.

In an instant the water was lashed white, and the strangest battle ever witnessed was being waged by these leftovers of a long-forgotten past, who fought madly with teeth and tails.

Round and round the terrible, bloodthirsty creatures went, diving and plunging and lunging at each other as they maneuvered for a death grip. Time after time their great jaws opened and crashed on empty space, and time after time their knife-edged teeth sank deep into the soft flesh just below the hard scales, causing them to open wide their mouths and snap viciously on empty air.

While this reptilian battle raged I held my breath in intense interest in the outcome. Suddenly both crocodiles sank out of sight beneath the water, and all the eye-knobs which had dotted the surface vanished without leaving a ripple to tell that they had been there. Trembling with the excitement of the past few moments, I waited and wondered what had caused them to disappear so suddenly. Would

they return, or had they gone down to the bottom of the river where no human eye could follow them?

My unasked questions were presently answered when the bushes at the edge of the beach suddenly parted and a thin, wrinkled old Wandorobo man stepped into the sunlight. Peering hastily in every direction he finally hurried over to the bait and examined it carefully. Then cutting the vine with his knife, this human scavenger lowered the meat and helped himself to a piece of the raw flesh.

Furious, my gun bearer started forward to drive him off, but I kept him back. I knew that the crocodiles would not return, at least for hours, and I was curious to see what the man would do with the bait. Finally he stooped and was struggling to lift the heavy thing on his back when my angry gun bearer, who could restrain himself no longer, shouted a threat. As the startled and terrified little man leaped to his feet and bolted for his life the meat rolled off the beach into the water, thus ending the first of my series of experiments.

The casualties from crocodiles are greatest among the native women and children; and although these tragedies occur all too frequently in districts where crocodiles are numerous, the natives never seem to try to avoid them. They will enter the water to bathe, fill their water jars, or walk into a stream to wash their vegetables as casually as if they never heard of man-eating crocodiles. Consequently many of them pay the penalty with their lives.

The great majority of natives wear special charms which they implicitly believe will protect them against the crocodiles. This with their fatalistic tendencies influences them

in being reckless and foolhardy. Charms are highly recommended by the witch doctors, who thrive on the credulity of the superstitious natives. Like the pageantry of some of our own religious beliefs, for a price these *wise* men hold elaborate ceremonies over the charms and anoint them with the blood of a live chicken and their own sacred spittle.

From time to time the owners of charms must visit the witch doctor and contribute a substantial gift to have the powers of his charm rejuvenated. The life of a charm is as temperamental as the batteries of a radio set, and is renewed according to the wealth of the owner. In case of accident, if the wearer of a charm should be taken by a crocodile, the witch doctor exonerates himself and increases his trade by declaring that the owner failed to visit him and pay tribute to propitiate the fetish god.

The teeth of crocodiles vary in shape and in number. In the Tana River specimens the teeth are conical and interlock like those of a powerful steel trap. The large canine teeth used to be in great demand by the natives, who converted them into very attractive snuffboxes and fetish containers, which are worn suspended by chains around the neck or dangling from a handsome belt decorated with beads and bright metal.

The two globular throat glands which lie concealed in a pocket of skin close to the base of the crocodile's lower jaws are also greatly prized by the natives. Our porters often fought madly with one another to obtain possession of these organs. When a claim was established the owner became as important as a man who corners the stock market. In fact he does, for the time being, control the native market for

glands, and he can command almost any price for part or all of his treasure.

These glands are similar to the face glands of certain antelope, but science is still in the dark regarding their functioning. In the crocodile the glands emit a powerful, nauseating odor which lingers, to rob one of his appetite and peace of mind, long after the offending objects have been removed. The native witch doctors mix the dense, greasy substance contained in the glands with other concoctions and use it for *dowa* (medicine) for their fetishes.

Rapacious as crocodiles certainly are, they are denied the privilege of licking their chops after a meal of man or beast. Their thick, flat tongue is so fixed in the mouth that it cannot be protruded. The base of the tongue, however, can be raised to meet the soft palate and close the passage into the throat, thus enabling the beast to lie submerged in the water indefinitely, with only the nostrils exposed.

Owing to the color of the soil, which in most parts of Africa is red, and the floating matter in the water, it is impossible to see for any depth below the surface of a river. Therefore the crocodile has every advantage. He can move rapidly below the surface without making a ripple, and when he attacks and tries to pull down an animal from the bank he uses his powerful tail as a brace, lashing it from side to side with lightning-like rapidity, thus keeping his equilibrium as effectively as if his feet were braced on terra firma. With tooth and tail he fights for his meal, and what takes place under the dark water at his banquets we can only surmise.

When drifting lazily down stream with the current a

crocodile might easily be mistaken for a piece of water-soaked wood. They have marvelous eyesight, and their hearing is very acute. The slightest sound will send them below the surface as quickly as a gunshot.

The largest crocodile we secured on our several expeditions to Africa was one that I shot in the upper Tana River in 1905. In an unbroken line from the tip of his snout to the tip of his tail he measured sixteen and a half feet. Comparing his measurements with authentic records, he was an unusually large one. He was taken, however, before the Tana River Valley became the standardized route for big-game hunters, and the aged saurians a target for their guns.

In East Africa I never met a native who would eat the flesh of the crocodile. But on my recent visit to the Belgian Congo I was told by the officials that it was against the law for travelers to shoot these reptiles. They were conserved by the government to feed the native prisoners and laborers.

As is true of the wags among our Western cowboys, nothing delights an old Afrikander more than an opportunity to regale some credulous traveler with exaggerated stories of the natives and wild animals. Over the coffee cups at many a jungle dinner party I have listened to hair-raising stories of wild and wicked witch doctors, blood-brotherhood ceremonies, and man-eating crocodiles, twenty and twenty-two feet long, that entered native huts, like thieves in the night, to carry away some sleeping member of a household. Some of those stories have become African classics and have found their way into print. And some of the story-tellers have actually paid tribute with their lives to the very animals they romanced about.

A CONGO FERRY. MRS. AKELEY'S PORTERS CROSSING A RIVER IN DUGOUT CANOES.

On several occasions when Mr. Akeley and I were dissecting crocodiles which we had shot, we found strange objects such as stones, the hoofs of small antelope, great wads of hair, and large pieces of turtle shell in their stomachs. Some of these shell plates had a razor-like edge, no doubt caused by the constant friction or grinding movement of digestion against the stones.

As some of the tropical river turtles grow to a considerable size, and their plates are as hard as steel, I often pondered over the way the crocodile managed to break them and get the meat. Every authority I consulted on the subject insisted that the crocodile crushed the turtle between his powerful jaws. This I knew to be a fact where the small turtles were concerned, for I had once seen a crocodile munching a turtle the size of a dinner plate. But I was skeptical about the large ones.

On my last expedition to the upper Tana River in 1925, my question was answered in a very dramatic way by the crocodile himself.

In company with my friend, Mrs. Leslie J. Tarlton of Nairobi, I had returned to the upper Tana River Valley to execute a cabled commission for an American museum. Having no other white people with us, we decided to follow the dictates of our own hearts and make a holiday of our little excursion by camping for a couple of weeks in a lovely spot we had found close to the river.

One day, shortly after breakfast, Mrs. Tarlton started out with her gun bearer to get meat for the porters, and, accompanied by my own gun boy, I went down the river a little way where I could sit close to the water's edge, be-

neath some overhanging bushes, and watch the monkeys that frequented the trees along the bank.

As we descended to our hiding place on the sandy shore there was a great splashing in the water, and innumerable crocodiles of varying sizes slid off the rocks which rose above the shallow water. As soon as we had settled down they crawled cautiously back to bask in the sunlight. Making myself comfortable I adjusted my field glasses, bringing the crocodiles closer so that I would not miss a turn of their ugly heads.

The intense heat and the silence of the place soon sent my black attendant, whom I had taken with me to guard against being surprised by a lion or a leopard, to the land of dreams, and I was left to watch alone.

After a time a troop of rowdy little monkeys came romping over the tops of the acacia trees. Not long after they had passed, a thieving monitor lizard scurried across the sand bar with a crocodile's egg in its mouth. The next movement that caught my eye and suggested a hasty retreat was a big water python that came gliding gracefully through the water in our direction. A movement toward my gun caused it to change its course swiftly, and just as it swung its long, sinuous body around and passed under a fallen tree which extended well out over the stream, there came a tremendous splashing from the deep pool on my right. Rising cautiously and peering through the branches I was amazed to see a monster crocodile rolling over and over, churning the water into foam and sending the wavelets rippling and dancing in all directions.

But that was not all. Gripped tight in his powerful jaws

was the front foot of a huge turtle. With each lightning-like revolution of the monster's body the turtle, which must have weighed at least forty or fifty pounds, was swung clear of the water. So fast did the crocodile turn that the water seemed to remain parted in the path of the turtle.

Presently the crock swam to a rocky ledge on the edge of the pool and, dragging the turtle with him, crawled out and rested the upper half of his body on the stone. After a short interval he slid backward into deep water, dragging the struggling turtle after him, and began the dizzying revolving movements again.

Just at that critical moment the boy beside me stirred, and I quickly placed my foot upon his body to keep him quiet. As I did so the crocodile submerged, and, hidden though we were behind our screen of leaves, I feared he had detected our presence. Anxiously my eyes searched the water in all directions, and presently I caught sight of him just for a second as he crossed a shallow spot in midstream. Then he disappeared again. Mrs. Tarlton arrived on the scene at that moment, and I quickly dragged her down beside me, fearful that her coming might have driven him away. Apparently he had not seen or heard her, for I had only time to whisper in her ear, "Sit tight and watch the opposite shore," when he rose like a submarine close to the bank and repeated his jiu-jitsu operations on the turtle. This time so fast did he rotate his body that he seemed hardly to touch the water.

Suddenly we saw the turtle shoot through the air and land with a resounding whack and crushing force against the wall of rock which formed the opposite bank. As it fell

into the water, the crocodile, with a flip of his tail, dived after it. In a moment the ugly head was again thrust above the water. The great jaws with their fearful rows of teeth opened and crashed like a sprung trap over a great hunk of turtle meat. Again and again he dived and returned to the surface to crunch and swallow a piece of his meal.

He was a huge creature and an easy target for our guns, for, as he fed, the vulnerable spot on his head was exposed. But Mrs. Tarlton and I agreed that he had earned the right to live by not only providing entertainment for us, but by indirectly making an important contribution to science through his remarkable performance.

It is a curious fact, and one that is well worth a thorough investigation, that in some of the African rivers there are definite stretches where the crocodiles are practically harmless. For instance, during my ten weeks' journey in dugout canoes up the lower Tana River in 1925 I saw and shot many crocodiles. Yet the Wafocomo natives living along the bank are as fond of the water as South Sea Islanders. They enter the river a dozen times each day to bathe. In fact, I often organized aquatic sports, offering prizes for the best swimmers. The natives played water polo with pieces of wood, cork-like in substance, and they often remained in the water playing this game for hours. They assured me that they had no fear of the crocodiles. The men who poled my canoes upstream asked frequently during a day's journey for permission to stop the boats so that they might have a refreshing swim. But on the upper reaches of that same river the crocodiles are very rapacious and attack both man and beast.

CROCODILES

Of the two fatalities which occurred in the ranks of our black followers on our expedition of 1909-1911 one was caused by a crocodile.

We had journeyed across from Mt. Kenya to the upper Tana River for the sole purpose of giving J. T. Jr., a little monkey of which we had become very fond, her freedom. We wanted to return her to her home in the treetops in the exact spot where we found her a year before. Mr. Akeley, who was still somewhat of an invalid owing to an encounter with an enraged elephant, wanted to remain in the vicinity of the river for a time to rest.

One day when we were walking along the bank, returning to camp from a little hunting excursion, Mr. Akeley shot a huge crocodile which was asleep on the opposite shore.

Without consulting us, two of our porters, eager to receive the reward which they hoped Mr. Akeley would give them for what seemed to them a worthy prize, challenged one another to a race across the stream to retrieve the monster. We heard their excited discussion, but being used to their chatter paid no attention to them. It had never occurred to us that any one would be foolhardy enough to enter the crocodile-infested river at this point.

Before we realized what was happening, the two actors in the terrible tragedy had cast off their scanty covering, and, with laughter on their lips and a yell of enthusiasm, plunged in.

Horrified, we shouted frantic commands for them to return, but our words were lost in a babble of madly excited voices. It was a sporting event for the porters on the bank. Each man had wagered all he possessed on his favorite,

and without regard for us was wildly cheering the swimmers on.

Mr. Akeley, concerned only with the safety of the boys, made a few swift turns on the bank and vehemently voiced his opinion of savages, while I stood with our dusky followers and urged the two reckless swimmers to greater effort, hoping that speed might be their safeguard. The river was deep and the current fairly swift at this point, but not more than one hundred yards across. One of the men, who was husky and a strong swimmer, soon reached the opposite bank, and climbing up straddled the dead crocodile. Wildly elated over his victory, the boy slapped the back of the monster with his hand, and with good-natured native wit shouted facetious encouragement to his less fortunate companion, who was exerting the utmost of his strength and skill in his effort to reach the shore.

Although we had given them all the protection we could by shooting into the water, when the swimmer neared the goal we suddenly, to our horror, saw him throw up his hands, clutch wildly at the air, and with a haunting, blood-curdling shriek that ended in a gurgle, disappear beneath the water.

It all happened in an instant, and even before we could lower our guns the swiftly flowing water had glided over the spot where the boy went down, leaving not so much as a ripple to tell that the owner of the voice, which was still echoing weirdly on the air, had been swept into eternity.

Mute from the shock of the appalling tragedy, we stood for a second on the bank with our dusky followers and

gazed at the spot where a moment before the boy had been. Then, prompted by the same thought, we showered the water in all directions with stones, hoping that the crocodile might be frightened and relinquish his hold on his victim. But he was past all human skill or effort. Only the tiny wavelets caused by the stones striking the water broke the glassy surface of the gliding stream, and they seemed to mock us as they danced merrily for an instant and were gone.

Although we were thoroughly familiar with the ways of crocodiles, and knew in our hearts that the boy was past all human aid, we could not give up hope. We sent men up and down the river to patrol the shore, and tried to comfort each other by saying a miracle might happen and the boy escape from the grip of the terrible creature and be saved.

Then the problem of rescuing the boy on the opposite bank and averting another tragedy presented itself. Heartsick we stood and debated. There were no dugout canoes on the upper Tana. Therefore a raft seemed to be the only solution to our problem. This would take time, and if darkness fell before our task was accomplished the boy would be in danger from lions and leopards.

Suddenly I had an inspiration, and suggested that we send a boy to camp for my canvas bathtub and convert it into a boat. This seemed feasible, so Mr. Akeley gave the necessary instructions.

The placidity with which the object of our anxiety sat on the opposite bank and dangled his feet in the crocodile-infested water and watched our frantic efforts in behalf of

himself and his unfortunate companion was unnerving. We could not make up our minds whether the boy was an utter imbecile or bore a charmed life.

We were suddenly forced, however, to believe the latter, for just as Mr. Akeley had finished giving his instructions to the porters about cutting trees for our improvised boat the boy stood up, stretched his supple body, and bending down heaved the dead crocodile into the water. As the formidable-looking gray shape was caught by the current and swept out into the stream, to our great consternation the boy plunged headfirst after it. Ignoring our horrified cries to turn back, the reckless fellow with a few strong strokes reached the swiftly moving body of the monster, and guiding it with one hand he swam leisurely across the exact spot where his companion had so recently disappeared. To surround him with a barrage of bullets, which we instantly did, and pray for his safety was all we could do.

With all a native's pride in being the center of attraction, the boy, as if to prolong his triumph and our agony, ignored our commands to *pacy, pacy* (hurry, hurry) and swam slower; deliberately he loosed his hold on the crocodile, every now and then letting it float with the current and catching up with it again to show his prowess.

Although the actual crossing occupied only a few moments, it seemed hours to us.

When the boy finally touched the bank, Mr. Akeley, exasperated almost beyond human endurance by his foolhardiness in the face of what had happened to his comrade and the bravado grin on his beaming face, lifted him bodily out of the water and shook him until his head bobbed about

on his shoulders like a toy balloon in a stiff breeze. At the same time he denounced him in words justified by the occasion, but which, fortunately, no one but myself could understand.

When his anger was spent he released his hold on the boy. Then, to my surprise and somewhat to Mr. Akeley's chagrin, the boy stood before him; still smiling, and showing no resentment at his rough treatment, he pointed proudly to his fetishes—a number of tiny antelope horns, packed with a mixture known only to the witch doctor, which depended from a leather thong about his waist. Quite calmly he assured him that he was safe from the crocodiles when he wore his *dowa* (medicine).

The boy's faith in those charms was truly awe-inspiring. I was thoroughly convinced then and there that the white man who ridicules and condemns the beliefs of primitive peoples without a thorough knowledge of them, which no white man can ever obtain, is a narrow-minded bigot. For in our cocksure, you-will-be-damned-if-you-don't-believe-as-I-do sort of way we are trying to destroy a sublime faith, and rob primitive man of something that is very precious and sustaining to his happiness and mode of life, something that is lost to higher civilization and quite beyond our understanding.

I must add, to justify my sincerity in the above statement, that this very same boy gave us ample proof later of his supreme faith in his charms, and also of a power beyond our comprehension which kept him immune from the man-eating crocodiles. Time after time during our stay on the Tana he entered the water to swim. He did not hesitate to

cross the river to sand bars where a few moments before the crocodiles had flopped off the bar like a school of startled frogs.

When the porters that had been left to patrol the river returned at sundown without finding any trace of the missing boy the gloom of tragedy settled over our camp. We now knew that all that was left for us to do was to report the unfortunate affair to the nearest government official at Fort Hall, and make what restitution we could to the boy's family.

No doubt but that when the crocodile dragged the boy under the water he made straight for one of the great holes, or breathing caves, under the bank where he could deposit his burden and remain indefinitely to feed at his leisure upon his victim.

Shortly after dinner that night Mr. Akeley suffered a sudden chill, and hastily retired to his cot. Still an invalid, the shock of the tragedy affected his nerves and left him in no condition to resist the sudden attack of his old enemy, malaria.

Despite the suffocating heat of the breathless night, it required two hot-water bottles, all the blankets we possessed, and several cups of scalding hot tea to lessen his temperature and stop the chattering of his teeth.

When he finally dozed I left his side and kept my vigil just outside the door of his tent. Below me, under some flat-topped acacia trees, the men were grouped around their little fires, eating their one meal of the day and discussing the tragedy.

At first, with thoughtful consideration for Mr. Akeley,

they spoke in subdued voices. They went over every phase of the accident from the joyful beginning to the unhappy ending.

They wondered if we would give a sum of money to the boy's relatives; whether we would send a *barua* (letter) to the official at Fort Hall, the nearest government post, or wait until we reached Nairobi and make our report to the *Bawna Makuba* (Governor).

With the frankness of medical students discussing a gruesome problem in a classroom, each men expressed his opinion in words and gestures of what part of their late comrade's anatomy they thought the crocodile would attack and devour first.

As they talked they feasted, and the rosy glow from their fires illuminated their shining bodies and animated black faces.

It would be a strange group of natives indeed that could not find something or some one to caricature even on the most solemn or tragic occasion. Almost all the African natives are born mimics and they are at their very best when rehearsing some harrowing accident—a murder or a violent death.

In the large caravans which it was necessary for us to have, owing to the nature of our scientific work in Africa, we had many clever actors, comedians as well as tragedians. But of them all none could compare with the big Swahili boy who on this occasion stood in the firelight under the canopy of acacia branches and with savage humor burlesqued the unhappy tragedy.

He portrayed the shooting of the crocodile; the betting

on the race and the excited men as they plunged into the river. He pictured Mr. Akeley's towering rage when he shook the boy. No detail was forgotten. He had caught the droop of Mr. Akeley's shoulders as he paced back and forth on the river bank, the movement of his hands as well as the rush of unintelligible words which flowed from his lips as he shook the reckless and disobedient swimmer.

As the actor went through his performance he exaggerated with artistic license whenever he thought it was necessary; and his dusky audience of eighty eager men slapped one another on their bare black backs and rocked with laughter.

With great versatility he assumed each character in the depressing tragedy, switching from one to the other with an ease and an emphasis that was truly admirable.

With true dramatic instinct for a thrilling climax, he reserved the death scene for the final curtain, giving with haunting realism his own version of what happened to the boy when the crocodile dragged him under the water. As he pictured the swimmer's last moments he edged away from the firelight. Then suddenly he gave a horrible, gurgling cry, clawed the air exactly as the boy had done, and leaped back out of the firelight. But quick as a flash he was back again, gnashing his teeth and swinging his body to imitate the ravenous crocodile tearing his victim to pieces.

This barbarous and terribly realistic bit of acting delighted his primitive audience. With savage abandon some of the men lay back on the ground and laughed and pounded the earth with their heels, until in sheer desperation I shouted, "*basi kelele*" (cease making a noise). Then, still laughing,

they covered their heads with their blankets and went to sleep on the sun-baked earth beside their fires as if nothing had happened, while I entered the tent and, sitting beside Mr. Akeley's cot, listened throughout the night to the mutterings of his fever-tortured brain.

CHAPTER VI

THE FLAMINGOS OF LAKE HANNINGTON

LAKE HANNINGTON, the home of the African flamingo, is one of a chain of crater lakes, Baringo, Nakuru, Naivasha, and Elementita which dot the floor of the great Rift Valley in East Central Africa.

Hannington, the least known lake in the chain, is an irregular body of water, about eight miles long and two miles across at its widest point, and lies concealed in a deep trench or secondary rift under the Laikepia Escarpment. Owing to its close proximity to the equator this depression is, perhaps, one of the very hottest spots on the African continent. Only twice a year, during the rainy seasons, does a refreshing breeze find its way into this stifling inferno.

Because of its isolated position under the wall of the escarpment and the difficult nature of the surrounding country, Hannington was overlooked by the early explorers. Therefore it was the last lake in the chain to be discovered, and the mighty bird colony—their extensive community nursery with its enormous number of curiously shaped nests —was long in being revealed.

When Mr. Akeley and I were in Africa, in 1905, we learned of the existence of the flamingo colony and planned an expedition to Hannington. But a prolonged elephant hunt on Mt. Kenya and the great distance to be traversed on

foot before reaching the lake caused us to abandon our plan. Our interest in the feathered colony, however, did not wane. So when we went to Africa again, a few years later, we went equipped with a motion-picture camera and an ambition to secure permanent records of the birds when they were nesting.

Shortly after our arrival in Africa we traveled to the Uasin Gishu Plateau, the high tableland which forms part of the western boundary of the Rift Valley, to meet and hunt with ex-President Roosevelt. Finding ourselves directly west of Lake Hannington when the hunt was over and within a week's march of it, we decided to take advantage of the situation and trek across country to our long dreamed-of goal.

We had heard that the historical old slave trail which winds through the Rift Valley would lead us directly to the north end of Lake Hannington, and we planned to follow this path when we reached it. But our propensity for exploring and a glimpse of the lake through the heat haze from the top of a high ridge prompted us to take what we believed was a short cut to the southern end of it.

This was more difficult than we had anticipated. Although the distance, as the crow flies, between the trail and the lake was not very great, a dense, gray thorn-scrub jungle impeded our progress. Without giving protection from the burning sun the bushes rose up on all sides and obscured our vision. They were so dense in places that we were obliged to halt the caravan while a passage large enough to accommodate our horses was hacked through the thorn-covered vines which bound the bushes together as effectively as any

barbed-wire entanglements. And as if to punish us for not taking the easier way, the needle-sharp tips of aloe plants penetrated our puttees and wait-a-bit thorns caught in our clothing and raked our flesh until we felt as if the claws of a thousand wildcats were attacking us.

The lower regions of tradition can hold nothing in the way of suffering to equal those hours of tortuous travel across that rock-strewn, thorn-scrub area. We might have been walking between the doors of open furnaces, for the direct rays of the equatorial sun beat down upon us from above and the lava rock radiated heat from below. It rose in shimmering waves and danced around us like the heat of a living flame.

To avoid the grilling task of cutting the bush we detoured whenever we could. We only went, however, from the frying pan into the fire, for the sharp lava rock cut our heavy elk skin boots to ribbons and brought pathetic groans from the poor porters who struggled bravely under the weight of their heavy burdens.

Finally, thinking we had mistaken a mirage for a lake, we were about to turn back when Abdi, the headman, who was in advance of the caravan, discovered a stream of fresh water and shouted the good news to the porters. With one accord they threw down their burdens and raced like madmen to quench their thirsts. Some of them even divested themselves of their tattered garments, and lying down in the water went fast asleep.

We decided to go no farther and Mr. Akeley gave the orders for the tents to be pitched under the acacia trees close to the stream. When looking for a site among the

rocks for the kitchen the cook discovered a spring of boiling water which he appropriated for his own use amid much good-natured banter. A few moments later one of the tent boys discovered another spring, and this one, to our delight, was crystal clear and surprisingly cold.

Late in the afternoon, when the sun had lost some of its fierceness, we walked out and climbed to the top of a rocky ridge, which cut off our view of the lake, in the hope of getting a glimpse of the birds.

I remember few experiences in Africa more thrilling than when we reached the top of those rocks. The stifling heat and our heart-breaking journey of the morning were forgotten in the beautiful sight which promised success and made up for everything.

From our elevated position we got a magnificent view of almost the entire lake, which lay, as it had probably lain for untold centuries, like a highly polished mirror imprisoned between the high, dark walls of the escarpment on the east and a sweep of gray-green thorn jungle on the west.

Well out in the lake, islands of rosy pink birds dotted the mirrored surface of the blue-green water; a wide border of solid pink marked the eastern shore line as far as we could see; points and peninsulas of pink extended nearly to the center of the lake. Pink birds, with widespread wings, drifted over the lake like shifting pink clouds and cast changing reflections on the placid surface of the water.

Just below us, at the southern end, the gaunt, bleached limbs of ancient trees rose above the water, giving mute evidence that before the titanic upheaval which split the eastern central half of the African continent and left a fis-

sure over forty miles wide and in places over two thousand feet deep a forest covered that part of the country. Although these trees belong to a forgotten past, their withered arms rising pathetically heavenward are still a haven for the birds of the air, and are the favorite roosting place for storks, herons, ibises, egrets, kingfishers, and eagles.

Through field glasses we could see clouds of steam rising from the boiling springs, steam vents, and immature geysers which border the western shore of the lake, and windrows of sun-bleached feathers decorated the beach and gleamed white in the sunshine.

Just below us a number of ugly crocodiles were hosts to myriads of lovely shore birds. Fearlessly the alert and eager creatures ran over the reptiles' inert bodies and around their gaping mouths after the insects which were attracted by the odor of these evil-smelling beasts. A family of hippos, with hides white as the pebbles they rested upon, slept peacefully on the beach beside them, their fat hind quarters half-buried in the water.

The hippos were so small and so light in color that at first we thought we had discovered a new species of pygmy hippo. When we shot one a little later for food for our porters we found that the animal's legs and belly were albino pink and his back was covered with a mottled pattern of the same unhealthy-looking color. The flesh was soft and tough, with the consistency of rubber, and had a most unpleasant odor, which our black followers seemed to thoroughly enjoy.

We finally came to the conclusion that this remarkable phenomenon was the result of the extreme temperature of

FLAMINGOS OF LAKE HANNINGTON.

the lake, which is partially fed by boiling springs, and the action of the sun on some chemical, sulphur perhaps, contained in the water.

We breakfasted long before daybreak the following morning, and when the first hint of dawn relieved the inky blackness of the sky Mr. Akeley and our companion, Mr. Fred Stephenson, armed with guns and cameras, set out along the wall of the escarpment, expecting to find the birds where we had seen them on the previous day. Accompanied by Askar, my Somali gun bearer, and a few porters, I followed the open beach along the western shore to inspect the geysers and steam vents.

Early as it was, the stones over which we walked were painfully hot to the barefooted porters. "*Moto sana, moto sana*" (very hot, very hot) was the cry that rang in my ears as the men grasshoppered hastily from one hot stone to another. Indeed I was quite willing to agree with the scientists who say that the thinnest part of the earth's surface runs through the Rift Valley, for the heat was so intense that it gave me the uncanny feeling that at almost any moment we might break through and land in a seething sea of fire.

As I walked along my heavy shoes disturbed the pebbles and exposed miniature streams of hot water, gliding snakily under their covering of stones through well-worn channels to mingle with the water of the big lake.

All along the beach, close to the water's edge, we found springs of boiling water, bubbling and steaming like a kettle on a hot stove. We came across innumerable baby geysers, and the stones within a radius of several feet were worn

smooth by the action of the water. They were so hot that they actually burned my fingers when I touched them. With watch in hand I timed the rise and fall of some of the largest geysers, and found that at intervals of from three to five minutes the underground pressure sent the scalding mud and water sputtering and spouting several feet in the air.

One of the porters put a piece of meat on a sharpened stick and cooked it in the water while we watched. We threw sticks, leaves, and feathers into the rocky caldron, and the porters had great fun guessing where they would land when the upheaval sent them sailing skyward. We tried to plug up steam vents, and our efforts sent the hot vapor hissing over the stones like angry serpents.

Finally, after loitering along and thoroughly enjoying ourselves, we came to a strip of dense thorn bush that reached to the water's edge and cut off our view of the lake beyond. Lying flat on the ground we wormed our way beneath the vine-entangled obstructions. This mode of travel is grilling work, especially in a tropical forest where it is hot and the thorns are vicious. Therefore, just before reaching the other side I stood up in an open place to stretch my aching muscles. Suddenly, while my hands were raised above my head, I heard a peculiar hissing noise. Although I was familiar with the sound, having heard it many times on our first expedition while collecting water birds around Lake Elementita and Lake Naivasha, I turned inquiringly to my boys for confirmation, and almost in chorus they whispered, "*endege menge*" (many birds).

With all possible speed we crept forward to the edge of

the bush and the sight which greeted us caused me to hold my breath in sheer ecstasy. There before us, with the dazzling sunshine playing over their bodies, enhancing and dulling the colors, were acres of beautiful pink birds. There must have been at least a million feathered creatures in that vast assembly, for the entire colony had, during the night, moved over to the western shore and were now noisily feeding on the tiny crustacea which thrive in the mud on the floor of this volcanic lake.

With business-like persistence they dredged for food; balancing their uptilted bodies with long, gently waving legs, they thrust their heads beneath the water and scooped up the mud with inverted bills. Quickly righting themselves, they brought their find to the surface. Still holding their bills in an inverted position, they washed the dirt from their food with a hissing, swishing sound before raising their heads high in the air and gulping it down.

It was quite evident that some of the birds were doing sentinel duty while the others fed. This precaution is characteristic of all the African birds or animals that live in large flocks or herds. As these guards stood alert and watchful in a sea of reversing pink bodies, their big purple and scarlet bills, topping their long slender necks, looked like the buds of some strange tropical plant ready to burst into bloom.

Two species of flamingo were represented in the feathered multitude. The small and more brilliantly colored *Phoenicopterus minor* was in the majority, although the larger species, *Phoenicopterus roseus*, was well represented by both immature and adult birds.

Lying with elbows resting on the ground, I watched the amazing scene through focused glasses. My pleasure was tempered, however, by thoughts of Mr. Akeley's disappointment and his fatiguing journey along the bush-covered wall of the eastern shore.

How long I remained in my uncomfortable position on the ground I do not know. But suddenly one of the porters, who had fallen asleep, startled us all by giving a loud sneeze that went echoing around the lake.

Instantly the watching sentinels sounded the alarm by uttering a loud "kronk, kronk." Like a vast number of athletes performing in unison, the feeding birds righted their bodies. Craning their necks and cocking their heads at a ridiculous angle, the brilliant assemblage listened intently for a few seconds. Then as if the sea of pink had been rocked by a gentle wave, the birds began to move and flip their wings. With absurd dignity those on the outskirts began to strut leisurely back and forth. Stepping high, they perked their heads, drooped their wings, and slowly swayed their glistening bodies from side to side like mannequins displaying the latest modes at a fashion parade.

They seemed to have no sense of the direction of the danger, however, and after milling and strutting about in an effort to locate the cause of the excitement their agitation ceased.

Before settling down and resuming their feeding each bird took a cautious last look around. Then apparently satisfied, they gave forth a subdued guttural "kronk" before thrusting their heads beneath the surface of the water. It

was not until they had all settled down that I realized, with a pang, that I had forgotten all about taking a picture.

Eager though I was to secure records of the wonderful sight, I waited until they were quiet again. Then rising from the ground and brushing the ants off my clothing, I made a few shots from the shelter of the bush. The click of the shutter did not seem to disturb them, so I walked deliberately out on the beach in full view of the birds and made another picture.

The sentinels saw me at once, and immediately sounded the alarm. This time it was not a "kronk, kronk" of suspicion, but a deep, sharp, unmistakable "kronk, kronk, kronk" of command. Instantly answering "kronks" came from a million pink throats, and two million pink and black wings flashed in the air and crashed against wings as the seething mass of startled birds crowded one another in an effort to rise from the water.

As they milled about, kronking and hissing and beating their wings against one another, the noise was deafening. And as their feet churned the foul mud on the floor of the lake a sickening, almost overpowering stench rose from the water. The nauseating odor drenched the stifling hot atmosphere. It clung to our nostrils and got into our mouths; the porters spat on the ground in an effort to find relief.

Only the birds on the outskirts had room enough to get the running start necessary to raise their weight in the air, but one followed the other in rapid succession. As they rose in their stupendous numbers the thunder of their wings, mingled with their incredible hissing and kronking, was

like the roar of a tropical hurricane, and the sound was heard by some of our boys over a mile away.

By the time the last bird had risen from the water the first ones had recovered from their fright and were settling in midlake. Presently I noticed that the main body of birds was drifting slowly in our direction. With camera in readiness, I sat down in the shadow of an acacia tree at the edge of the bush to watch and wait, hoping and praying that the birds would return to their feeding ground.

The heat was terrific and the delicate leaves on the acacia tree under which I sat were little protection against the smiting rays of the sun. While my temples throbbed and the perspiration oozed from every pore and drenched my garments, the porters slept peacefully.

There was hardly a sound to break the silence, save when the grunting bellow of a hippo rolled across the water, or when one of the feathered marshals flanking the oncoming multitude of birds kronked a command. Rarely indeed had the peace of these birds been disturbed by the intrusion of human beings, and as I sat and watched their approach I shuddered to think of their fate when the record-breaking game hunters from America, with the first-person complex, found them out.

In about an hour most of the birds had returned and were busily kronking and gossiping with one another in bird fashion. As they bobbed their heads and shifted their positions the sunlight played over their shimmering feathers and changed the colors. Some of them showed great curiosity and came close to the shore. Caution ruled their movements, however, for as they came slowly toward me they stopped

frequently to stretch their necks and cock their heads to look and listen.

Twenty-four times my graflex clicked that afternoon and still the friendly creatures were not frightened. When I had finally exposed all my plates, and it was time to make our way back to camp, we walked right down to the water's edge, expecting that the birds would repeat the glorious spectacle of the morning. To my surprise and delight they only jostled one another, craned their necks, hissed, and bobbed their heads as if in friendly greeting.

I know of no other bird on the African continent that will delight the eye of the traveler or lend itself to the camera or brush of an artist more effectively than the flamingo. Their plumage is exquisitely beautiful. The long neck and body feathers of an adult bird shade from a pale pink to a rosy hue. The curiously shaped beak is scarlet and purple, and the long slender legs, which seem so inadequate for the weight of the excessively fat body, are deep pink with a blending of purple and scarlet. This remarkable coloring penetrates even the bones and the marrow of the legs. The feathers under their black-pinioned wings are crimson, and the same lovely color tips the wing coverts on the upper side of the wings.

There is a great contrast between the adult and the young birds. The latter are a grayish white, which changes to pink as the bird matures.

Like ducks and geese, the flamingo are extremely clannish, and congregate in immense flocks. They often form into units and follow a leader on a tour of the neighboring lakes.

At Lake Elementita, and also at Lake Naivasha, where we spent several months in 1905-1906, one of my chief interests was watching the arrival and departure of the feathered tourists.

I soon learned that large flocks of young flamingos were being piloted on these tours by a number of older birds, and, judging from the way they remained together at these stop-over stations, their leaders were as conscientious and careful of their charge as councilors of a Boy or Girl Scout organization could possibly be. Although the young birds seemed very restless and were constantly rising from the water, as if trying their wings, they never left the main flock.

Their food consists of minute particles of animal matter found in the mud on the bottom of the lakes. When feeding they thrust their large, curved beak, upside down, into the mud and scoop up both dirt and food like an excavating shovel. Still holding the bill upside down they bring it to the surface, and, with a loud hissing sound, swish it through the water to separate the mud from their food, through a sieve-like arrangement on the side of the bill.

There is nothing in the bird world more ludicrous than a flock of frightened flamingos. They kronk and hiss and crowd one another like a panicky mob of human beings. When preparing for flight their ungainly movements remind one of an overloaded aeroplane trying to take off on a rough field. Stretching their long necks in front of them they beat the water with their wings as they gallop clumsily for a short distance over the mud. When they have gained sufficient momentum to raise their weight in the air, the neck and legs are quickly thrust out in a straight line with the

body. It is then, when their black pinions are spread, that the crimson wing feathers are exposed and flash in the sunlight with each graceful sweep of their wings.

It was long after dark when the porters and I returned to camp on that memorable day at Lake Hannington. As we stumbled over the hot rocks toward the tents, I could see in the light of the kitchen fire Abdulla, the cook, bending over the steaming pots. The tent boys, dressed in clean white kanzus and red-tasseled caps, were gathered about him, waiting for my arrival to serve dinner. By the light of a lantern hanging in the veranda of my tent I could see the table with its white cloth and three camp chairs waiting for their owners.

In the background under the acacia trees the tiny tents of the porters could be seen by the light of many fires. The hot, sultry air was filled with the odor of wood fires and cooking food. The sound of melodious voices raised in conversation, snatches of song, and now and then bursts of happy laughter, told us that the comedian of our safari was entertaining his companions.

I found Mr. Akeley and Mr. Stephenson sitting silently, as hungry men will, before their tents. They had had a grilling day. Traveling over miles of lava rock in the stifling heat and blistering sun, they had dodged rhino and buffalo. They had seen greater kudu, kongoni, and impalla from a distance, but not a flamingo. Mr. Akeley's disappointment over his failure to find the birds or add a kudu to our scientific collection was so keen that I hadn't the heart to enthuse just then over my own good fortune. But later, over our coffee, I told them in detail of my experiences and

Mr. Akeley consented to let me pilot him to the same spot in the morning. Before retiring we loaded our cameras and prepared for an early start.

Blessed indeed is he who can make plans and follow them to the letter in the jungle. The following morning an attack of malaria kept Mr. Akeley in camp. Mr. Stephenson wanted to add a kudu to his bag of rare trophies, so he started at dawn to hunt for the animals among the boulders along the escarpment.

As our time was limited at Lake Hannington, I left Mr. Akeley reclining on his cot under an acacia tree by the stream and went back to make motion pictures of the birds.

With the exception of a few flocks which were scattered over the lake, the majority of the birds were in the same place noisily feeding. When I walked out on the beach to set up my tripod they arose with a rush and a roar of wings that deafened the senses, and I was obliged to shout into my gun bearer's ear the instructions about placing my tripod.

After circling gracefully over the lake a few times, however, they returned and settled down without fear. As they came slowly, floating in a compact mass, toward us, they looked exceedingly foolish, hissing and bobbing their heads like talkative human beings. We talked aloud, and our voices echoing over the water did not deter their advance. Even our laughter over their ludicrous appearance did not frighten them.

The most inquisitive ones came so close to the shore that the boys ran out and waved their arms to keep them back within range of the lens.

The following day we were obliged to leave Hannington

to meet the train for Nairobi, so we left the beautiful birds and the stifling valley to their solitude.

When we developed our plates and film a few days later we were so delighted with the results that we decided to make another journey to Hannington in May, when we hoped to find the flamingos nesting.

Although we made this journey, and went direct to the north end of the lake, following the old caravan trail, we were just about six weeks too late.

The old nests, which the birds reconstruct year after year by piling up mud with their bills a foot or more high, covered a vast, desolate mud plain which was dazzlingly white under a salt-encrusted surface. The torrid atmosphere reeked with the frightful odor of rotting egg-shells, putrid fish, and an age-old deposit of guano. No human being knows, nor has the boldest of our theorizing travelers even dared to guess, how many generations of flamingos have seen the light of the African day from this remarkable, though unsavory, community nursery.

Our disappointment over our failure to secure records of what must surely be one of the most amazing bird nurseries in the world was very keen. But Africa is no place in which to waste time over vain regrets. Therefore we heaved a sigh for the pictures we might have taken had we arrived a few weeks earlier, took a last look at the deserted nests, and started off to find the feathered colonists.

It was horribly hot and the stifling atmosphere reeked with the sickening odors from the nursery. While there are not so many hot-water springs and geysers along the margin of the water at the north end of the lake the stones over which

we walked were just as hot as in the southern region. In fact they were so very hot there was no need to urge the porters to step lively with their burdens.

We found the birds in almost exactly the same spot as when I photographed them on our previous visit. We watched them for some time before Mr. Akeley went out on the beach to photograph them. Then with a rush and a mighty roar of flapping wings, the sea of pink rose in the air and after circling the lake settled on the water a few hundred yards in front of us.

Hastily building a crude blind with a few branches Mr. Akeley hid behind them to wait until the birds came closer while I, accompanied by the porters, sought the shelter of the trees.

In less than a half hour there was a general movement of the birds in our direction and it wasn't long before Mr. Akeley was recording the spectacular scene on his film. He soon learned that he had no need for caution with these friendly, inquisitive creatures. So he left the blind and placed his camera at the very edge of the water. Before he had time to turn the crank the birds crowded up, stepping on each other's toes and kronking queerly as they craned their necks to look at the shining lens. They came so close that we had to throw sticks and stones into the water to shoo them back into the field of the lens.

Lake Hannington is not nearly so inaccessible as it was in the good old days when it took weeks to traverse the distance which is covered to-day in a few hours by motorcar.

The danger and thrilling adventure as well as the romance of a nomadic tent life are a thing of the past. The modern

LOADING THE DUGOUTS FOR A RIVER JOURNEY.

African explorers will not miss it, for they never knew the joy or the romance of the old way.

With such comfortable and expedient methods of travel as the automobile and motorcycle, and the rush of hunters and settlers to the country, it is almost too much to hope that the flamingos have escaped the guns. Like some of the hunted beasts of the African forests and plains, their beauty will be their death sentence, for it will draw upon them the guns of mighty Nimrods who kill for the sheer joy of killing.

How much the flamingo colony has suffered by the influx of white men to the country I cannot say. But I do know that it is still a breeding place, even though the traveler of to-day can hire an automobile at Nakuru, on the Uganda Railway, run out to the bird colony, and be back at the dak-bungalow in time to wash away the memory of the dusty road and dress for dinner.

Although motion-picture cameras had not at the time of our visit reached the scientific perfection of the present-day machines, with which pictures of birds and animals can be obtained at a great distance almost as faithfully as if they were made in a studio, we did secure some remarkable pictures.

They will be remembered by many of those who saw Paul J. Rainey's famous film called "The Water Hole." Our pictures of the flamingo colony and others which we obtained on that expedition were incorporated in that remarkable film. The history of these films is not without romance. They had the distinction of being the first of their kind to be brought out of Africa. When shown at the

old Empire Theater on Broadway they caused a tremendous sensation and had a long run. They made Mr. Rainey famous as an explorer, and were finally purchased, with borrowed money, by two men who are to-day the president and vice-president of one of the largest motion-picture corporations in America. Despite its long run, however, I was told that the film was not a financial success, but it was the agent which started these two men on their extremely successful career as motion-picture magnates. Our pictures were also the foundation for the splendid film library now in the American Museum of Natural History where Mr. Akeley so generously placed them and urged other explorers to do likewise for the benefit of future generations.

CHAPTER VII

IN QUEST OF THE PYGMIES

I

It was while listening to the roar of mighty cannon and exploding bombs during the World War that a great longing for the peace of the African jungles took possession of me, and I began to plan another journey to that fascinating country. As expeditions to Africa are expensive undertakings, and magic lamps and fairy godmothers had passed me by, there was nothing for me to do but wait and work and plan. Finally in the summer of 1924 I was in a position to organize an expedition of my own and return to Africa for the purpose of living with the natives.

Most of my friends were appalled at the very mention of such an undertaking without a white companion to care for me if I became ill, but this phase of the journey was the least of my worries, for I had never been ill a day in my life with anything more serious than a cold and the infected bite of a pet monkey.

I was moreover better equipped for the undertaking than my friends realized, for on former expeditions with Mr. Akeley it was necessary for me to become proficient in the use of remedies to combat the dreadful fevers and other tropical diseases to which my husband was very susceptible. In those earlier days when physicians were few and their

stations far between, I was often obliged to be the camp doctor as well as anxious nurse.

Owing to the frequency with which Mr. Akeley was a victim of fever the management of our large caravan of native carriers, representing various tribes, obviously fell upon my shoulders, thus giving me an experience and a training in dealing with the natives which was invaluable and without which I could not have crossed Africa alone, as I did, without the help of safari agents, white hunters, or trained natives.

The task of equipping my expedition—selecting tinned food, tents, guns, cameras, and medical supplies for a prolonged stay in the jungle—was made easy through my experience in helping to plan and purchase the equipment for our former expeditions. Fortunately, from the very beginning of my African career I shared the dangerous work of the expeditions with my husband, hunting wild animals and following their trails accompanied only by the natives. Therefore, with my accumulated knowledge of the country and its inhabitants, my plan to visit Africa unaccompanied by a white companion did not seem so dangerous an undertaking to me as it did to those who knew nothing about my former field activities. So I went on with my preparations for the journey.

Ever since my first experience with the primitive tribes of Central Africa twenty-two years ago, I have had the firm conviction that if a woman went alone, without armed escort, and lived in the villages, she could make friends with the women and secure authentic and valuable information concerning their tribal customs and habits.

To find natives who had not been influenced by civilization was, I realized, one of my greatest problems. Though I was interested in the tribes of East Africa and Uganda, having lived so long among them, I also knew that the great influx of settlers, traders, and big-game hunters had brought to them an influence which would taboo them for my purpose. From all the information I could gather I decided that the Pygmies were the least known of all the African tribes. Therefore I decided to enter the Belgian Congo at Boma, on the west coast, and make my way inland to the Pygmy country.

Although I had never traveled in the Congo and had no first-hand knowledge of conditions there, I had read so much about the vastness of the forests, the deadly climate, cannibals, witch doctors, and the elusive Pygmies, that I had no illusions about the seriousness of my self-imposed task or the dangers that awaited me in the jungle depths.

To be frankly honest, I will admit that during my busy days of preparation for the journey I was haunted by an uncanny fear that I might not be equal to the severe test which loneliness and isolation in a dismal, sunless forest, with only wild beasts and wilder human beings for companions, puts upon those who attempt to solve the jungle mysteries. In Africa they tell nightmare stories of strong men who were sent out to isolated government posts in forest clearings becoming unbalanced. Others, in sheer desperation, have wrecked their health and their lives by resorting to drink and other vices to forget the eternal wilderness of trees and the overpowering tangle of vegetation that

walled them in and hid from their vision the rising and the setting of the sun.

I knew only too well that these stories were not fairy tales to frighten the uninitiated, for in the years that I had spent following game into the out-of-the-way places on the Dark Continent I saw and experienced proof of the jungle's sinister power.

When the Brooklyn Museum of Arts and Sciences heard of my plan to visit Africa again they honored me with a commission to collect specimens of the fast-disappearing wild life. So I changed my plans and went first to the Kenya Colony on the east coast, where I knew that despite the heavy toll taken each year by the settlers and visiting sportsmen I could secure the desired specimens and discharge my obligations to the museum before entering the more unhealthful Congo country.

There are two distinct ways of outfitting for an expedition into Africa: one is to plan carefully and then make your own arrangements, attending to the smallest details yourself; and the other, and more popular, is to employ "safari agents." They will, of course, relieve you of all trouble and anxiety, but they will also deprive you of a rich and valuable experience. On the other hand, you will be as safe in the hands of an agent as if you were on a Cook's tour, for he will not only make all your arrangements and furnish your equipment and porters, but will send you out on safari under the protection of a white hunter who will be the leader of your expedition. He will find the game for you, and if you are a bit nervous or an indifferent shot he will guard you or help you out by killing your ele-

TRAVELING WITH CAMELS ACROSS THE ARID DESERT COUNTRY WHICH LIES BETWEEN THE TANA RIVER AND ABYSSINIA.

phant or your lion, and then politely congratulate you on your wonderful prowess and pluck. All you have to do is follow the white hunter and pay the bills.

There were two reasons why I did not employ agents on my last expedition. One was that I wanted the experience of organizing, equipping, and carrying through to a finish an expedition of my own, without the help or advice of any one. The second, and perhaps the more important, reason was that I was practically financing my own expedition, and frankly I did not have the price.

Through the kindness of a British official who was familiar with my work on former expeditions in Africa, I was given permission to enter a closed territory far from the big-game hunters' route.

The first part of my journey was made in dugout canoes, traveling inland up the Tana River from the Indian Ocean. I hunted in the thorn scrub along the banks for specimens, preserving and caring for the skins myself. I made photographs and developed the negatives. Securing camels from the Somalis, a hostile, nomadic tribe, I proceeded across the arid desert country which lies between the Tana River and Abyssinia, marching by moonlight to avoid the heat of the day and hunting in the evening and early mornings.

At the end of three unforgettable months I reached Meru, a government station northeast of Mt. Kenya. Having secured the desired specimens for the museum, I secured a motor truck large enough to transport me and my two Swahili servants and our belongings to Nairobi, where I shipped the collection to America.

When this work was finished I bade good-by to old

friends who tried hard to mask the fears which they entertained for my safety, and left the very prosperous town of Nairobi for the land of the little people and my big adventure.

If the reader has ever felt like running away for a vacation or indulging in some wild celebration after having accomplished a difficult task, he can appreciate my feelings when I boarded the train which carried me inland to Kisumu on Lake Victoria Nyanza. The first part of my expedition had been a success. My work for the museum was practically finished and I wanted a vacation, so I decided to give myself a real treat by visiting Ruwenzori, the mist-covered Mountains of the Moon.

On former expeditions I had climbed to the glaciers on lofty Mt. Kenya. I had camped in the clouds on the top of Mt. Elgon and hunted elephants on the wind-blown ridges of the Aberdare Range. I had ascended to the rim of the old crater Longonot and traveled well up the slopes of ice-capped Kilimanjaro; now my sense of freedom and a task well done revived an old longing to visit this mysterious mountain, whose beauty is constantly guarded by a misty veil of clouds, before I entered the great dark forest where the little people are known to dwell.

Although I planned carefully, fate decided that I was not to make that visit, and the only view my longing eyes received of Ruwenzori came many weeks later from the hills rising high above Lake Albert, far to the north.

The sudden change in my plans was the result of a conversation with a man I met on the steamer which carries passengers across Lake Victoria Nyanza. Although of Swedish

birth, he had been an official in the lower and central Congo districts for twenty years, and knew the country well. Upon his advice I decided to give up my pleasure trip to Ruwenzori and the much-traveled route across the lower Congo, and look for Pygmies north of the Aruwimi and Ituri rivers in the districts Du Litur and Bas Uele.

For the first time I appreciated the advantage of traveling alone and with little baggage, for I was able to change my plans on a moment's notice. So, going north to Butiabwa on Lake Albert, I crossed to Kisenyi on the Congo side.

After an irritating but unavoidable delay at Kisenyi and again at Irumu I finally reached a point on the Epulu River where the newly constructed motor road ends and the vast, unexplored Ituri Forest begins. Here I was informed that I must wait for porters, who were coming with government supplies, from the district in which I wished to travel, before I could proceed.

This was indeed annoying, but when I recalled the words of Hassan, my old Mohammedan gun bearer, when anything disagreeable happened, "It's God's business, mem-sahib," I decided to accept the situation with what grace and patience I possessed.

When the motorcar dumped me and my belongings at the Epulu River encampment I found the resthouse, where I was to stay until my porters arrived, occupied by a Flemish couple. One of the rooms contained a double four-post bed which was covered with a billowy, old-fashioned, feather-filled tick. And scattered about the floor were innumerable bags and iron-bound chests that were securely fastened by big padlocks. These chests were filled with enough ivory

treasure to cause Henry Morgan to turn over in his grave with envy. The other room, across the corridor, was occupied by a flock of fifty chickens who came and went at their leisure. An old cat, a kitten, and a little monkey, who clung like a burr to the old cat's fur, gave a very domestic touch to this scene. The man was a government employee who was returning with his wife to Europe, and they were waiting for porters to take them to Stanleyville.

Although my fellow travelers could not speak English, and my French was of the World War variety, we fell into an animated conversation almost at once. By using their hands and a few words of Flemish interspersed here and there with a few words of French, English, German, and Kingwana, they made me understand that the chickens would vacate and I might have the coop for my boudoir.

As there was no place to pitch my tent, and I had no porters to cut down the jungle, there was nothing for me to do but accept their offer. I decided, however, to have my boy do a little excavating before I moved in. Ten large baskets of dirt and débris were carried out of that room and a layer of wood ashes put in their place before I permitted my floor cloth to be laid and my belongings carried in. While this work was in progress my loquacious fellow travelers kept up a rapid-fire conversation. They said they had been waiting for porters for ten days and the prospect of their coming within the next fortnight seemed dubious. My heart sank at this information, for it promised a long wait for me. Time was precious, but as speed has not yet reached the Congo the only thing I could do was to make the best of it.

I consoled myself with the thought, however, that the forest which surrounded the encampment was full of lovely birds and fascinating monkeys. There was excellent fishing in the river, and the ant life, of which there is no end, was always interesting. Tired as I was that night, the thought of going into that chicken coop to sleep held no attraction for me. But I finally succumbed to weariness and went to bed. Shortly after I retired the two cats crawled through the huge palm leaf which served as door, and after playing about the floor for some time, decided to desert the feather bed and the occupants of the next room, who were broadcasting on the same wave length, and establish permanent headquarters at the foot of my cot. Five times I put them out and five times they returned, and finally their perseverance won a place at the foot of my bed. Nor were the cats the only uninvited guests to share my room that night. One of the roosters, which had escaped the watchful eye of my boy and come home to roost, roused me out of a sound sleep about four o'clock in the morning, and nearly frightened me to death by standing at the head of my cot and sending forth his clarion call that daylight was approaching.

Breakfast, which I shared with my companions on a common, long board table in the corridor between the rooms, was enlivened by Musifetti, the mischievous little monkey, who with uncanny intelligence watched his opportunity to scamper over the cloth and help himself to whatever his roving eye fancied. Now instead of reprimanding Musifetti for his naughtiness, his mistress, whose longitude and latitude varied but slightly and whose voice had a marvelous

carrying power, made the most of this occasion to display her temperamental disposition. She rolled her pretty brown eyes, and clasping her head with her hands rocked back and forth exclaiming at the top of her voice, *"Main kopf malahl, main kopf malahl"* (My head is sick, my head is sick).

The husband paid no attention to these theatrical outbursts, but they were not lost on the servants, who like all natives were past masters in the art of mimicry. The little comedy was rehearsed many times during the day before an appreciative audience of dusky ladies who stopped behind our kitchen on their way to the river.

Seldom have I met natives with a keener sense of humor than those boys. They kept the camp in a constant turmoil by playing jokes on their master and mistress. There was one boy whose first waking thought must have been of his mistress, for he arose with alarm-clock precision each morning to annoy her.

Eggs and chickens are the two staple articles which form the white man's diet in the Congo. The demand on the poor natives for these commodities is so great that I often wondered if, in their behalf, the good Lord was not performing miracles under our very eyes, as He did at the Sermon on the Mount. The white man's inevitable greeting to the natives of the Congo is, *"Leta kuku, leta mayaya"* (Bring chickens, bring eggs). It is the call of the Congo, and I heard it so often that I learned to loathe it as I learned to loathe the sight of natives carrying the poor, tortured chickens, swinging head downward, from their loads.

The chickens at the resthouse, whose numbers were in-

MRS. AKELEY'S CARAVAN LEAVING THE GOVERNMENT STATION.

creased daily by the natives who brought food to the camp, saved their lives by keeping the larder well supplied with eggs. When a hen gave warning that she had deposited her daily contribution somewhere in the vicinity of the house there came an answering cry of *"Mayaya, mayaya"* (An egg, an egg), and a very excited woman rushed out of the house, and like a child playing hide the thimble searched everywhere for the little white ball, which she afterward guarded from the boys as a miser guards his gold.

You may be sure that many false alarms were given by the mischievous boys during the day; but it was early in the morning when they enjoyed their joke on their mistress most. It was then that the human alarm clock would sneak stealthily to the chicken coop, a huge wicker basket which rested on the veranda close to the house, shake it vigorously to rouse the chickens and then give a perfect imitation of a cackling hen. This never failed to bring his night-capped mistress bounding from her bed, yelling *"Mayaya, mayaya."* Finding no egg, accusations and a babble of voices roused the whole camp, and sometimes the stinging lashes of the *chicotte* descended upon innocent backs. But the boys were very sporting and did not betray one another, and as they seemed willing to pay the price for their fun I laughed silently from behind the bamboo walls of my room.

To live in that sort of an atmosphere is something of a strain on even the most angelic disposition, and needless to say I was perhaps the happiest person in Africa when on the eighth day our porters arrived. But anxious as I was to leave the motor road and all that it meant and to enter the

African bush and be alone with my friends the natives again, I waited two precious days to give my companions a good start, for our road led in the same direction for several days. I also wanted to give the porters that had been assigned to me a rest, for their shoulders were raw and bleeding from carrying heavy loads.

Then early on the morning of the third day, when the gray dawn was chasing away the shadows of the night, I was ferried across the Epulu River in a huge dugout canoe, and with my little band of untrained men, whose language I did not speak, I set out on the last lap of my journey in quest of the Pygmies.

As more porters than I required to carry my equipment had been put at my disposal by the government officials, I distributed the loads so that the men who were suffering from wounds on their shoulders would carry the lightest burdens. My consideration for their welfare was actually received with suspicion, and two of the favored men fought with another to gain possession of his heavier load. They thought my kindness had some hidden meaning which would be directed against them later on.

Their association with white men, a certain type of white men, who unfortunately are altogether too numerous in Africa, had left them like their own unhappy dogs—suspicious of a proffered kindness and always on the alert and ready to dodge the kick which invariably accompanies a command. A less experienced traveler might have become incensed and mistaken their actions for ingratitude, but experience had given me a sympathetic understanding of my

porters' mental attitude, and I realized that it would take patience to win their confidence and good will.

My simple humane act of distributing the loads did in time bring a rich reward. It not only won the friendship of these black men who were to be my only companions for many weeks in that great, lonely forest, but it gave them something to think of and gossip about as they trudged along the forest trail.

As we journeyed on I made them like me by stopping at villages and wayside markets to give them a rest and a treat. Porters are always hungry. When away from home they are, naturally, deprived of all the little delicacies which a wife or mother is in the habit of preparing for them, and their traveling rations of green bananas and mayhogo roots, which they roast in the coals of their camp fire, are a poor substitute for the "stews that mother makes." So I bought little cone-shaped packets of fat white ants (which they ate with as much relish and in the same way as a child does an ice-cream cone), green corn on the cob, bits of smelly dried fish, and edible rats which would have made a health expert shake his head and whisper ptomaine.

While we often passed gardens where the hungry men might have helped themselves, they always refrained. The natives throughout Central Africa have a certain code of honor which respects the property rights of others, and this code I found was respected and adhered to by the great majority. No matter how hungry a man is food must not be taken from a garden without the owner's consent, or a man's house entered during his absence if his door be closed. Of course they have their thieves and dishonest

ones just as we do, but I could not help thinking that white travelers in that country should be informed and asked to respect this very admirable gentleman's agreement.

In addition to the twenty-five men who carried my loads I had eight men to carry my *tepoi.* A *tepoi* is a native-made chair swung between two large bamboo poles, and it is a very comfortable mode of conveyance in that fatiguing climate. The men took turns, four at a time, carrying me, and as they trotted along the forest trail they talked and laughed and sang their tribal songs.

The songs of the various African tribes differ as they do in civilized countries, and those sung by my Walese carriers were unlike any I had heard before. There was one song which seemed to be the favorite with the men when I wanted to be carried. It was a combination of a yodel and a yell, and I am quite sure it would have made an enthusiastic pedestrian of the most indolent type of person. When the boy who trotted directly behind my chair announced with a sudden yell that he was going to yodel, his open-air voice rocked the ether and jarred my brain so painfully that in self-defense I slipped from the conveyance and fled down the trail with as much haste as if a herd of elephants were after me. When distance softened their powerful voices I enjoyed the singing, but it is just as well perhaps not to say what I thought about the musicians when I was in my *tepoi.*

It may astonish and interest the reader, as it did me, to learn that rooting, as college boys do at football games, is a very old and primitive form of expression. At frequent intervals during a day's march, and especially when we were nearing a village, one of my *tepoi* boys would run along

NATIVE-BUILT ROADS.

beside the line of porters, marching ahead of us, and shout in his own language, "We are, we are, the porters of madam," and then, all together, they would join him in a lusty yell that made the forest ring and brought the villagers to the wayside.

If the porters had a grievance against me—if, for instance, I had refused to let them loiter on the way to drink palm wine and flirt with the village belles—they would remain silent and refuse to raise their voices in my behalf. As our route lay through the great forest where from time to time we came upon clearings in which there were villages, occasions for grievances were frequent. But at no time was there viciousness shown in their attitude toward me. Although they used this means of letting me know that they resented my orders, with but one exception they obeyed me, and their grievance was always forgotten at the sight of another village or a palm tree that had been tapped.

Generally the natives were very friendly when they learned that I was a woman traveling without escort through their country. As is the custom in the Congo, the Sultan of the district, followed by a retinue of dirty, ragged men attired in obsolete Belgian uniforms and carrying antiquated muzzle-loading rifles and dirty bandoleers, but no ammunition, came out a mile or two on the trail to meet me. The Belgian flag was always conspicuous on these occasions, and headed the procession. Sometimes if the Sultan was an important one he was accompanied by the court musicians, and a leader who improvised songs suitable to the occasion as we entered the village. Laughing and talking and singing, every one escorted me to the resthouse where I was to spend

the night. The natives living along the main trail had all seen white women, but they had never seen one traveling alone or one who was looking for their elusive little neighbors, the Dwarfs.

Naturally I was the center of attraction with the women, and my appearance was discussed as frankly as women discuss one another the world over. Usually a friendly smile brought them milling around me, asking questions and eager to satisfy their inquisitive feminine minds. After exclaiming over the color and straightness of my hair, examining my clothing, and slyly passing their hands over my breasts, they invariably asked about my family. "Where was my husband? How many children did I have? How big were they? What did they look like?" At first, being an honest sort of person, I answered them truthfully and confessed that I was traveling alone and that, although I was married, I had never been blessed with children. To my great amazement the men as well as the women lost interest in me and one after another my audience dwindled until only the curious children were left to stare. I will acknowledge that I was somewhat chagrined by their attitude. So I decided to adopt a mythical family, and the next time I was asked the embarrassing question I boldly counted five on my fingers and then indicated their heights with my hand. Had I known that my prestige would have soared to the dizzy heights which it did I am sure that I should have been tempted to increase the number of children to ten. My eldest son, whom I described as very tall, of course very handsome, and of gladiatorial strength, made a tremendous impression upon them. Indeed, my fabrication so impressed the

members of my own caravan that it was constantly coming back at me like a boomerang. The men, both old and young, seemed to take a keen delight in calling me "Mama" and boasting of my achievement to every one they met. Everywhere we stopped the native women who could assemble a larger family than mine, and there were many, paraded before me and then asked for presents as if they had won some sort of a prize-awarding contest. There was one little boy, my tent boy, whom I was trying to teach English, who used to come and sit at my feet every evening after dinner to compose letters which he hoped I would send to my children in America. He would laboriously enumerate every task which it was his duty to perform for me during the day and lay great stress upon the good care he was taking of their mama. With all the love of a native for the dramatic, he would roll his big, melting brown eyes and ask me to say to them that, if he died while performing those duties, he died in their mama's service. Then, as if it were an afterthought, the little humbug naïvely named the gifts which he hoped they would send him as a reward, and which the reader may be sure the clever little schemer has since received.

As soon as I arrived in a village where I was to spend the night the news was radioed by means of a huge wooden drum to the owners of near-by gardens. The great hollow logs boomed out a Scotland Yard description of who I was, where I was going, and the number of porters in my caravan, and instructed the owner of each garden how much food he or she would have to contribute and deliver at my camp toward our rations.

These primitive people, about whom, after all, we know so little, have a code, older than any one knows, by which they can communicate with one another over amazingly long distances. By a few vigorous blows on the great hollowed logs they can warn their neighbors that a marauding herd of elephants are traveling in their direction; that a gun-bearing tax collector is approaching their village; or that another palm tree has been tapped and its life blood stands fermenting in the huge black pots waiting for their arrival to celebrate a wedding, mourn a death, or take part in a witch-doctor performance or some secret-society orgy.

The drum is a paramount institution in the Congo, and every hut holder possesses at least one. There are many kinds and shapes of drums. But the mighty code drums, which are also used on festive occasions, have a place of honor in every large village. They are usually placed at one end of the palaver ground on a raised mud platform, from fifteen to twenty feet square, with a sloping grass roof for protection. It is here that the men of the village gather during the heat of the day to gossip, settle lawsuits, and enjoy their palm wine.

These code drums vary in length and also in diameter. A large drum will measure from ten to twelve feet in length, and I have seen them from eight to ten feet in diameter. They are made of a very hard, fine-grained wood, and the work of hollowing is done through an opening of from three to six inches, which extends across the top of the log. Bit by bit the patient workman hacks away with his primitive tools until the drum is finished and ready to polish with leaves which have a rough, sandpaper-like surface. Some of

the drums are marvelous affairs, decorated by artists, and carved from thin slabs of wood. Others are tiny replicas of the code drums and are used by the parents when teaching their children the accomplishments of their forefathers. The drumsticks are also works of art, and with these wonderful instruments the drummer can vary the tones by striking the thin lips at the opening, or lower down on the denser part of the log, as the performer desires. The drummer also uses the side of his hand or the tips of his fingers to shorten or stop the volume of sound. But this is done so quickly that it is almost impossible to catch the movement unless one observes very closely.

It is fascinating to watch a skilled drummer. No leader of a jazz orchestra takes more pride in his gymnastic performance than do these jungle musicians. One of my chief amusements in a village was to organize drummer contests and offer a prize for the best performance. Sometimes the men of a near-by village would drag their huge drum by means of lianas over the rough trail to compete with their neighbors for a prize.

With great hilarity the contest would begin after the men had drawn twigs for places on the program. As they warmed up to the occasion it became wildly exciting and often at the finish there were anxious moments, for those eager, perspiring black men showed as much feeling and animosity over the awards as if they were actually civilized.

As jungle etiquette decreed that I ask the Sultan, or in case of his absence the headman of the village, to be the judge and decide the contest, it was not always the best man who won. For these privileged individuals always insisted

upon taking part in the performance themselves and unblushingly walking away with the coveted prize. I soon learned that to avoid friction in any native contest where Sultans were concerned I must have two prizes, and reserve the better one for the second winner.

When the contests were held in the evening by the flickering light of the camp fires and the big tropic moon, they usually developed into an orgy of dancing for both men and women. Often the dancing lasted until the gray dawn rose over the black wall of forest which surrounded us, and warned the women that it was time to go to their work in the fields.

At night the soft, warm air is so filled with the sound of high-pitched, choir-like voices, conversational drum codes, tom-toms, and wild animal cries that with a little stretch of the imagination one could almost believe that they had tuned in where several air pirates were broadcasting on the same wave length.

II

The first Pygmy family I met were brought to my camp from their forest home by a friendly Walese Sultan in whose village I stayed. Naturally I was thrilled over a visit from these strange little people I had come so far to see.

My first advance toward winning their friendship was gifts of salt and tobacco—real luxuries for these primitive people, and greatly prized. Friendly relations thus established, I held out my hands to the cunning little baby who was carried on her mother's hip by means of a broad leather strap passed across her shoulder. To my great surprise the

baby gurgled its delight and holding out its chubby arms came to me at once. The child's spontaneous action brought forth a roar of laughter and a volley of chatter from the onlookers. This frightened the child, and instantly her body stiffened, her lips quivered, and her big eyes registered the terror that filled her little heart. She made no effort to get away. Nor were there any tears to dim the luster of those great brown eyes that gazed at me so pathetically. She reminded me of a bird that had been mesmerized and was too frightened to move or cry out.

The father stood and watched us with a shy, friendly smile. But the mother was so absorbed in the lump of salt, which she greedily licked with accompanying smacks, that she was utterly oblivious to what was happening around her. One might think, from her indifference to my presence, that she was in the habit of seeing white women every day of her life.

From among the various kinds of toys which I carried as gifts for the native children I chose a little red balloon for the Pygmy baby. I hoped that the bright color would appeal to her childish fancy and allay the fears which the boisterous laughter had instilled in her mind.

It was a happy thought, for none of the natives had seen a balloon, and like anything which they cannot understand or which has a hint of the supernatural about it that one introduces to primitive people, the red balloon caused a furore, and the comedy which followed was very amusing.

It so happened that no one witnessed the inflating process, and when I appeared holding it by a string the strange ob-

ject was as much of a surprise to the men in my own caravan as it was to the other natives. Nothing could have created more excitement or made a greater impression on their superstitious minds. When I stooped over the baby, who was sitting on the ground, to tie the balloon to her wrist every one surged forward, wild with curiosity, and craned their necks to get a better view of the swaying object. But they were quickly ordered back by the Sultan and the canny old witch doctor.

First one and then the other harangued the crowd. For the safety of every one they would be the first to inspect this strange thing which they said had neither head nor tail, hands nor feet nor wings. Yet it had to be tied like a bird to keep it from getting away.

A native is never ashamed to let any one know that he is afraid if the cause of his fear has anything to do with something he cannot understand. I began to have visions of being deserted by my boys and left without carriers all on account of a ridiculous toy balloon.

With a serious, theatrical expression the two wise men approached and bent cautiously forward to inspect the balloon, and an intense hush came over the people. Just at that moment a gust of wind sent the red ball bobbing swiftly in their direction. With more haste than dignity both jumped back, the old witch doctor losing his balance and falling over a stool. Laughter comes to the lips of natives quickly, and shouts rose on the air. The old man, however, was equal to the occasion, and with clever wit he announced in sepulchral tones that it contained a spirit that wanted to be released.

MRS. AKELEY AND SOME OF HER PYGMY FRIENDS. "TEPOI" AND CARRIERS.

Fortunately, before he had time to decide whether the spirit was a good or a bad one, the Pygmy mother dashed into the ring and saved me from what might have become a dangerous situation. During the little comedy she had remained on the outskirts of the group, happy with her lump of salt. Now, catching sight of her baby sitting on the ground with the strange object wavering over her head, she gave a yell and came forward like an animal protecting its young. Anger, fear, astonishment, and relief were registered on her face as swiftly as a picture on a screen.

When the baby kicked her feet and waved her chubby hands in greeting to her mother the balloon jumped mysteriously over her head. The mother struck at it and leaped back obviously afraid. It puzzled her, and she struck it more gently and began to laugh and shout. After all, she had more courage than the witch doctor. With characteristic native indifference to her surroundings, she began running around the child, and as she ran the current of air caused the balloon to bend and sway. It was a comical sight, and I dashed into my tent to fetch my camera. But no sooner was my back turned than the mother snatched the balloon and ran with her prize toward the forest. She was quickly pursued by the yelling mob. In the excitement she fell, and the balloon escaped. As a sudden, squally wind, such as are frequent in the forest region, carried it gracefully skyward the astonished natives stood with open mouths and upturned faces, watching.

Then a remarkable thing happened. Two hawks rose from their perch on a near-by tree and gave chase. The winner in this unique race hovered for an instant over the

prize and then, swooping downward, struck the balloon with its claws. When it exploded both birds turned a complete somersault, dropping a short distance as if they had lost their balance. Then, quickly righting themselves, they flew straight as an arrow shot from a bow toward the forest.

For a full minute the natives stood spellbound, gazing into the sky as if they expected to see the released spirit. The Pygmy woman was the first to recover her voice and break the spell. When she realized that the thing she coveted had vanished she began to scream like a pampered, bad-tempered child. In her frenzy she threw herself full length on the ground, biting the grass and pounding the earth with her hands.

I longed to try an experiment and see what a good old-fashioned spanking would do for her. But the situation was too delicate even to intimate such a desire. With one accord the natives left her and crowded about me. All talked at once. They wanted to see more of my magic, and asked questions which I knew better than to answer. I had no intention of losing the advantage and prestige which the balloon, the woman, the wind, and the hawks had inspired in their superstitious minds. Nor did I intend to waste precious material on one group of natives by letting them see another balloon. I could not resist the temptation, however, to take advantage of their belief in witchcraft to teach them a lesson in honesty. I thoroughly enjoyed explaining to them that the Pygmy woman had done wrong in stealing the balloon, and that the scene with the hawks was only a warning of what would happen to others who took what did not belong to them. The natives are great gossips, and the

story became the favorite topic of conversation with my boys. Often at night I would hear them telling the story and acting it out for the benefit of the natives in whose village we camped. When my versatile and imaginative cook was the narrator it was as cleverly done as a good mystery play. To them it was a miracle, and I fancy, like some of our own miracles, it has improved with age and the lively imaginations of those gifted narrators. At any rate, it is to the oft-repeated and dramatic accounts of the balloon episode that I attribute the fact that my camps in the Congo were immune from trouble or pilfering.

After the episode with the hawks we returned to the palaver ground. I found that regardless of the excitement the Pygmy father had remained with his baby and was standing under a tree with the child in his arms.

When the mother finally recovered from her tantrum and joined them I took their measurements, and found that the man was two and one-half inches taller than his wife, who was just three feet, nine inches. The most surprising feature about my little guests was the soft texture of their skin, which was a brownish yellow and very clean. I expected to find them very dirty, shy, and covered with hair. While I was setting up my tripod and arranging my camera to photograph them I was wondering why travelers did not give a more truthful report of what they saw. Then suddenly I looked up and received the shock of my life. My little guests had lined up and were actually holding a pose waiting to be photographed. The mother was holding her baby in front of her, and the little father stood with both hands hanging by his side.

They were just friendly neighbors of an enterprising Sultan, who admitted that a sort of partnership existed between them, and that for a slight remuneration the little Pygmy family lived close by and came at his bidding to pose for all the travelers who passed that way. One must admit that there was no evidence of an inferior intelligence shown in this very admirable business arrangement. They not only gained in wealth, but the Sultan was able to please his white guests and send them away with the feeling that they had seen a real Pygmy family.

These were not the Pygmies I had come so far to see, so the next morning, a little wiser and also a little happier for my experience, we marched on. Day by day we went deeper and deeper into that boundless forest, camping each night in the clearings where the friendly Walese had their villages, and where I could buy food for my hungry porters.

Our woodland trail wound through the moss and liana-draped forest, over wooded hills, across innumerable rivers and streams—the mileposts of the Congo—and through treacherous swamps where my carriers struggled and floundered with their burdens and sank knee-deep in mud and green slime. Sometimes the trunks of mighty trees, all wet and covered with moss and slime, lay across our path, and careful maneuvering was necessary on the part of the porters to get across with their burdens. Stones, treacherous roots, and dangerous holes were concealed under a deposit of moss and dead leaves. And everywhere—on the ground, in the air, and hovering about our heads—were thousands upon thousands of exquisitely colored butterflies. Sometimes the

silence of the forest was broken only by the falling of a seed or the snapping of a twig under our feet.

Hardly a day passed that we did not see or hear elephants. Often on rounding a bend in the trail we would find that our way was completely blocked by the mammoth beasts. They had come out of the rain-soaked forest to loaf on the trail and dry their wrinkled hides. On such occasions there would be a mad scramble for safety. Sometimes the men would drop their loads and make a dash for the trees. Then every one would shout and yell to drive the animals away.

There were many nights when they came into the clearings where we camped and kept us awake. They terrified us by their squealing and trumpeting, and their boldness in coming close to the place where we slept. One never knows when they may take a notion to raid the village, overturn the huts, and kill or maim the helpless inhabitants.

There is something weird and frightening about the Congo forest, with its abnormal and distorted growth of vegetation, strange animals, and stranger human beings. As the days passed I lost my sense of buoyancy and self-determination which had given me courage and the urge to enter the dark forest on my lonely quest of the little people.

As I gazed day after day at the colossal, coiling, snaky vines—the pirates of the forest—sending their long, slender tendrils, like treacherous fingers feeling in all directions for some victim to grasp and choke or crush and kill, I realized that all around me a sinister struggle was being waged between Nature's forces—life, death, and decay.

Never have I appreciated more fully the true significance of the title of Sir Henry M. Stanley's book, "Darkest

Africa," or his sincerity in portraying what he saw in that dark forest world, peopled by the mightiest of wild beasts as well as the tiniest members of the human family.

I could not help thinking of the curious fact which is a matter of no small interest, it seems to me, that the history of extinct birds and animals is being traced by bones that have been buried in the earth for millions of years, while a race of living human beings, which exists in this great forest and in other parts of the world, we know practically nothing about.

It is nevertheless true that deep in the dense jungles of the Congo forests dwell a race of little people called Pygmies; their history, like the age-old forest which gives them shelter, is shrouded in mystery. Where they came from, who their ancestors were, or what caused them to live in isolated groups in a dismal, sunless retreat will remain, probably forever, in the hazy realm of conjecture.

From time to time in recent years meager bits of information have filtered to the civilized world about the little people through explorers, missionaries, and government officials, but their habit of running away and hiding behind the foliage and shooting little steel-tipped arrows dipped in deadly poison at white men who approach them has not encouraged visitors, but has caused them to be left pretty much alone with the wild beasts in a great forest world of their own.

Naturally these strange, elusive human beings have for years intrigued the scientists of many lands, but in spite of the well-equipped expeditions which have been sent out to learn their history the vast, pathless, fever-haunted jungles

in which they live guard them like prison walls, and are a barrier which no man can surmount without the aid of the little people themselves.

Individuals and even groups of Pygmies are often met by travelers on the edge of the forest, and sometimes they are coaxed out of their retreat by the Sultan of a friendly neighboring tribe to pose for the camera; and for remuneration, such as salt, tobacco, and palm wine, induced to pilot white men into the forest on a hunt for elephant, or that strange animal, elusive as themselves, known as the okapi.

Many travelers and writers on African affairs have described their meeting with Pygmies, and some of them have made deductions and advanced theories concerning the history of the race. But for all that we have no definite knowledge of their home life, for if by chance the white man comes across one of their villages while hunting the little people vanish like will-o'-the-wisps, and are quickly lost in a forest where he could not follow a hundred yards without a Pygmy guide.

Naturally this sudden exodus from their leafy homes is a matter of great surprise to the white man, as his trained mind is in the habit of leaping at conclusions, and judging by civilized standards we learn that the Pygmies are shy, cowardly, and of low intelligence.

The white man cannot see himself as he appears to their eyes. In the first place he cannot speak their language to explain his sudden presence in their midst. The chances are that his black followers will try to intimidate the Pygmies, and thereby hinder instead of help him.

He does not know that his pale skin and the odor which

exudes from his body, which the natives say resembles that of a dead man, have a startling effect upon these isolated dwellers of the forest. He does not know that he is the bogie man of the grown-ups as well as the children of Africa, and that his formidable array of guns, bags, boxes, and bold, black followers only accentuates the horror of his close proximity.

Although the Pygmies live in the dense forest, save for occasional visits to their neighbors to barter meat and the skins of animals for garden produce and palm wine, their knowledge of the white man's activities and power is far more extensive than is realized. News, in some uncanny way, travels far and fast among primitive peoples. Ever since the white man first made his appearance on the Dark Continent the Pygmies, isolated though they are in the forest, have heard rumors and seen evidence of his power over their black relatives.

Generation after generation, year after year, from the shadow of the bush the little people have watched that power grow. To-day they are fully alive to the fact that the black soldiers hovering like evil birds of prey near the forest trails are tools of the white man, sent to decoy them from their homes and force them to toil in the fields and in the mines like their neighbors.

One of the greatest problems of Central Africa to-day is the labor question. And the white invaders of the country where live the little people of which I write, need the help of every black man, woman, and child in that great "Free State?" to help them develop that amazingly rich country. In the hills and in the lowlands, in the north and

in the south, rich fields of gold, silver, copper, radium, diamonds, and other sources of great wealth have been discovered. Although the shooting of elephants is prohibited, yet tons of precious yellow ivory find their way to the European markets, and every boat that leaves the ports at the mouth of the Congo River carries away tons and tons of thick, heavy palm oil which has been carried over miles of jungle on the backs of natives.

In the interior, forests and high-grass jungles are giving way to fields of snowy cotton, and while the natives—the old and the young, the feeble and the strong—labor in the grilling sun hoeing, digging, planting, and fighting the nightmare of weeds which spring up before their very eyes in spite of their toil, armed soldiers pace back and forth to force them to greater effort and to see that no one slips away to the inviting shade of a tree for even the proverbial forty winks.

Railroads are being constructed, mines developed, motor cars imported, and the steel rails and other heavy and cumbersome equipment for such development have been transported across miles upon miles of malarial swamps, scorching, sun-baked plains, and steaming, dim-lit forests on the raw and bleeding shoulders of black men whose muscles have never moved in violent exercise save for the rhythm of a primitive dance.

Men of capital and keen foresight with interest in the mines and other promising industries have constructed hundreds of miles of wide, dirt motor roads, more pleasant to ride upon and better kept than any paved street in New York City, through what seems an impassable jungle. This

task, which would have been a herculean one for trained laborers and cost millions of dollars, was performed by the primitive people of Africa. Not a blade of grass is permitted to grow or the imprint of a passing elephant's foot allowed to remain on one of those red ribbons of earth which branch out like arteries from the heart of the Dark Continent.

To feed these black laborers, who work like ants to perform these modern miracles in the jungle, food must be transported over incredible distances. More human ants, both male and female, are forced to trudge back and forth hundreds of heartbreaking miles with heavy loads on their backs to supply the ever-increasing demand of hungry men.

Women with tiny babies too young to be left at home are forced to make these trying journeys with the men. Holding their infants close to their bodies by means of a leather strap these jungle mothers carry staggering loads of green bananas, palm oil, yams, and great bundles of sausage-like rolls of sour, glutinous cassava paste—the bread of the Congo. At night, footsore and weary, these poor women crowd into filthy, unsanitary, grass shelters, which are no protection against wind or weather, and sleep on the hard ground side by side with the men. The chances are that their nearest neighbor, crowding so closely, is suffering with some horrible contagious disease such as yaws, syphilis, or leprosy, that loathsome disease which is one of the curses of the Congo.

Year after year the Pygmies have watched the white man's influence and power grow. From behind a screen of dense

THE PYGMIES' SULTAN, ON THE RIGHT, POSES WITH HIS PEOPLE FOR MRS. AKELEY'S CAMERA. A PROMISE OF REFRESHMENT BROUGHT THESE PYGMIES WITH THEIR DRUMS INTO A CLEARING TO DANCE.

forest foliage, or with their little brown bodies flattened along the limbs of high trees like inquisitive monkeys, they have seen men and women staggering along the tortuous forest trails under their wickedly heavy loads. They have heard the groans of these human beasts of burden and seen them fall exhausted by the wayside. They have also heard the shrieks of these unhappy creatures echoing through the forest when the twirling lashes of the *chicotte*, that invention of a cruel fiend, fell upon their helpless bare backs.

And that is not all the little people have seen from their perilous perch in the high trees. Their piercing eyes have looked down through the gloom of the forest into yawning holes, hurriedly dug in the damp, moldy earth beside the trail, where those who fell by the wayside were consigned to lonely graves, unwailed by their relatives and minus the simple strip of bark cloth which is their mummy-like winding sheet. The long trail through the Ituri Forest, from Wamba to the Kilo gold mines, is lined with telltale little mounds, some of them quite new and others just depressions which the creeping jungle tries to hide.

After I had been in the forest a few weeks there were times when a horrible feeling of depression took possession of me, and the solid wall of trees surrounding the pitiful little clearings changed to prison walls. This feeling usually came upon me after a hard day's march through a tropical downpour, or when I came into a village where some one had died and the professional mourners were wailing their dismal death dirge. I felt as if I must push aside the walls of green which loomed so dark on every side, and get into the sunshine on the wind-swept veldt again.

I was also discouraged by the fact that I had seen no Pygmies, when, coming quietly into a village one day ahead of my safari, I saw a group of women dancing. The village audience was seated on the veranda of a hut watching and applauding the dancers. The women were stupidly drunk, and the hot sun and their exertions caused the perspiration to roll off their shiny bodies.

As they went round and round in a circle they yelled and shouted—they call it singing—and tried to keep time by bending and swaying their bodies and stamping on the earth with their feet. They were Pygmy women who had come out of the forest to exchange elephant meat and the skin of an okapi for palm wine and garden produce with their agricultural neighbors. They had imbibed so much of the intoxicating brew, and were so earnest in their endeavors to entertain their audience, that they were unaware of my presence until they heard the shutter of my big camera fall. Then one of them stopped and stared stupidly at me. The dance song died in her throat as she gazed at the shining lens. As her befogged brain realized that a white face loomed behind that hideous, one-eyed monster she gave a wild, terrified shout and bolted behind the hut. She was quickly followed by the others, who fled toward the forest, leaping over the logs and ant heaps with the quickness and grace of frightened antelope. My boys went in pursuit; some of the women were finally coaxed back, and I made friends with them by giving them salt and letting them look at themselves in a mirror for the first time.

These I felt sure were the little people about whose home life I wanted to learn. At least they seemed so promising

for my purpose that I decided to visit their village, which I was informed was a two days' journey off the main trail.

I took the precaution to send messengers with the women. They carried my visiting card—a lump of salt—for the Sultan, and were instructed to say that my visit was not official. Also to tell him that I was bringing gifts the like of which no Sultan had ever seen.

It would be difficult to describe my feelings of mingled fear and anticipation as I followed my little Pygmy guide into the dripping, rain-soaked, fog-filled forest the next morning. Not being able to see the sun or the sky, all sense of direction quickly left me, and I felt like one groping in the dark. Wet to the skin by the dripping foliage almost as soon as we started, I stumbled over the roots of trees and struggled mile after mile through the tangled and matted vegetation. We crossed innumerable small streams and boggy patches, and walked around fallen trees. For where the forest giant falls, there it lies slowly rotting through the ages, and as if in pity the beautiful ferns, moss, and exquisite orchids blanket its ghostly gray trunk.

The terrible humidity and my exertions soon caused the perspiration to ooze from every pore in my body. As I tried to keep pace with the gnome-like little man that slipped ahead of me like a shadow, drops of the salty moisture rolled down my forehead, got into my eyes, and blinded me. The steam which rose from my hot and dripping body clouded my glasses, and if a snake or an elephant had suddenly appeared in the bush I would have been as helpless as if I were actually blind.

And as if the forest were taking advantage of my help-

less condition to discourage me, the twisted, rope-like vines and thorny creepers which grew up and down and across in every conceivable shape and direction, caught me around the head and arms and clung to my rifle in a dangerous and exasperating way.

In the early morning it was not so very difficult to follow the guide, for he left a clearly defined trail where his body brushed the raindrops off the foliage. But later in the day, when the dry vegetation closed over his head and hid him from view, my only clue to his whereabouts was the odor which emanated from his unwashed body and which, by its own strength, remained on the heavy air to guide me in the right direction.

I left half of my equipment and twenty porters at the village in the clearing to await my return. The ten men who accompanied me carried the few necessary supplies which were needed for my comfort, food for themselves, and presents for the Pygmy Sultan. Their task was not an enviable one, and judging by the few words of their language which I could understand and the angry glances which were cast in my direction whenever I stopped to let them rest, I was blessed and blessed fervently many times during the morning.

About midday, fearing to try their patience further, I decided to make camp and call it a day. One after another the weary men came struggling through the vines, and throwing down their burdens sank beside them in silent resignation. Their attitude was far more condemning than a display of ill temper would have been. I felt like a slave driver. Had they deserted me or refused to go on it would

not have surprised me in the least. As a matter of fact, just at that moment I was so exhausted and discouraged by the grilling work of the morning that I would have welcomed almost any excuse to turn back.

All the morning I had been driving myself forward into that nightmare of vegetation while something within me kept urging me to turn back. My torn and mud-stained clothing and the smarting wounds on my face and hands which had been inflicted by the thorns and rough bark on the vines contributed much to my unhappy state of mind.

To add to my troubles, every muscle in my body ached like a sick tooth from the strenuous exercise of getting under and over obstructions, a form of exercise which I can honestly guarantee will reduce any one to the desired shadow without the use of drugs or the advice of a specialist.

My tent was finally pitched in a cosy spot between the plank-like buttresses of a giant fig tree. These great slabs of wood rose to a height of fifteen feet and gave me a feeling of security from the sudden attack of wild beasts. A deep ring of ashes was spread around the tent to keep the insects, which were more to be dreaded than the animals, from routing me out during the night.

It is truly amazing how quickly a tired mind and body will react in the jungle to rest and food. No sooner was camp made and the green bananas, corn, and mayhogo roots roasting in the coals than the men began to talk and laugh and sing.

First one and then the other gave a ludicrous imitation of his difficulties coming through the forest. One thought he had stepped on a snake. Another had actually fallen into

an old elephant pit, and still another had been attacked by bees and in his effort to escape them had blundered into a column of army ants that swarmed up his legs and dug their mandibles into his flesh. As each man gave a realistic rehearsal of his experiences the others held their sides and rocked back and forth with uncontrollable mirth.

Musical instruments, the most essential and conspicuous object of a black man's traveling equipment, were thumbed. Voices were raised in song, and before I realized it the men were dancing and the forest echoing with their merriment. At my table, which was neatly laid with a white cloth and china dishes, and decorated with a lovely bouquet of mauve and purple orchids, I sat in my comfortable camp chair and enjoyed cold broiled chicken, corn on the cob, toast, and fresh pineapple, and watched my jungle cabaret.

Exquisite butterflies, dragon flies, moths, and bees came and fluttered and buzzed over my food. The gigantic spreading fig tree under which we camped was a favorite feeding ground for the birds. And, unmindful of our presence, they came in pairs and flocks and chirped and screeched as they hopped about on the branches and fed on the ripening fruit.

Soon my tired muscles relaxed. Enthusiasm for the big adventure that lay before me was revived, and I wouldn't have turned back for anything in the world.

The African natives can sleep under almost any conditions, and in almost any posture. My Walese porters were no exception to this rule. And after they had eaten until their protruding stomachs could hold no more they lay on the ground, with the moldy leaves and the roots of trees for

KISENYI, BELGIAN CONGO. A WALESE VILLAGE IN A CLEARING IN THE ITURI FOREST.

their mattress, and slept, while the ants, flies, and big grand-daddy-longlegs crawled over their inert bodies.

At midday a few stray shafts of sunlight found their way through the foliage into the forest and brought many strange insects from their hiding places under the bark of trees and under the leaves.

Amused by my interest in the creatures, the alert little guide took a stick and pointed them out, even catching some of them in his hands and bringing them to me for closer inspection. We finally left the sleeping porters and explored the bush in the vicinity of the camp.

We stood in awed wonder before a villainous-looking spider while he spun an exquisite golden web. We watched another, a gourmand, stocking his larder with living insects; catching his prey and quickly spinning a thread to bind them, as a robber does his victims. And still another, whose bite the Pygmy assured me was poisonous, looked like a shape in a nightmare. His body was big, purplish-black, and hairy, and his legs, also hairy, were long and gave him a crab-like appearance. When cornered he bristled like a porcupine and leaped ferociously at the end of the long pole which the Pygmy poked at his head. When his mate appeared the enraged creature leaped upon her and for a moment they battled fiercely, turning over and over on the moss between the roots of the tree. The battle raged for fully a minute, and the mate lay still. His anger spent, and sick unto death from the poisonous wounds inflicted by his mate, the ugly creature walked groggily to the base of the tree and tried to climb up the rough bark. Suddenly he lost his hold and tumbled backward. After writhing in agony for a few sec-

onds his legs stiffened and he became paralyzed and died a truly jungle death.

Most ferocious of all, however, were the ants. They swarmed on the bushes, in the trees, and on the floor of the forest by uncountable millions. There were the big, black Sifu ants, traveling in formation like an army, and looking for all the world like endless bands of broad, black ribbon. We kept at a respectful distance, for these aggressive insects have the right of way with man and beast throughout the length and breadth of Africa.

There were tiny red ants and big, fat, flying ants, whose oily bodies are food for man, bird, and beast. There were ants that build nests high up on the limbs of trees like wasps, and others whose architectural fancy seems to be coöperative apartments. Their homes are designed like huge toadstools and built in tiers, one on top of the other. Some of these quaint structures were securely cemented to the trunks of trees, and others rose from the ground at an angle and looked like miniature leaning towers.

These same ants, or termites, have honeycombed the soil of Africa from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean. And their castles twenty and thirty feet high also decorate the landscape in various parts of the country. These castles are permanent structures, with walls as hard as stone, and air shafts which give them a better ventilating system than can be found in some of the modern apartments in New York City.

Like two thieves we broke through the walls into some of these dwellings and watched the effect on the inhabitants. We saw the foremen of the labor gangs marshaling their

myriads of workers and hurrying them to the scene of the catastrophe with grains of sand to repair the damage.

Each little worker was hodcarrier, bricklayer, and mason combined, for he not only carried the grains of sand, but he cemented them together with his own saliva, and helped to mold the wall into its former shape with his tiny front feet.

Although we did not go more than fifty feet in any given direction, on account of the danger to the sleeping men from wild animals, I saw an unbelievable number and variety of insects; and while we watched their movements it was necessary to keep a small branch constantly moving to discourage the flies, midges, and mosquitoes. They settled on my neck, got behind my glasses, and flew into my ears and nostrils. These pests are bloodthirsty and vicious, and their bite leaves a red spot on the skin which soon develops into a pustule and causes intolerable irritation which the most drastic treatment fails to relieve.

I went to bed directly after dinner, hoping that my mosquito net would protect me from the onslaught of the hungry legions which came through the air and sang their battle cry over our heads. My net, however, was little protection. They crawled through the mesh and scored so many times that in the morning I looked as if I had met with an accident.

My poor porters, who slept in the open around the fire, were so mercilessly bitten that they did nothing but scratch their bodies the whole of the time we were in the forest.

We were all glad to break camp and start, as soon as it was light enough to see the trail, for the Pygmy village.

As on the previous day, the going was slow and difficult, and I tried to keep far enough ahead of the porters so that I could not hear them complain. But it was no easy task to struggle with the vines, hold my hat, carry my rifle, and keep track of the guide who was constantly darting this way and that, gathering slugs, snails, caterpillars, and other Pygmy delicacies.

Once we stopped to rob a bees' nest, and the men devoured the honey, comb, sticks, grubs, and all, and laughed heartily when I made a wry face and refused to accept a sticky handful proffered by the guide.

As the morning advanced the heat became stifling. Climbing over hills and going down into swampy valleys became positive torture. I was amazed to find hills in the forest fifty and one hundred feet high composed solely of huge boulders. Some of the great rocks moved at my touch and seemed ready to topple into the swampy valley below. They were covered with moss, lichens, maidenhair ferns, and débris. Some of them were split and being gradually forced apart by lianas and the roots of trees.

It required some courage to follow the guide into one of the black, yawning caves under the rocks, where the bones of animals, grass beds, and a decidedly Pygmy odor gave evidence that it had recently been occupied by the forest people.

III

The first indication I had that we were approaching our destination and the crucial moment when I should stand before the czar of that dim wilderness and present my cre-

dentials, salt and tobacco, was a penetrating whistle and the answering tattoo of a drum.

The guide pointed to the limb of a tree close by and there, looking very much like an ants' nest, was the little dwarf who had blown the whistle to warn the villagers of our approach.

My arrival a few moments later did not seem to cause any particular excitement in any one but myself. The Sultan, whose fuzzy head and humped shoulders did suggest the ape, was sitting on an ebony stool before the embers of a fire, drinking palm wine from a huge black pot. Although he saw me standing on the trail, he did nothing to indicate that he was aware of my close proximity. It was quite evident that he was prepared to give me a warm reception if my visit was not to his liking, for the whole village—numbering thirty-one, counting the women and children—stood in the background with weapons of defense in their hands.

The men were armed with elephant spears, the women had clubs, and the boys carried little bows covered with the tails of monkeys and heavily barbed, steel-tipped arrows. As I gazed at the fearsome group of little dwarfs standing in the dim light under the towering trees, my inclination was to turn and run. It took real effort of will power to go forward to the fire.

The Sultan, without rising, reached forth his well-shaped but hairy hand and touched my fingers. Then with a rush of unintelligible words he looked at me and smiled, showing his splendid white teeth, and pointed to the stool beside him. Without more palaver he filled a broken gourd with wine

from the black pot, took a drink to let me know it wasn't poisoned, and passed it to me. I pretended to drink and then handed the cup to my boy, who drained it to the last drop and smacked his lips and rubbed his stomach to let me know I had missed a good thing.

The utter lack of servility in the manner of the Pygmy Sultan struck me at once, and was a delightful contrast to the false, cringing attitude of the natives who have come under the white man's rule. He was not shy, nor was he bold, and his natural curiosity about his guest was concealed as cleverly as it would be in any well-bred and diplomatic host.

Perhaps the reason for this nonchalant manner, however, was that my guns were not in evidence, and I had come among them with a following of only ten unarmed men.

While the porters cleared a place in the bush for our camp, I presented the Sultan with his first cigarette. He watched me carefully to see what I did with mine, and then lit his own. While we sat and smoked I took stock of the village.

The huts, which were built close together around a cleared space, were of the usual beehive shape. As they are only temporary dwellings they were crudely made by drawing a few saplings together and covering them with phrynium leaves and binding the whole together with pliable vines.

One could hardly call these huts a home, for they are only used to sleep in or to give shelter when it rains. The palaver ground, or cleared space, is where they sit and eat their meals and hold their revels.

Close beside one of the huts I saw myriads of flies and lovely forest butterflies fluttering along a sunbeam that

pointed like a huge, warning finger to a sickening refuse heap where three gaunt, dirty yellow dogs snapped and snarled at one another as they nosed about in the filth for food.

When the villagers saw their Sultan and his guest sitting amiably side by side, smoking cigarettes, they lost their hostile attitude and came up for a closer inspection of me.

When the Sultan stood up to order them back I was surprised to find that he looked taller than his measurements later proved to be. I was also greatly impressed by his graceful gestures when speaking, and his dignified and authoritative manner.

His short legs, heavy torso, and long arms did not disguise the fact that this unwashed, forest-dwelling savage, with habits lower than the wild beasts whose flesh he feeds upon, possessed that indefinable air of superiority which one finds among so many of the leaders of the African tribes.

I had not been in the Pygmy village long before I realized that instead of being the observer I was the observed. And the little people were as thorough as scientists in their efforts to solve this human riddle that had come so suddenly and mysteriously into their lives.

My long, straight, white hair, which I brushed frequently to impress them, was often the subject of warm debates. They also wanted to know if my body was the color of my hands and face. To convince them that it was, I rolled up my sleeves and exposed my bare arms. But this did not satisfy them, so they asked me to remove my clothes.

Their effort to make an exhaustive inquiry in regard to my

color left me no privacy. When I bathed, in spite of the vigilance of my boys, both the men and women crawled through the bush and poked their woolly heads under the canvas of my tent. The only way I could discourage them was to throw a pan of soapy water in their face. There was one, however, a wizened little old man who looked like a resurrected mummy, who refused to be discouraged, and early one morning before the camp was awake he stole up to my tent and cut a slit in the canvas. My mosquito net would have suffered the same fate had I not blinded him with the soapy water.

For about a week life went on in the Pygmy village very much as it might in any home where an uninvited stranger came to stay. They did not divulge any of their carefully guarded secrets, nor did the witch doctor perform for the stranger.

When they felt like it the women and girls went into the bush to search for edible roots, bulbs, and insects for the evening meal. When the men felt energetic they would add variety to the menu by bringing in a few monkeys, birds, or squirrels. And once they brought in an old male chimpanzee that looked so human I fled in horror to my tent, and nothing could induce me to look upon the tragic sight again.

At some time during the course of their lazy day the adult men would give instruction to the young boys in the art of throwing a spear and shooting an arrow. Although the Pygmies show remarkable skill in using these weapons when their target is stationary, it became very evident when I threw objects into the air for them to shoot at, and when they were shooting at fleeing monkeys, that they knew noth-

A WELL-PROPORTIONED PYGMY.

ing about the science of judging speed and aiming ahead of a moving object.

In an effort to vary the monotony of the days and make them forget that a stranger was in their midst I introduced the childish game of jump the rope, using the lianas in lieu of rope. It was a happy inspiration, and the little people became wildly excited over this new diversion. The old as well as the young caught the spirit of it and went around the palaver ground leaping and yelling and hitting one another over the head with the tough vines until each in turn fell to the ground utterly exhausted by their hilarity and the strenuous exercise. Some day, no doubt, we shall hear that some traveler has visited the Bambute Pygmies of the Ituri Forest and discovered that the little people were the originators of the childish pastime, jump the rope.

The next thing that happened to break the monotony of our jungle existence nearly ended in a tragedy, and taught me the folly of interfering with a primitive man when disciplining a wife.

It all happened because the Sultan was displeased with the careless manner in which his wife prepared his evening meal—a matter which has been the cause of more than one domestic upheaval in far more civilized households.

The lady was toasting a piece of fat on the end of a sharp stick, which she held over the fire, for her hungry and waiting lord, when by some chance move on her part the titbit slipped off and blazed up in the flame so fiercely she could not retrieve it. With a roar of rage the quick-tempered savage jumped to his feet and leaped across the space which separated them, striking the little woman in the face and

knocking her flat on the ground. Shouts of laughter rose from the other Pygmies to greet this brutality and encouraged him. Then, just as he was about to pounce upon the screaming woman, groveling at his feet, to inflict more punishment, I interfered.

Resorting to my best Kingwana, I shouted, *"Toka, toka,"* which means, "Get out, get out," and rushed around the camp fire toward him. With the rapidity with which these little people are capable of moving, he leaped over the form of his prostrate and chastened wife, and with rage-filled eyes and distorted features stood facing me. Terrified, I halted in my tracks. Words cannot describe the diabolical expression on his face and humped shoulders. There was something about his long arms, which hung by his side, and twitching fingers that suggested the wild beast ready to spring.

Suddenly, with a guttural yell that echoed strangely in the forest, he leaped into the air again, like a jack-in-the-box, and stood for a second threateningly before me. Then rocking his heavy body from side to side he waved his arms and beat upon his chest as if it were a drum. His eyes blazed and seemed ready to pop out of his head, and his broad, flat nostrils quivered and dilated like those of a winded horse. His actions were exactly like those of a caged chimpanzee when in a towering rage.

The whole village, including my own boys, crowded around us, with spears and knives held tightly in their hands. The little people talked and chattered excitedly. I thought I had seen enough of natives and their ways not to be afraid of them, but this display of temper

was beyond anything I had ever seen. To say I was frightened would be putting it mildly. I was simply terrified, and my hair and clothing were dripping with the perspiration that oozed from every pore of my body.

But had I known that the next moment was to be my last I could not have helped laughing at that sizzling human bomb. My sense of humor never served me better, for, African fashion, the unexpected happened. As my laughter burst forth the thing which we call a human being, but which for the moment was a wild beast, stopped rocking. And then with a Jekyll and Hyde transformation that would rival John Barrymore's interpretation of that unlovely character, his mood changed, his rage subsided, and his features relaxed. I imagined I could see the hair on his chest and shoulders lowering as it does on a dog calming down after a fit of anger.

It would have been a simple matter for those savages to blot me and my little caravan off the map and shift their habitation to another part of that boundless forest where white men never go. But it was not to be, for after staring hard at me for a moment he turned and shouted a hoarse command to his people who immediately fell back. Then as he turned, to walk around the camp fire and resume his seat, he glanced at me once or twice from under his protruding brows in a suspicious, hesitating way, as if he were doubting the wisdom of his own judgment in being so lenient with me. Although I was shaking like a leaf, and had a queer, sick feeling, I did my best to appear nonchalant as if butting into the family affairs of Pygmy Sultans were an everyday occurrence with me. I also followed

his example and resumed my seat beside the fire and with a very shaky hand lit a cigarette, and purposely blew the smoke in the Sultan's direction. There was method in this maneuver, for the little rascal was passionately fond of tobacco, and I had been a good provider since I arrived in his village. I wanted to make him beg for one so I could appear magnanimous, but I was disappointed. Although he sniffed the smoke and stared at me, he held his peace.

Finally, as if I had just thought of him, I called my boy, and giving him a cigarette told him to light it for the Sultan. If the kind word that turneth away wrath held half the magic of that cigarette, human beings could perform miracles. He simply beamed upon me, and his mood became as pleasant as sunshine after a tropical storm. He talked loudly with his people and laughed over his own repartee. He even became garrulous and friendly with his chastened wife, and bubbling with Pygmy affection he gave her a resounding slap on the hip and caught her leg and tripped her up when she humbly proffered him another piece of fat, which she had taken from one of the children and toasted without mishap.

The Pygmies are still in the Adamite stage of development, and the art of housekeeping among the women is as simple as it was when Eve kept garden for Adam. There are perhaps no women in the world who marry and raise families with less domestic cares and worries than the Pygmy women of the Ituri Forest.

They plant no garden and wash no clothes, and the only live stock they possess are the kind that infests their uncombed heads and unwashed bodies. When these become

too troublesome the head is shaved and the body scraped and painted.

Their leaf-thatched homes are only temporary structures and can boast of no piece of furniture. They sleep on the ground beside a fire, and their beds are made of leaves and the dried skins of wild beasts.

Their children, whose bodies never, even at birth, know the cleaning influence of water, save when their mothers are caught out in the rain, come into the world quietly—at least the one whose birth I witnessed did—and rarely annoy the mother by their cries, not even when their poor little heads are kept bobbing about like a rubber ball while the mother jumps, jumps to the rhythm of the drums.

The household utensils in a well-established Pygmy ménage consist of a few broken gourds and one or two big black pots, which some member of the community has borrowed or stolen from their more enlightened neighbors who are agriculturists and live in clearings in the forest.

These pots are often used as wine casks and they also serve as plate and platter for the whole community when a delectable Pygmy stew, composed of such ingredients as bush rats, lizards, grubs, snails, winged ants, monkeys, edible roots, leaves, and long, black, hairy caterpillars, is on the menu.

Since my visit to the Pygmies I have never partaken of stew or soup made from stock, for when I see it served memory carries me back to a vision of my little friends dropping their contribution, whatever they found in the forest, into the yawning mouth of the black pot, where it remained until the odor roused their appetites.

Stews, however, are only a sort of hors d'œuvres with the Pygmies. Meat is their pièce de résistance, their entrée, and their dessert. When a big animal, like an elephant, an okapi, or a chimpanzee is killed, villagers repair to the place where it lies, and there the little people remain until not a vestige of it is left. They dance and consume quantities of palm wine at these feasts. The meat is eaten raw, half cooked, and in all stages of decay, with no apparent ill effect, unless it be in the abnormal distention of their stomachs. It was no unusual thing to see my little hosts and hostesses sitting around a dead animal with their teeth buried in a piece of meat while they cut off huge mouthfuls with a rusty hunting knife.

When a piece slipped out of their hands and fell to the ground it was wiped off on the owner's head or bare leg. A trifling accident like this, however, did not interfere with their appetites or their smacking enjoyment of a feast.

When making an excursion to a neighboring tribe to barter meat for palm wine the Pygmies usually don a piece of bark cloth. But when they are at home in the forest their only covering is a few flowers, or a bunch of leaves plucked from a convenient bush, and sometimes this decoration is visible only when the wearer turns around.

For dress-up parties, or an orgy when an elephant is killed, the whole community will spend days painting grotesque patterns on their faces and bodies with clay or soot mixed with fat. They do not mutilate their bodies, however, as other Congo tribes do.

Their only ornaments are charms made of the chopped eyelashes of elephants and the great goliath beetles. The

PYGMIES IN A WALESE VILLAGE IN THE DARK FOREST, WHERE THE LITTLE PEOPLE ARE SAFE FROM THE PRYING EYES OF WHITE MEN.

men wear little wooden whistles, suspended by a piece of leather from their necks, which have a great carrying power. Their charms and whistles are anointed with the blood of a chicken by the canny witch doctor, who guarantees that they will protect the owner from illness and all the death-dealing demons of the forest.

Not once during my visit to the Pygmies did I see a child punished. An infant is never left alone. If a mother wishes to go to another hut to gossip with her neighbor, take part in a dance, or go into the forest in search of food, her child goes with her. Her hip is his cradle, her soft, brown arm his pillow, and a leaf and the warmth from her body protect him from the rain and the cold.

While the women take good care of their babies, it is the men who are demonstrative and affectionate with them. The children are all pot-bellied, and when old enough they run about the forest with nothing more cumbersome to hamper their movements than the inevitable goliath beetle charm. The change in temperature on rainy days does not seem to affect them, for I saw no evidence of coughs or colds among them.

It was a great surprise to me to find that at birth a Pygmy baby is the size of any normal child. Then for a few years they seem to grow tall and thin like the light-starved vegetation around them. At a certain age Nature checks their upward climb and they broaden out and develop tremendously heavy shoulders and torso for their size.

The average height of the Pygmies I met was about four feet. There was, however, great diversity in individuals, some being several inches below this measurement, and

others above. In color they ranged from a brownish yellow to coal black, and this variation was very pronounced in members of the same family.

The Pygmy women appeared very dull and stupid by comparison with the men, who have a keen sense of humor and are very merry until their quick tempers are aroused.

Their wild, lawless life in the dangerous forest has developed in the men a quickness of movement and a sense of sight and hearing that can only be rivaled by the wild beasts which roam the jungles in search of food, like themselves. But, strange as it seems, this remarkable power of sight and hearing seems to become dulled when they come into the clearings where they are out of their element.

Malnutrition and sun-starvation is the favorite theory advanced for reason of the dwarf stature. However true it may be with Pygmies in other parts of the world, these reasons certainly have nothing to do with the growth of the Bambute Pygmies whom I visited. I found them a healthy, happy, well-nourished people, amazingly free from the awful diseases which are so common and so decimating to other Congo tribes.

They have a great variety of both vegetable and animal food. They spend hours basking in the sunlight which, in places, finds its way into the gloomy forest through rifts in the foliage. Whatever may be the cause of arrested development in the Pygmies, it is something which cannot be learned by a short visit to their villages, or by reading a well-written treatise on the subject which has been compiled by a well-read, stay-at-home scientist.

IV

The most thrilling and exciting experience I had in the three months which I spent in the Ituri Forest was tracking an elephant with my little hosts. Had I known when we started out in the morning that the quarry was to be elephant I am sure I would have had a serious attack of cold feet and remained in camp.

After having spent two strenuous years following elephants when we were after the group which now delights the visitors to the American Museum of Natural History in New York, I had no wish to experience such perils again.

It was shortly after breakfast one morning that the faint, far-off, bird-like sound of Pygmy whistles reached our ears. They electrified the whole village and sent the hunters hurrying into the trees where they had put their freshly poisoned spears out of the reach of the children.

As I had often gone hunting with them, I put two sandwiches and all the cartridges I possessed, which were nine—my box of ammunition was lost at Jinga, and I had but twelve cartridges for my journey across the Congo—and followed the excited men who were making their way single file through the bush. In about a half hour we came across the fresh droppings of an elephant, and leaning their spears against a tree the Pygmies mixed their find with mud and smeared it over their heads and bodies to disguise their own odor. I was earnestly urged to do likewise, but I hastily declined with thanks.

Presently we were joined by the owners of the whistles,

relatives from another village. The Pygmies are past masters in the art of conversing in gestures, and I soon learned that an elephant which had fallen into one of their traps had escaped. But not before their poisoned spears and several poisoned stakes at the bottom of the trap had entered his body.

Then for the first time I realized, with a sinking feeling, that we were on the trail of a wounded elephant. I tried to bribe one of the Pygmies to lead me back to camp, but it was too late. The hunt was on, and whether I liked it or not I must remain with the six little hunters to the finish, even though it lasted for days.

Once we crossed a modest little stream of water that rippled and glided silently over a sandy bed half hidden between banks of maidenhair ferns and clusters of Crinium lilies. Sometimes the scent of an unseen flower filled the hothouse atmosphere and was a welcome relief from the offensive odor of my companions.

Sometimes the spoor would be lost where the ground was swampy and cut up by deep holes left in the mud by the passing of many elephants. The little men stopped frequently for consultations. Woolly heads were bent over the great footprints. Freshly crushed leaves and broken twigs were examined and like a useful Baedeker they helped to determine our direction.

Once during the morning I found relaxation when we came to an open glade where a troop of chimpanzees were enjoying a sun bath on a pile of rocks. One old fellow was lying on his back mouthing a slender twig which he held between his teeth. Every now and then he would raise his

foot and, grasping the branches of an overhanging bush, beat himself vigorously with the foliage. Then with a quick turn he flopped over on his stomach, and as if in anger because the bush did not continue its pleasant treatment he would jump up, scratch his head, and, leaping up and down, utter piercing screams. The sight proved too tempting to the hunting instinct of the Pygmies, but just as the man next to me drew his bow I spoiled his aim by bumping against him and the arrow whizzed harmlessly over the heads of the family party.

Needless to say the Pygmies were furious, but their volley of reproving words was drowned by the piercing screams of the apes, who lost no time in getting away into the dense bush.

The next animals which we surprised in their forest retreat were not so fortunate as the apes. Not more than two hours after our meeting with the chimpanzees the Pygmies were lunching on the raw flesh of one of the strangest animals in the forest.

We had started again on our fatiguing task of tracking the elephant, which we knew was somewhere in the bush ahead of us. What moment we might come up with him we did not know. Perhaps even then he was waiting for us beside the trail or coming back stealthily through the bush to wreak vengeance upon his pursuers. The African elephant is individual, and it is always a matter of speculation with the experienced hunter what he will do even before he is molested. Most of the casualties which occur in the small group of men who really follow elephants are due to a sudden, swift charge which takes the hunter unawares.

If the hunter is slow in action, or has been careless in his preparations, the sequel to the hunt is usually told by a little pile of rocks with which the white man's followers have marked the spot where the elephant left him.

With body dripping with perspiration and ears tuned to catch each jungle sound, I followed in the footsteps of the Pygmies as silently as the obstructions and my civilized clothing would permit.

Never have I seen such an amazing variety of vegetation, nor such curious distorted growths under one roof. Nature had given free rein to her wildest idiosyncrasies here. There was hardly a growing thing which had not suffered some deformity in its efforts to reach the light or escape the octopus clutches of the parasitical plants and vines. Some of the trees were dwarfed and leaned heavily upon roots which Nature had sent down from their distorted limbs to support their weight. Some of them were draped with beard moss and coming upon them suddenly they were startling, for they bore an uncanny resemblance to my dwarf companions.

The deeper we went into that amazing jungle the more oppressive became the humidity, and the more terrifying became its primeval vastness. Nothing in all that boundless forest seemed natural or normal, and strange to say there exists a decided similarity between the vegetation, the wild animals, and the little savages who live and die away from the sight of their fellow man.

As I walked cautiously along behind the Pygmies, my thoughts busy with the wonders about me, there suddenly came to our ears the sound of splashing water. Slight though

it was, the Pygmies caught its message. Immediately their heads came together for a consultation. To my utter amazement they discussed the matter in pantomime, agreeing and disagreeing, and coming to a final decision without making a sound. Their facial expressions and the movements of their hands and bodies were to me far more intelligible than their spoken words.

They humped their shoulders, frowned, pointed with chin and lips and raised their eyebrows, and thrust their heads forward and back to express their approval or disapproval in exactly the same way as did J. T. Jr., the little monkey who was my constant companion for nine years.

One man wanted to climb a tree. Another wanted to make a detour of investigation. At times they became so excited and gesticulated so wildly it looked as if they were going to have a free-for-all fight.

The matter was finally brought to an abrupt conclusion by the little Sultan, who with great bravado turned quickly and shook his poisoned spear as if he wished to convey the idea that he was ready and willing to meet the giants of the jungle single-handed. Like trained monkeys the others quickly imitated his action, and to show them their bravery was properly appreciated I smiled and nodded my head in approval.

I followed the Sultan, who took the lead, and so quietly did he go that not so much as a twig snapped under the velvet tread of his bare feet. When a thorn caught on my clothing he turned in fury and motioned that I remove the offending garments and hunt in the nude as he did. The bush was so dense that it took minutes to go a few feet, for

each branch and vine had to be lifted carefully and returned to place with the same caution.

It suddenly occurred to me that we might be stalking a gorilla, and my heart took a jump and almost stopped beating. I was just about to stop the Sultan when a swampy patch claimed my attention and my very wickedest thoughts.

What at first glance appeared to be just a soft patch of ground developed into a morass covered with dead leaves and green slime. As I floundered across the awful place I sank ankle-deep in oozy mud and disturbed millions upon millions of mosquitoes and tiny black flies.

They rose around us in black clouds like smoke from a newly made fire. When I grasped the bushes to steady myself their numbers increased, and the noise made by the hungry hordes was unbelievable. My face and neck and hands and arms were so completely covered with the poisonous pests that no one could have told whether I was white or black. Not so much as a pin point of flesh could be seen between their thirsty bodies. To brush them off only meant an invitation for others to take their place, and this I could not endure, for each bite was like a red-hot needle piercing my flesh.

When the Sultan turned and looked at me he pointed to his own black face and put his hand over his mouth to repress his mirth. Strange to say, the mosquitoes or flies did not attack the Pygmies en masse as they did me. But of course I didn't blame the mosquitoes, after walking behind the Pygmies all the morning. When I looked in my mirror two days later I was truly thankful that I was many, many weeks' journey from the nearest white persons, for my face and

neck and arms were covered with angry red blotches, some of which remained with me until their poison was finally dissolved by the high temperature of a malignant fever.

Just as I was struggling out of the swamp onto dry ground we heard again the sound of splashing water. It was very close this time, and sounded as if some animal was stamping its feet to discourage the flies.

Although I was suffering excruciating pain from the bites and nearly fainting from fright and the awful humidity, there was nothing to do but be quiet and follow the Pygmies. So we crept forward inch by inch. Suddenly the Sultan crouched, and peering over his head, I saw three animals, father, mother, and baby, standing on the sandy bed of a shallow stream of water.

At first the bright sunlight which streamed down through rifts in the foliage blinded me, and I could not make out what animals they were. Then suddenly my vision cleared and I think my heart stopped beating. For I could see quite clearly that the purplish-brown bodies, which looked glossy black in the sunlight, had striped legs, big ears, and giraffe-like heads, and realized that I was within a few yards of an okapi family, one of the rarest and most elusive animals known to science.

Although I had endured much that morning, I felt that Mother Africa had given me my reward by letting me see those remarkable animals alive in their natural environment.

Regardless of the fact that the mosquitoes were still singing fiercely around my head, and my arms looked as if they had been sprinkled with red ink from their bites, I felt as if I had suddenly entered an enchanted world.

It was as if I was in a darkened theater where the curtain had risen on a great spectacle and the audience breathlessly waited the actors' appearance on the scene.

Tiny birds with long, saucy tail feathers whipped the air as they darted in and out among the looping vines and foliage after the myriads of insects that swarmed in the sunshine.

Huge forest butterflies with wings like silken gauze floated lazily, as if hung in mid-air by a thread. Thousands of them, with downy bodies and widespread wavering wings, lined the banks of the stream close to the animals. With each stamp of the okapi's foot they rose in clouds of gorgeous color, to float on the air before returning to the same moist spot. I realized that the Pygmies were trying to attract my attention, but still I watched breathlessly as a flock of screeching parrots came swiftly through the trees and settled on a vine just over the animals' heads. There, with shaking wings, they strutted back and forth and argued and screeched. A pair of big hornbills stopped their ridiculous love-making to cock their grotesque heads and peer down over the leaves at them.

My hungry companions had no interest in the birds or the unusual beauty of the scene. They were looking for meat for themselves and their families, and meat was there before them.

They wanted to act quickly, and this fact was brought home to me very forcibly when one of the impatient little men thrust the blunt end of his spear into the small of my back. Hurt and very indignant at his impudence, I turned

TWO YOUNG OKAPI.

THESE ANIMALS WERE BROUGHT OUT OF THE FOREST BY THE PYGMIES AND SURVIVED FOR SEVERAL MONTHS AT THE MISSION AT BUTA (BASUELE), BELGIAN CONGO.

angrily to remonstrate with him, but when I saw the expressions on the forbidding faces I hastily decided to postpone my pantomime remarks until another time.

Whether the mother okapi heard us or got a whiff of our scent I do not know, but she suddenly raised her head in a startled manner. The big ears bent forward for a second, and then with some force she nosed her baby out of the water.

For a second they were almost hidden by a curtain of butterflies, and then I could see her looking over her shoulder at her mate who, as if reluctant to leave the water, stopped for another mouthful of leaves.

He did not get farther than the bank, however, and as he fell the cow and calf vanished into the forest just as a couple of well-aimed poisoned spears landed in the exact spot where she had stood.

The Pygmies were wild with joy and followed one another in a dance around the beautiful creature. As the animal lay in the sunlight, on the dead leaves and green moss, the sheen on its coat was like satin. Comparing its size and the dark purplish brown of its coat with specimens I have seen in the museums of Europe, it must have been a very old and unusually large animal.

Never have I regretted anything quite so much as my inability to preserve the skin and bring it back to America. But I could not coax or bribe the Pygmies to return to camp after the salt, without which I was helpless.

In that hot, moist atmosphere the collector must act quickly to preserve the skin of an animal. Even then he has

a lively race with the insects, the mold, and decay, which attacks and destroys everything from shoe leather to photographic equipment.

While I regret killing or seeing any animal killed for any other purpose than food or science, and do believe most earnestly that all wild life should be protected—particularly from white men who employ white hunters to assist them with their killing—I do not believe in letting sentiment run away with one's common sense. I think the natives of Africa have a better right to the game than the white man.

Left alone with his primitive weapons he will not slaughter unnecessarily or drive the game from the earth. He is far too lazy to emulate his white brothers who hunt for the sheer joy of killing. Like the much maligned lion, the native kills only when he is hungry, and then only enough to satisfy his needs and the needs of his family.

I do not think I exaggerate when I say that the modern housewife is responsible for the death of more dumb animals in one month by her wastefulness than a Pygmy is in six. The fact that our animals are domesticated and have learned to look upon man as their friend makes it seem all the more cruel and heartless.

Although it was two o'clock by my watch, and we had been on the trail since early morning, the tireless little men lost no time after dancing around the okapi in preparing to follow the elephant.

First they built a sort of nest, with sticks and leaves, in the crotch of a tree, about fifteen feet above the ground, and close to the dead animal. This watchtower was used

by the two little men who were left to guard the meat until the forest folk whom they called, by blowing frequently on their little wooden whistles, arrived for the feast. When this was finished they regaled themselves with hunks of raw meat.

When I tried to tell them that I wanted to return to the village they got up, groaned, and staggered about to let me know the elephant was very sick and they would follow him. I signified my intention of remaining where I was until the villagers arrived, but they made it quite clear that I must go on.

The thought of repeating the strenuous and exhausting trials of the morning was almost unbearable. It was not so much the actual distance we had come that was so exhausting. It was the enervating heat and the terrific strain on my nerves. The fact that we were following a wounded elephant through a dark forest, so dense with undergrowth and hanging vines that I could not get a clear view in any direction, and the necessity of carrying my own gun—light enough though it was—to be ready for emergencies were most fatiguing.

But I was alone and in their power, and the little men were keenly alive to this fact. My interest in the life and habits of the Pygmies reached a very low ebb at that moment, and I would have given anything I possessed to be back in camp where I could crawl under my mosquito net, away from the flies, and go to sleep.

Longing for the impossible is not conducive to happiness in the jungle, so I went to the stream and tried to forget and find relief from the burning irritations caused by the

poisonous bites of the midges and mosquitoes. Cupping my hand I dissolved permanganate tablets one after another and bathed my swollen face and arms. The water and the rubbing only increased the irritation, so I used heroic methods and applied the undissolved tablets to the wounds. This is not a remedy I would recommend, for it burned the skin, and the results were worse than the bites.

Finally, no cot being available, I threw myself down on the bank of the stream, with my arms above my head, and tried to go to sleep. I had hardly composed myself before I was completely covered from head to foot with butterflies. I lay perfectly still as they rested and rose and fluttered and settled on me again and again. Suddenly I became conscious of two bright eyes peering down at me from a limb. Presently I could see black faces fringed in white rising and lowering over the leaves, and I realized that the tree was full of inquisitive little monkeys. I forgot my misery and the Pygmies, but not for long. A low sibilant "sisst" uttered by one of the Pygmies brought me back to the dreadful business of tracing a wounded elephant through the depths of an unexplored forest.

Like bloodhounds following a fugitive, the little men slipped silently around the trees, beneath the looping vines, and crossed boggy patches on sticks and stones as lightly as a bird hopping from branch to branch. They even climbed trees when they heard a commotion in the bush, and ran out on the limbs as dexterously as if they were accustomed to living arboreal lives.

I had several attacks of cold feet and nearly lost my nerve,

but I dared not communicate my feelings to my savage companions for fear they might desert me.

The trail finally led us to a muddy stream of water which we crossed by climbing to a natural bridge of vines. The Pygmies ran across this huge cable like squirrels, their big toe grasping the rough bark like the thumb of a hand. When it came my turn to cross, the merry little men stood below and boldly made fun of me because I became panicky and clutched wildly at the vines overhead.

Suddenly, while I was still doing a very bad imitation of Bird Millman on the vine, there came a shrill trumpeting scream and the crashing and slashing of timber; pandemonium reigned in the bush ahead of us.

The Pygmies faded from the scene as quickly and silently as if the earth had opened and swallowed them—while I, petrified with fright, remained poised on the vine.

No words can describe the terror of that moment, or my feeling of helplessness, for I had given my gun to one of the Pygmies to carry across the perilous bridge, and I was left defenseless when they fled.

From my high elevation I could see the heads and backs of many elephants tearing madly in every direction in a wild stampede to get away. They crashed through the forest like high-power army tanks, tearing down the vines, felling trees, and leaving destruction in their wake.

Almost as suddenly as the uproar started it stopped, and the death-like stillness which followed was ominous and more frightening than the noise.

I was no novice in elephant hunting. I knew that the sudden silence was often the forerunner of a sudden, swift charge. I waited and watched breathlessly, but nothing happened. Just as I was beginning to relax and breathe more freely my eye caught a movement in the bushes directly in front of me. Slowly but surely they parted and a gleaming pair of ivory tusks, the largest I have ever seen, followed by a mammoth head and body came cautiously forward. The beast stopped not more than thirty-five feet from me, and spreading his great ragged ears—twelve feet or more across—raised his snaky trunk and waved it gently from side to side, trying to locate us. Presently the trunk straightened and the tip tilted upward, straight in my direction, like an accusing finger.

So close was he that I could see the red of his nostrils as they opened and closed nervously. Finally, after what seemed an interminable time, but in reality was only a few minutes, the great ears were swept back with a noiseless rush against his body, and with still pointing trunk the mammoth beast backed slowly and silently away and faded into the bush.

I lived a year in those few moments, and I don't believe I took a single breath during the trying ordeal. But it is moments such as these, terrible as they may seem to one who has never experienced such danger, that remain in the memory to thrill one again and again when a civilized existence palls.

When I felt reasonably sure that the danger was over, and I could force my lips into a pucker, I whistled for the Pygmies who had so very sensibly made their escape, and

descended from my perilous position, with badly shaken nerves and no wish to go on.

To pass through the bush where the elephants had been seemed like sending out a challenge to death, for often these intelligent beasts will wait patiently and silently in the bush and take a terrible revenge on their pursuers.

I knew the Pygmies would desert me if we got in a tight place again; not from cowardice, however, as it is so often said, but because self-preservation is the law of the jungle, and only a fool would stay to face a charging beast, armed only with their primitive weapons.

We hadn't gone far before my nervousness got me into trouble. As I was walking along behind the cautious little men I stepped on a stick which broke with a loud crack and brought down upon me the combined wrath of my companions. They tried to bully me by their gestures, which fortunately roused my anger and brought back my courage and control over my nerves.

We came upon the elephant we were tracking quite suddenly, and happily for us he was quite dead. Besides a badly festering poison-spear wound on his back the poor beast carried three spearheads and a sharpened bamboo stake, all poisoned, in his body. Throwing down their spears, the pygmies flung themselves upon the elephant. With outstretched arms and tears streaming from their eyes they groaned and moaned and pressed their faces against his great, rough hide. They fell upon each other's necks and danced round and round the still warm body, yelling and screeching at the top of their lungs.

When this frightful spasm was over they blew repeatedly

on whistles and a little ivory horn, which I bribed the Sultan to give me as a souvenir. They carefully collected the eyelashes, bits of the trunk, and the hairs from the ear opening for their fetishes. The long, stiff hairs on the elephant's tail were also saved and later traded for palm wine to their neighbors, who convert them into jewelry.

As night falls quickly in the forest, and warm meat was the most important thing in the minds of my companions, I was left to collect the wood for our camp fire and try to find a place where I could keep warm in my thin, ragged pongee shirt and dripping, mud-stained khaki trousers.

Never did a lone woman spend a more trying vigil. As the light faded a chilling mist rose like a ghostly shroud enveloping the forest, and strange, unearthly sounds rose on all sides. Bats and enormous beetles whirred and volplaned over my head. A family of giant bullfrogs, whose croak is not unlike the sound of a big bass drum, rehearsed their chorals, going up and down the scale, the whole night through. I had not tasted food since daylight, but exhaustion and the sight of the Pygmies at their horrible feast chased away all desire for it. As the night wore on, utter weariness and the need of food and sleep made me feel very cowardly. I became terrified of the awful shadows and shapes which my firelight chased through the mist.

I tried to avoid the multitude of ants and other crawly things which swarmed over the ground, attracted by the fire and the fresh meat.

When the Pygmies had gorged to the limit of their capacity they crawled inside the body of the elephant and went to sleep. Terrified at being left alone, I threw sticks

into the air so they would fall upon the elephant's side and keep them awake. When this ruse failed to work I screamed and pretended I saw a leopard. This brought them to the fireside with their spears in their hands, and there they remained until the welcome daylight appeared.

By midday our camp was filled with the strange little people. While the men and women were busy building shelters to sleep in, the little children ran about the forest, with pieces of meat in their hands. They got into everybody's way and like children at a picnic they became greatly excited and felt very important trying to help their parents.

Messengers were quickly dispatched to a Walese village with meat to be exchanged for palm wine and banana beer. The orgy which followed lasted five days. The entire community, including the children, painted patterns on their bodies and also decorated themselves with the wealth of material Nature offered. They drank quantities of palm wine and danced as only primitive peoples can and do on such occasions.

The elephant hunt was rehearsed by the clever little actors a dozen times. Their display of ego and flashes of jealousy over their prowess awake memories which never fail to make me laugh.

How long the Pygmies can evade captivity, which will be their death warrant, it is difficult to say. Even now the merciless white man is hot on their trail. I, for one, most earnestly hope that the great forest which they love and which has been their home through the unknown ages may continue to prove a safe refuge for them and their kind.

CHAPTER VIII

JUNGLE RESCUE

Of the vast number of people who visit our natural history museums and gaze on the strange birds and beasts, so life-like in their artificial settings, but few realize at what cost, not only in money but in human life, the mounted specimens were secured and placed before them.

Little indeed do they realize what dangers and hardships, and often personal sacrifice, the collector must face to make a journey into some out-of-the-way corner of the world to secure a rare specimen whose habitat is in the depths of a primeval forest, on the summit of a high mountain, or in the middle of a low-lying, fever-haunted swamp.

The inscription on the little white card attached to each case in a museum is often like a name on a tombstone, and tells only the sex and the habitat of the individual.

A few years ago, owing to the poverty of our public institutions and the absence of artistic talent in arranging exhibits pleasingly and intelligently to attract the public, the museum halls were devoid of life and as silent as the dead creatures crowded together in the glass cases.

Scientists went out on their quest for specimens alone or in groups of twos or threes. Most of these men went into the field with but very little money, and very poorly equipped for their undertaking.

The world had not yet become a tourist playground, nor exploration exploited to the extent of becoming a commercial fad. Those pioneers went out with but little knowledge of the country which they planned to visit, or of its inhabitants. They lived strenuous lives and ate whatever they could find in the way of food.

Many of them became ill or met with accidents and suffered terrible privations. Some of them returned to their families crippled or broken in health. And there were others whose sad story is known only to the museum authorities and the members of their immediate families.

It was these men, however, who helped to make the trails safe for our modern explorers, and who laid the solid foundation upon which the unrivaled natural history museums of America are built.

Unfortunately but few of these men had the time or the gift to write of their experiences.

When they were in the field every moment of precious daylight was required for the work of hunting and preserving specimens. In the evening, if there were no photographs to develop, sheer weariness or insect pests sent them early to bed.

To be the first to set foot on this or that particular spot was of small consequence to them. They knew nothing about the value of press agents. They did not capitalize their expeditions by exploiting women and children or by arranging to be the leading feature in the Sunday issue of a daily newspaper. Nor did they anticipate a profitable lecture tour upon their return. They spoke lightly of the dangers and hardships of their journey. They asked no reward

and received none. If only their expedition was a success and they secured the object of their quest, nothing else mattered.

Conditions have changed very considerably even since I first accompanied a scientific expedition into the African wilderness. Through the untiring efforts of a few men with vision and the aid of the press, the great educational value of natural history museums has been recognized. Public-spirited men and women are generously contributing vast sums of money for their maintenance and the advancement of science.

It is no longer necessary for the devoted wife, who shares the dangers and hardships of her scientific husband's work in the field as well as at home, to do her own housework, be her own milliner and dressmaker, and juggle with the family exchequer in an effort to save enough out of his meager salary to pay her expenses when she accompanies him on his journey afield.

Expeditions are now sent into the field under the direction of a financial organizer who is accompanied by a corps of trained workers, well provisioned and elaborately equipped with the latest scientific instruments. They have yachts, airships, and automobiles. And some of them have radios, and can keep in touch with the stock market or the jazz orchestra, according to their fancy.

In fact, the overhead expenses of some of our modern expeditions—fees for agents and white hunters, permits, and elaborate equipment—are so heavy that often there is but little left for the actual work in the field.

While large expeditions are inadvisable and often a great

handicap—especially in Africa—they have one virtue, and that is in case of accident or illness the presence of white companions is a comfort, and may often be the means of saving a life.

In my own experience there were occasions while we were in the African jungles, when Mr. Akeley lay ill unto death with repeated attacks of spirillum and black-water fever, when I would have welcomed the presence of another. To be both doctor and nurse in a tropical country, where only unrelaxing care both day and night can save a stricken companion, is a heavy responsibility. One cannot or should not leave a sick companion to the uncertain care of black boys, however willing they might be to relieve one of an exhausting vigil.

On our second expedition to Central Africa, after the elephants which comprise the group in the American Museum of Natural History of New York, among other misfortunes which overtook us, Mr. Akeley was mauled by an elephant.

The thrilling story of the accident and his miraculous escape from a frightful death has been told many times by himself from the lecture platform. But a personal account of my equally thrilling night journey to his rescue through one of the densest, elephant-infested forests on the African continent is not nearly so well known.

We had been in Uganda, hunting elephants, nearly a year, when the terrific heat and frightful thunderstorms, which occurred with increasing frequency, warned us that the rainy season was approaching. We realized that in a few weeks our work of inspecting the great herds of elephants which

ranged back and forth between Lake Albert and the Nile would be impossible.

The rivers were rising rapidly, and soon they would become raging torrents; the low-lying grass country, the favorite haunt of elephants, would be impassable swamp.

We had been greatly handicapped in our strenuous work of following elephants owing to Mr. Akeley's health, which had become seriously impaired by repeated attacks of fever and dysentery; so anxious was I that I kept in constant communication by runner with the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Tegert, whose hospitable home at Masindi was a haven where I often brought Mr. Akeley to convalesce.

To remain in Uganda during the rainy season would be dangerous, as Mr. Akeley was in no physical condition to carry on our work and cope with the discomforts of tent life or the sudden climatic changes which take place daily at that season of the year. So one day, while he lay on his cot, convalescing from fever, at the Mission, we decided to go down to the healthy highlands of East Africa, where we could make motion-picture records of the Nandi warriors spearing lions, and return to Uganda when the rains were over.

A hasty examination of our finances disclosed the alarming fact that we were out of funds. A cable to the museum authorities brought the discouraging reply, "No more funds available." Imagine being ill and in the heart of Africa with work unfinished and dead broke.

Another consultation resulted in a lengthy telegram to our agents, Messrs. Newland and Tarlton in Nairobi, who agreed to carry us on until we could return to America and

convert into cash the only thing of value we possessed, a small farm in western New York State, to pay our debts.

As soon as Mr. Akeley was able to travel we started on our long trek toward Lake Victoria Nyanza. With us traveled a number of Mission boys whom I sent back, like homing pigeons, to keep our anxious friends informed of our progress.

No finer climate can be found anywhere in the world than in the Elgon country on the Uasin Gishu Plateau. And here the invalid quickly recovered his health. For twenty thrilling days we followed one hundred Nandi spearmen, and made motion-picture records of their primitive methods of hunting the king of beasts.

Then one day, in a reckless moment, we decided to trek across to Mt. Kenya and go to the top. Kenya is one of the loveliest, snow-crowned mountains in Africa. It had been our first love. We had had many thrilling experiences with elephants on its forested slopes, but never had the time to satisfy our desire to go to the very top.

We stopped at Lake Hannington for three days and secured wonderful pictures of the flamingos, and then on to Lake Baringo where we found an old Massi cattle trail which led over the Laikepia Escarpment through a park-like country filled with game, to the foot of Kenya.

We made our base camp in a Wakikuyu village on the southwest side of the mountain, where we left our horses and half of our porters. Accompanied by the remaining forty men and J. T. Jr., the pet monkey who was our constant companion on our African travels, we started to cut our way through the dense tangle of vegetation to the top.

Twice we succeeded in reaching the bamboo forest ten thousand feet up, but mighty canyons filled with dense vegetation and unclimbable precipices forced us to retrace our steps. Victory, however, crowned our third attempt, and we succeeded in reaching the ice fields, eighteen thousand feet up.

So happy and reckless did success and the marvelous beauty of the forest make us that we decided to return to the foothills by a different route.

We followed elephant trails whenever we could, but there were times when we were obliged to plunge through a trackless forest of giant tree ferns. We quenched our thirst with icy water from rock pools at the base of lovely waterfalls. We slept nightly on a bed of cedar boughs which were often laid over a carpet of violets, and were awakened in the morning by the trumpeting of elephants.

It was a glorious adventure, with no illness, accident, or bad weather to mar our joyful journey to the clouds. It was with keen regret that we finally emerged from the forest and made camp on the edge of the bush near a picturesque Kikuyu village, where we had camped on former expeditions to the mountain—just as a tropical downpour broke over our canvas home.

While waiting for our horses and our porters to come up from the base camp, where we had left them when we ascended the mountain, we developed the negatives which had been exposed in the forest. So many of them were failures—owing to the gloom—that Mr. Akeley decided to return to the lower reaches of the forest for a few days to

ONE OF THE KIKUYU HUTS IN WHICH MRS. AKELEY SEARCHED FOR THE RUNAWAY GUIDES. RINGURU.

make another photographic effort, while I remained in camp to pack and label my collection of land shells.

The journey into the forest seemed a hopeless undertaking, for the rainy season had just begun in that region, and save for a few hours of sunlight during the middle of the day we were buried in the clouds. It was cold, the ground muddy, and the vegetation reeking with moisture—but we had planned a forest setting for the elephant group which we were after for the museum, and we were keen to have that setting represent a bit of Kenya's lovely forest.

The cook prepared food for the journey and I mixed a generous bottle of cocktails and put it with an extra supply of quinine and a few instructions in the chop box. As is the custom in Africa, I walked down the trail with the departing safari for a way and then returned to camp and my work on the shells, little dreaming of the inferno of suffering we would pass through before seeing each other again.

I was very busy and the time passed quickly, for I had a caravan of seventy idle black men with varying dispositions to manage; and I held a daily clinic for the local natives, who adore the white man's medicine, especially when it has a vile taste.

The news of my presence was radioed across the hills from one village to another by the drums, and old friends from distant shambas came through the wet fields to see me.

Just before sundown on the afternoon of the third day the two local guides who had accompanied the photographing party into the forest arrived in my camp. When I saw

them my first thought was that an elephant had been killed, and they were sent back to pilot me into the forest, after the way of primitive people. The men stopped at the kitchen to discuss their news with the cook and the porters. Then in due time, followed by every one in camp, they approached my tent where I sat at my table working. Bill, my tent boy, acting as interpreter, stepped forward, and as calmly as if he were telling me that the men had brought in some new species of bird or monkey said, "*tembo piga bawna*" (elephant has struck master).

There had been no warning of the terrible news in the faces of those primitive men, for in that land of violence and quick tragedy a life meant nothing. Many men had been "struck" by elephants, that meant nothing; but I was a white woman and alone, and here was a situation entirely new to them.

After the first shock of the awful news, superexcitement or the need for quick action gave me complete control over myself, and my plan of rescue was quickly formed. First I tried by patient questioning of the guides to find out *just* what had happened in the forest. Bill, again acting as interpreter, said in his mixture of pidgin English and Swahili:

"Guides say elephant stop behind bush. He ketch master. Guides 'fraid. They run 'way. They come here."

This meager bit of information was all they could give me. I wrote a letter to the nearest white official, who was a day's march away, and told him what had happened and that I was going into the forest at once, asking him to send a doctor to us as quickly as possible. Then I called two

native runners and offered them a big reward if they would travel all night and deliver my message by daybreak. I realized there was only one chance in a hundred that the men would do my bidding, for the natives never go abroad after dark if they can possibly help it, on account of the cold and the wild beasts.

After they had gone I had the porters line up, and walking past them I chose twenty of the strongest men to accompany me into the forest. I did not ask if they would go —I calmly chose those who were to go.

While the cook was preparing food for the journey I got together the medicine, bandages, and clothing. When these, with tents and other equipment, were packed into light loads and placed under the fly of my tent, I sent the porters to bed, saying that I would call them when I was ready. Then I made a crude sort of stretcher with many lengths of cotton sheeting which we carried for trading with the natives. It was not a very comfortable conveyance for an injured man, but the jungle offered no choice. While I knelt in the bitter cold on the floor of my tent and worked by the feeble light of a smoky lantern, the tall camp guard stood at the entrance shivering, for the heavy mountain mist had changed into a driving rain, and the icy wind that blew off the glaciers carried it with biting force across the camping ground and against my tent. Every now and then when the prowling hyenas came too close he would go out to the camp fire and try to coax the wet wood into a blaze. It was nearly midnight when the stretcher was finished and I sent the guard to arouse the porters. On his way back he raided the kitchen and almost depleted the cook's treasure stock of

dry wood, but a few moments later the leaping flames of the revived camp fire helped to cheer us.

The men failed to respond to the first call, and a second visit to their tents was necessary before they approached the fire, sullen and grumbling. The first arrivals squatted on their heels and, humping their shoulders under their cotton garments, huddled close together over the blaze, while the tardy ones stood behind them and received the full force of the biting wind. Coming, as many of our porters had, from the low, hot coast country, they were far more susceptible to the cold of the high altitude than the local savages, who for protection covered their bodies with a coating of castor oil and red clay. I was anxious to get started before any of them collapsed with a chill, which often happens when they are exposed to the cold rains. Some of them had been to the summit with us, and their sufferings were still fresh in their memory.

When I went into my tent to get my gun, Bill followed me, and after a little hesitation began pleading with me not to start until daylight. Lowering his voice he told me that the porters were in a very ugly mood, and did not want to go. He said they were afraid of *engai*, the spirit of the mountain, and of the elephants, and that the guides could not find their way through the dense jungle in the dark. I tried very patiently to explain to him that the life of his master might depend on the time we reached him, and that even then he might be dying while we stood wasting time. Then, lowering his voice to a whisper, the boy told me that the men were going to kill me if I forced them to enter the forest at night, and to hide the evidence of their crime from

the officials they were going to leave my body to be eaten by the hyenas, who are the sextons in that part of the country.

Thinking that the boy was afraid and trying to intimidate me, I told him he might remain in camp and look after J. T., the monkey, and I would take one of the other boys. This hurt his pride and forced him to tell me the whole truth. While the porters were discussing the journey and plans for my death, the two guides, the only ones who knew where the camp in the forest was, had become terrified and run away.

I acknowledge without shame that I was frightened, and for an instant I became panicky and had a struggle to regain possession of my self-control. Then I realized that my only chance of finding the guides and reaching Mr. Akeley was to go from shamba to shamba and search each hut, and that I must get started before the elements drove the frightened men into an uglier mood.

When I told Bill my plan he said in his quick, responsive way, "I go too, mem-sahib," but, shaking his head, he added by way of warning, "*pagazi* (porters) very, very bad."

Picking up my gun I walked with a pounding heart out to the camp fire, and the silent men made way for me. The awful thought of failure and the uncanny scene were frightening. As the forked fingers of the leaping flames illuminated the sullen faces of the crouching men I realized that Bill had told the truth, and that they were indeed in a very ugly mood and on the point of rebellion.

Fear gripped hard at my throat, but the thought of being too late spurred me on. Steadying my voice, and putting as

much authority as possible into it, I announced that everything was ready and it was time to be off. Not one of the men moved or spoke! But I read my answer in their black, scowling looks. It was a tense and dramatic moment. Twenty primitive, superstitious men with murder in their hearts and the cold, black night against me. The seconds I waited seemed hours, and the tightening in my throat nearly strangled me. Just as I found my voice and tried to speak again the hair-raising shriek of a frightened hyena rose from the bush back of my tent, and to my overwrought nerves the uncanny sound seemed like a warning and nearly stampeded my courage a second time.

In sheer desperation I began to laugh at the men. I called them *"shenzies"* (wild men) and compared them to women, for whom they had little respect. I imitated their sullen looks and huddled-up bodies. The next moment I called them children and imitated a child crying for its mother. I kept on with the foolish performance until finally I saw their faces relax. Then some one laughed, it became contagious, and before they had time to recall their grievance I shouted *"tayari"* (ready) and, putting my hand on the shoulder of the big Swahili who I thought was the leader, I pushed him gently ahead of me toward the loads. Nobody will ever know what it cost me to go through with that little comedy, or appreciate my relieved feelings when I realized that all the men were following us. My plan was to go from garden to garden and search each hut for the guides. Bill was a Kikuyu, and familiar with the locality, so he carried the lantern and led the way. I brought up the rear to intercept those who might change their minds and

attempt to desert. Silently, and in single file, we followed along the narrow path which led to the gardens and the little beehive-shaped huts of the natives.

Finding the guides was trickish work, and that some of us were not hurt while inspecting the huts was a miracle, for the natives thought old times had returned, and that we were a neighboring tribe coming to raid them. The rain beating against the heavy foliage and the thatch on the roofs saved us, for it kept the occupants in ignorance of our approach until their huts were surrounded. Bill was invaluable to me here, for he was of the same tribe—a Kikuyu—and could speak their language. He knew the lay of the land and could guide us between the dripping walls of foliage from shamba to shamba.

After visiting a number of villages and terrifying the inhabitants, we came to an isolated hut where we found the wife of one of the runaway guides. At first she refused to tell us where her husband was, but when I threatened to take her with me she led us to a tunnel in the wall of bush behind her hut. Getting down on our hands and knees, Bill, the askari, and I crawled to the other end of it, and there we found a tiny hut, and in it our two guides fast asleep. We tied the protesting men together with a rope which I was carrying for the stretcher.

Then when we were ready to start I learned to my dismay that some of the porters had taken advantage of the dark and remained in the last garden we had visited. I sent an askari after them, but they refused to move and tried to beat him. The men who were with me and standing with loads on their heads were getting angry and complained of

the cold, so I decided to go after the missing ones myself. I knew I could trust Bill to manage the guides, but he could give me no assistance with the porters, for, as I have said, they were Swahili, coast natives, who look with contempt upon all natives of the interior as creatures belonging to an inferior race. Each moment we were delayed in the bitter cold rain increased their anger and my danger, so without telling the men of my decision I found the back trail and ran as fast as I could on the muddy path toward the men, whose voices I could hear. When about halfway a hand suddenly grabbed my coat. Panic-stricken, I struggled frantically, exerting every nerve and muscle to free myself from this new danger which threatened me. Suddenly, under the strain on the old worn buttonholes, my coat opened and caused us both to lose our balance, but his hold on my rain-soaked garment did not relax. In that awful moment, which I realized meant life or death not only to me but perhaps to Mr. Akeley, I was the first to regain my equilibrium. With a strength born of my fear, I struck out wildly with the stock end of my gun. As he released me and fell, I ran back to the waiting men. To my dying day I shall feel the shock of that blow and hear, above the roar of rain and wind, the awful thud of a body striking the sodden earth.

Despair over my failure and a horrible fear of the men robbed me for the moment of all reason. I did not know whom I could trust. I could not tell whether my assailant was one of my own men or a villager, coming to the rescue of the guides. Finally something within me rose to the occasion, and I began shouting to the renegades, first a threat that I would report their conduct to the white officials, whose

BRINGING MR. AKELEY OUT OF THE FOREST ON A STRETCHER. A HOSPITAL CAMP ON THE EDGE OF THE KENYA FOREST.

punishment they knew would be severe for deserting a white woman, and then praise of the men who had remained steadfast in spite of the dreadful night, and their fears and superstitions; in this way I finally won them over again. By the time we had formed into line and were ready to start again it was two o'clock in the morning, and as black as an African night can be; rain, occasional showers of hail, and no light but a smoky lantern.

After we left the gardens behind and entered the dense bush our progress became very slow and painful. The grades were steep and slippery. The bare feet of the men made the narrow path a trench of oozy mud, exposing ruts and stones that had a fiendish way of catching the toe of my boot or sliding to one side at the wrong moment. The tough, rope-like lianas and thorny creepers that hung down from the limbs of trees looped across the trail were like cold, clammy hands, and caught us round the head and body, and in the dark tore our flesh in a painful way. We had to cross mountain torrents where the rushing volume of icy water nearly swept us off our feet. There were swampy patches, too, where the elephants in passing had left holes three and four feet deep in the soft, muddy ground. These swampy patches are difficult even in the daytime, but in the dark they are a hideous nightmare. The barefooted men crossed safely, but my hobnailed boots were a disadvantage. Three times what I thought was solid ground gave way, and I slid to the bottom of a hole with mud and water up to my waist.

We struggled on hour after hour, going over high, steep ridges, down through deep canyons, floundering across

streams, climbing over logs and boulders, stumbling, falling, and rising again, and going desperately on into the heart of that black, pitiless jungle, with the rain falling like shot on the leaves, and the strange animal sounds coming from all directions. The greatest danger which confronted us in the overwhelming dark of that great forest was the chance of meeting wild beasts on the narrow trail. Escape would be impossible, for high, impenetrable walls of tangled and matted vegetation hedged us in. There were other dangers which in the dark caused great anxiety. They were the deep pits which Wandorobo hunters dig in the trails, and also poisoned spears which they hang from the limbs of trees to kill the animals.

Had we released one of these by touching a vine which is cleverly stretched across the trail, it would have meant certain death for the one beneath it, for the poison covering the spearhead is so potent that it will kill even an elephant. Yet in the face of all these hardships and dangers only twice after leaving the gardens did the men hesitate or attempt to bolt. The first time was when a heavy-bodied animal which must have been asleep beside the trail went crashing away through the jungle, causing a panic. The most frightening time came just before daylight, and when we were well up in the big forest, where the giant trees with buttressed bases twenty feet across rise up two hundred feet or more. We were sloshing and slipping and sliding along through the mud, with nerves keyed to the breaking point, when suddenly, just ahead of us, the trumpeting squeal of an elephant rang out, and was followed by the ripping, slashing, and crashing of a tree. Loads were dropped, and in the dark

pandemonium that reigned I heard the frenzied and frightened men tearing down the trail. To save my life I could not have moved from the spot where I stood. Sheer terror held my feet rooted to the ground and kept me speechless. Had I screamed or fainted God alone knows what might have happened. When I did not move the men stopped crowding and we stood wedged together like frightened sheep on the narrow trail between the walls of vegetation. Sometimes it seemed that the feeding elephants were coming in our dirction, then again the crashing of trees and the squealing seemed far away. So quiet were we that a hyena came trotting down the trail, and did not discover our presence until he was almost in our midst, then with a horrible hair-raising shriek and a hellish, cackling laugh the beast turned and fled, and I sincerely hope he was as badly frightened as we were.

How long we waited, too terrified to move or speak, I do not know, but it seemed an eternity. Caution as well as fear kept us huddled together breathless on the narrow trail, until the crashing and trumpeting drifted away and it finally became silent. Even then I was reluctant to move for fear some of the elephants might have left the herd and strayed in our direction.

Drawn together by our common danger in that black inferno, all fear of the men left me. Suddenly the gruff bark of a colobus monkey echoed through the forest, and immediately answering barks came from all directions; then from the throats of hundreds of monkeys there rose on the air and rolled through the forest the wildest and weirdest sounds I have ever heard. The monkeys were singing in unison

like a trained choir to herald the dawn. With a feeling in my heart that only one in similar circumstances could know, I looked up and saw that the blessed daylight was filtering through the foliage. Presently, for dawn comes swiftly in the tropics, I could see the faces of the men, and the forest became filled with the cries and calls of birds and monkeys, and the frightening night sounds—coughing of leopards, wails of hyenas, and the eerie screeching of hyraxes—died away.

Dawn, and the welcome sounds which accompanied it, released our tongues, and we all talked at once. Hope and courage returned with the daylight, and after giving first-aid to some of the men who had received ugly wounds on their legs, we traveled on. About eight o'clock we came to a circular clearing in the forest, where the undergrowth, composed mostly of raspberry bushes, vines, and creepers, was trampled flat by the crossing and recrossing of elephants. Here, to my horror, the guides admitted that they were lost, and stubbornly refused to go on. Almost frantic, I got down on my hands and knees and circled the clearing, spreading the vines apart and inspecting every inch of ground in the hope of finding the imprint of hobnailed boots on the soft earth, but the rain had washed away all trace. Beaten and almost exhausted after our terrible, nerve-racking night, I sat on the ground and the tears which I had been fighting so long blinded my burning eyes, and the bitterness of failure entered my heart. It seemed that no punishment in the next world could equal the torture which I endured.

Suddenly in the midst of my grief I recalled my gun, and

jumping to my feet I startled my followers by firing three shots in rapid succession. Then we stood still and listened. In a moment there came, like a voice from heaven, an answering shot, and, followed by faithful Bill, I dashed off, guided by the sound of the gun which was fired at intervals. In about a half hour we came to the camp at the edge of the bamboo forest where the mauling took place.

He was alive, and we were in time. The guides had told their story right: "The elephant had stopped behind a bush and caught their master," and he was pinned to the earth between its tusks. By a miracle the tusks must have met some resistance in the ground, the roots of a tree or a stone, which prevented the mountain of bone and muscle behind them from actually crushing Mr. Akeley to death. There was every evidence that after leaving Mr. Akeley the elephant had tried to locate his gun bearers and the porters, who naturally had run away. Examining and cleansing Mr. Akeley's wounds were my first consideration. There were several cuts on his head and face, and some of his ribs were broken. That he was not killed outright, or maimed for life, was truly a miracle; for many men have been mauled by elephants, but few have lived to tell of their experience. The fact that his wounds were cared for so promptly prevented infection, and without doubt saved his life. The majority of sportsmen who have died in Africa after being mauled by animals have died of blood poisoning because their wounds were neglected, or because help arrived too late.

The following day Dr. Phillips, a young Scotch medical missionary, arrived. My messengers had reached the Boma

at daybreak as they had promised. Mr. Brown, the commissioner at Nyeri, had notified the doctor who started at once. He reached my camp outside the forest about five o'clock in the afternoon, rain-soaked and thoroughly fagged. The next day he continued his journey and reached us about midday, just forty-eight hours after the accident. The comfort of his presence on the downward journey, however, was denied us, for he was obliged to return to Nyeri, the government station, at once, where he ushered into the world Baby Brown, the first white child born in the Nyeri district.

The journey out of the forest, over the steep and treacherous trails, occupied three days. I shudder to think, even now, of that awful time, and the narrow escapes the stretcher bearers had from falling over the precipices and being carried away in the swollen streams with their helpless burden. They worked heroically, and it was a ragged, mud-spattered, and weary procession that straggled into our base camp.

After the invalid was made comfortable, and our jungle home put in order, I had a bath and put on dry clothing for the first time in a week. Then, when the terrible strain on nerves and body was over, and I knew that Mr. Akeley would live, I will acknowledge frankly I indulged in the luxury of a real cry. But the horror and suffering endured that awful night have never left me. Indeed the thought of the torment of an orthodox hell pales into insignificance by comparison.

In all fairness to the men who planned to take my life, and in defense of the men who ran away when the elephant charged their master, I can only say that their natural fear in entering one of the densest and most dangerous forests in Africa at night, which white men fear to enter even in the

daytime, and facing a charging elephant unarmed, was more than offset by their splendid behavior in bringing Mr. Akeley out of the forest, and their final courage in braving both beasts and evil spirits in the jungle night. Even my two runners earned their extra pay and my undying faith in the black men of Africa by reaching the doctor and bringing him in record time the next day. Bill, whom I shall always love, remained with us until the end of our safari. After that awful night, at my suggestion, he was relieved of his tent-boy duties and became a bodyguard, following us on our hunting excursions, and even joining in the tracking. I purposely avoided seeing him on my last expedition to Africa, for I did not want to risk the change which age and contact with white men inevitably bring to his kind. I wanted all my illusions and pleasant memories of him to remain with me to the end.

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